SR's ANNUAL UNIVERSITY PRESS ISSUE

Saturday Review

May 30, 1964 25¢

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WHY WE CAN'T WAIT

BY MARTIN LUTHER KING

RECORDINGS

RICHARD STRAUSS, 1864-1964

Articles by Glenn Gould, Irving Kolodin, and others

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Saturday Review

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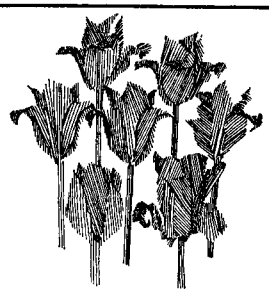

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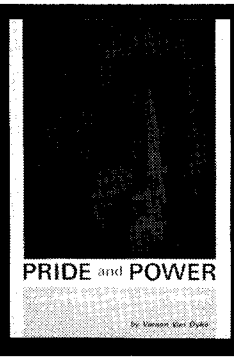

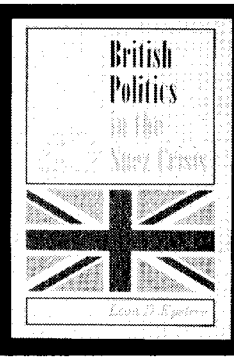

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THE PHOENIX NEST

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Bumper Vote Coming

AT this stage, it's all Barry on the bumper strips of Los Angeles, bumper strip capital of the world. "Au H_2O '64" is unchallenged as yet on the freeways by Rocky, Scranton, Dick, and Maggie. Nor is there a Romney to be seen, even on a Rambler. Bumper strips, which began as homey gags ("Don't Laugh, It's Paid For," etc.), have wound up as slogans, billboards, and editorials. Probably because 99 per cent of the eligible voters spend some time every day reluctantly looking at the backs of other cars, Southern California political campaigns often seem to be waged at sixty miles an hour. Back in 1960, Republican drivers, with Nixon obviously their man, looked on with detached amusement and bare bumpers as L.A. Demos fought out their convention split at five car lengths. Stevenson followers, a pretty passionate lot out this way, were the last to get to work with soap, hot water, paint thinner, and razor blade on the allegedly easy-to-remove stickers. In fact, some wistful "Only Adlai" strips can still be seen gliding through stop signs.

In the California gubernatorial campaign, with Pat Brown the Demo choice all the way, it was the Republicans' turn to carry a private primary battle through the four-level interchange, as Joe Shell's high-octane, ultra-conservative followers battled that old pink, Nixon, with such patriotic bumper motifs as "Get U.S. Out of U.N. and U.N. Out of U.S." Demos on wheels almost felt an odd pang of empathy with drivers of Nixon-stickered cars under the Shell fire. But once ol' Dick won the primary, it was back to the 1960 custom of dropping in on their friendly neighborhood GOP headquarters, asking for a pair of NIXON strips, saying thank you so much, slicing one of them between the X and the O, and affixing the legend NIX ON NIXON to their chariots. This act, of course, may go into its third L.A. run.

Less mutable are such manifestoes as "Girl Scout Cookies," "Square Dancing," and "See a Realtor." Among other L.A. bumper standbys one finds "America Is a Republic, Not a Democracy, Let's Keep It That Way" (which, aptly, does not fit on foreign cars); "What's Wrong with Being Right?" and "The Only Ism for Me Is Americanism!" This last has elicited one favored by college students that goes, "The Only Ism for Me Is Abstract Expressionism!" Also observed sporadically on the roads to and from Disneyland are such sentiments as "Make Disarmament Your Shelter" and "End the Arms Race, Not the Human Race."

Actually, regardless of opinions, nobody should complain. These days, bumper strips may be the last refuge of controversy. —LES RODNEY.

The American Freeway

The Truth About Spinnaker

RECENT appraisals by leading critics of the work of the late James Harmon Spinnaker have, in my opinion, done less than justice to the unique contribution of one of the most widely celebrated writers and philosophers of our day. Although portraits of the bearded lion of letters have appeared on the covers of a dozen literary reviews, and Spinnaker chairs of English Literature have been founded in seventeen colleges, no one has yet, to my knowledge, penetrated the inner core of the Spinnaker revelation. As one whose knowledge of Spinnaker's life and work is second to none, I propose to repair this deplorable omission.

Spinnaker was a mere instructor in freshman English at Tewksbury when I first met him at the bar of the Bell in Hand in Boston's Pi Alley on the eve of World War I. His was a mood of dejection; he had just been told that his contract would not be renewed. A man who had written a monograph on R. B. Caverly for the Saugus *Bulletin* had been hired to replace him. The bartender listened to his tale and told him to go home and write a book. Two years later, Spinnaker's *The Curve of Civilization* made its bow, and the author was recalled to his beloved classroom.

His subsequent meteoric toboggan ride through the groves of academe is too well known to require recapitulation. In spite of the notable *succès d'estime*, he met all praise with great modesty, even refusing to lend a copy of the work to fellow scholars. Word of his unappreciated genius grapevined the lecture circuits; clubs and seminars congregated for his casual causeries on life and art; and his baroque baritone drolleries proliferated on radio. Millions miss his televised foliage in *Think Along with Spinnaker*.

It was characteristic of the man that

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for years he ignored the frantic pleas of a hundred publishers, but his next opus, *The Parabola of Culture,* was truly a great event. It was not until this 880-page book appeared that I really understood Spinnaker. I was at a cocktail party in Greenwich, and the book was on the coffee table, of course. I was early. Guided by who knows what strange compulsion, I opened it. There was a challenging preface mentioning Kierkegaard. I was about to put it down when my hand slipped. The rest of the book was full of names and phone numbers, which I later learned came from the Chicago directory.

Spinnaker's story, when I sought him out, was brief and simple. Writing always gave him a headache, he told me, but he soon discovered that it was not necessary. Examining the libraries of friends, he found an astonishing number of books with uncut pages. This led to the formulation of Spinnaker's Law: The more formidable the title and the bigger the book, the lower the readership. He had published *The Curve* at his own expense, sending one copy to the Library of Congress and burning the other ninety-nine. Later he found this precaution superfluous.

"It's like this," he chuckled. "Get yourself a symbolic, polysyllabic title and beef the weight up to three pounds or so and you're safe." So I went to more cocktail parties early and hefted and flipped the greatest books I could find. Believe it or not, 87.5 per cent of the heavyweight classics are blank after page 10. If you question this, look in your own shelves. Spinnaker's later books were published fearlessly through ordinary channels. When he first met a colleague who said, "I've just reread *The Parabola,* old man, and it seems to me . . .," he blanched, but soon he learned to listen with modest quizzicality. Naturally, Spinnaker saw his way to strike a lucrative bargain with me, and for years I have regarded his books, shelved with other masters from Montauk to Santa Monica, with fond personal appreciation.

You may ask, why reveal the truth now, with Spinnaker's *The Dichotomy of Learning* on the best-seller list, Elizabeth Taylor signed for the film, and the author the first posthumous recipient of the Nobel Prize? My answer is: truth is all, especially since the Spinnaker Foundation refuses to honor our little agreement.

—Harland Manchester.

As It Happens

The President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Crime is now making liberal cash grants to communities with teen-age problems. As a result, every community is taking a second look to see if it hasn't some bad boys.

The AP reports a Vietcong stronghold as close to Saigon as New Haven is to New York. The road is often blocked there, too.

Los Angeles police say shoplifters religiously follow department store ads in newspapers. Agencies can judge the effectiveness of their copy by the amount of merchandise stolen.

Our Manhattan operative overheard a husband bark at his wife: "I told you to send our donation to CARE, not CORE!"

Coca-Cola has reconstructed a typical Hong Kong street at the World's Fair in New York. An old Asian hand, we found everything authentic, the rickshaws, tea shops, Her Majesty's officers, coolies. The only typical Hong Kong fixtures we didn't see were Pepsi-Cola signs.

The newest wrinkle in group travel this summer will be bachelor tours. An equal number of compatible young men and women, previously unacquainted, will be packaged through Europe. If the idea clicks no one will have time for sightseeing.

The operator of a New York tourist agency, a big spender, faces trial for forging tickets for overseas flights. He, of all people, should have known you've got to pay later.

Under President Johnson, plain American fare has gradually replaced sophisticated French cuisine in the White House. These days everything seems to hinder better relations with Paris.

We don't dispute the fact that the basic economy of this country is sounder than ever. It's just that a lot of us still don't have any money.

—Fred Sparks.

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GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO

In 1925, Sir William Craigie joined the University of Chicago faculty to direct the compilation of the first DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN ENGLISH.* On his retirement in 1937, when Dr. James Root Hulbert took his place, Part I had been completed—"A" to "Baggage." For nearly two decades George Watson, supervising hundreds of assistants, worked a ten-hour day and lunched on sandwiches at his desk.

Then in 1944, the four volumes were completed—2,500 sets, calculated as a five-year supply. They vanished overnight. A local meat-cutter bought two sets. Al Smith bought six. The price, $100.

Big books or small, large readership or limited, works of key significance are the province of the university press. Here are recent examples from Chicago.

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George B. Schaller. African gorillas and a young couple share in a fascinating wildlife adventure. *Illus.* $5.95

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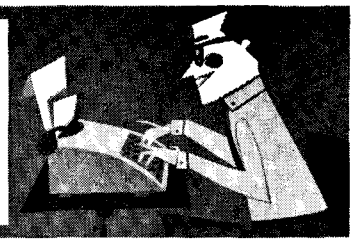
Top of My Head



Son-of-a-Gun . . .

ON THE surface, television seemed to have settled down to the quiescent doldrums and re-doldrums of summer. Suddenly from behind the scenes and out of the West came the sounds of furious struggle, frenzied intrigue, and sabotage and ambush.

Richard K. Doan, TV editor of the *Herald Tribune*, told the story most graphically and with a seven-column banner that read: JOEY BISHOP TO CBS —TO BATTLE BONANZA NEXT FALL. But it was the story itself that gripped and held me:

> Joey Bishop is moving from NBC to CBS next fall. CBS literally grabbed Bishop within an hour after his contractual obligations to NBC had expired. NBC's option to renew its contract with Bishop expired at 4 P.M. last Friday. CBS's program boss, Mike Dann, was standing by on the coast to move in if NBC let the contract lapse . . . and when the deadline hour passed Mike Dann acted immediately to sign Bishop. Thirty-five minutes later the comedian was in the CBS bag.

Doesn't that grab you? You couldn't ask for anything more in any TV dramatic hour show. All the elements of suspense and who-will-do-it-to-whom are tightly knit into this exciting plot, which in *TV Guide* would be highlighted as "A TV tycoon in his lust for power and glory outwits a big network in a chess game of Big Business, with humans as pawns, and wins Bishop."

This of course is only a description of a *fait accompli*. But it is not difficult to imagine the climactic scene of the drama as enacted by Mike Dann and his aide, hidden away in an old, discarded radio studio where once the Boswell sisters held forth, ready to spring at the hour of four. The scene is played with alternating shots of Mr. Dann nervously pacing, and close-ups of the moving hands of that old debbil clock on the wall.

"What time is it?"

"Three minutes and ten seconds to four, Mike."

"You sure that clock's right?"

"I don't know, Mike. It was always right for the Boswell sisters."

"Boswell sisters – Boswell sisters! Bring your thinking up to date, man. Think Bishop!"

"Oh, I am thinking about him, Mike. As a matter of fact, I was thinking maybe we're making a mistake putting him on at that ill-fated Judy Garland hour opposite *Bonanza*."

"Stop using that word."

"Ill-fated?"

"No, that other word."

"*Bonanza?*"

"Don't say it. If we get Bishop for a half-hour, and that other half-hour show, *Living Doll*, we'll have Sunday night made."

"You think Bishop can do it?"

"Sure he can. In Bishop we have a veritable bonan – treasure-trove. What time is it?"

"Two minutes to four. You're really anxious to get this fellow, aren't you, Mike? You like his show that much?"

"I like his rating. And besides I have a personal reason."

"Well, I mean when you watch his show, don't you get the feeling that–"

"Watch it! I'm the program boss. Who's got time to watch television? Especially on other networks. Have you been watching that other net–remind me later. What time is it?"

"One minute to four. Are you thinking of making any changes in his program, Mike?"

"Just one. I'm gonna change his name. How long can a grown man keep calling himself Joey? What's the matter with Joe Bishop?"

"Good thinking, Mike. Is the Joe Bishop show that important to CBS?"

"It's important to me. I have personal reasons. You know NBC got Jack Benny away from us. Now we're going to get Joe Bishop away from them. An eye for an eye, a J.B. for a J.B."

"That's cute, Mike. Five seconds to four, Mike."

"Countdown. Five, four, three, two one!"

(Phone rings . . . receiver off)

"Hello. Yes, this is Mike. Oh, hello, Joe – how's the boy, Joe? Well, congratulations! You are now a member of the CBS family, Joe. And the first thing I'm going to do is to change the – What? . . . Oh sure, Joey, anything you say, Joey . . . I understand, Joey."

—GOODMAN ACE.

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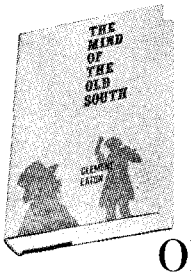

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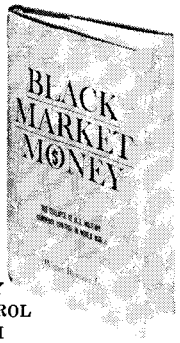

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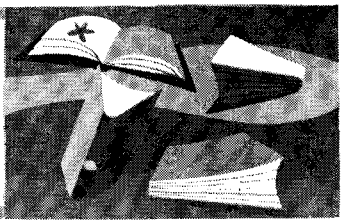
Trade Winds



They say that you're always sure of being read if you write about politics, sex, or baseball. Not only that, but this is the time of the year when the crack of the bat, the lyrical and proliferative incantations of the politicians, and the heady, romantic weather combine to step up the pulse, to make idiots out of wise men, and wise men out of fools—

whatever that means. Regardless, there are several comments of note on all three subjects that bear examining.

Actor Robert Morse, for instance, says that he happened to be on hand when a member of the New York Mets signed his contract. "He was every inch a Met," says Morse. "He dropped the pen three times."

But there is little room to carp about that. Semi-reliable reports have it that Bob Cousy, certainly one of the greatest basketball players of all time, tossed a quarter toward an automatic toll collector on the Connecticut Turnpike—and missed.

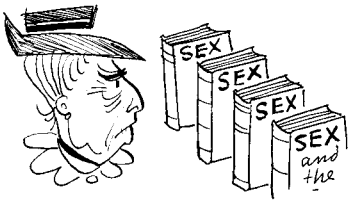
Jane Fleischman, a junior high school student in Santa Monica, is inspired by the combination of baseball and the weather to compose an All-Something team who step to the microphone before the game to introduce themselves in this way: I'm Scalped, from the Indians; I'm Holey, from the White Sox; I'm Tenor, from the Mets; I'm Chicken, from the Braves; I'm Loot, from the Pirates; I'm Shot, from the Colts—and so forth.

But Tom Hamilton, casting off the shackles of the Hot Stove League he's been conducting down in Wise, Virginia, has followed up a previous TRADE WINDS item of last baseball season with a full team, position by position, of major leaguers with girlish names:

Catcher, Beverly Gooch, Pittsburgh, '27; First Base, Ivy Wingo, Cincinnati, '24; Second Base, Ivoria Layne, Washington, '44; Third Base, Gail Henley, Pittsburgh, '54; Shortstop, Claire Goodwin, Kansas City, '14; Outfield, Alta Cohen, Philadelphia, '33; Shirley Cuyler, Pittsburgh, '25; Pitcher, Vivian Lindaman, Boston, '08.

He continues with an all-girlish-nickname team (which includes Nanny Fernandez, Boston, '42; Liz Funk, Detroit, '30; Lena Blackburn, Chicago, '14), and a team of all-girlish last names, such as Paul Florence, Ernest Shirley, Pete Rose, Martin Marion, all of various teams and vintages. Baseball publications: please ask Mr. Hamilton for further details. His real game: to make up a complete team and let other Hot Stovers guess the criteria for selection.

As far as sex is concerned, the bookstalls are being flooded with more books on the subject than you could shake a psychiatrist at. As *Show* magazine points out, the spate of "Sex and . . ." books is getting a little monotonous, perhaps even threatening the very survival of the laudable institution. On the heels of *Sex and the Single Girl* have come *Sex and the Single Man,*



Sex and the College Girl, The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Man Hunting, Sex and the Mature Man, and, of all things, *Nymphomania: A Study of the Oversexed Woman.* It seems about time that Robert Benchley's *Sex and the Amoeba* be reprinted in a plain cover. The way things are going, it could be a real winner.

Meanwhile, Barney Rosset of Grove Press has picked up his saber and shield to sue the District Attorney of Nassau County for seizing 21,000 copies of the *Evergreen Review* because the D.A. took umbrage at an article in the publication called *Eros Denied: Sex in Western Society.* It's by a serious young British writer named Wayland Young, a Labor member of the House of Lords.

Even the innocent can be involved in the Great Sex Tidal Wave. E. H. Ketchledge writes us from Syracuse that he quietly went about reserving a room and automobile ride for a colleague arriving from Utah for a con-

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ference. When his telegram arrived in Utah it read: ROOM AND BRIDE COMPLETELY ARRANGED FOR YOUR ARRIVAL.

Politics is putting up a strong fight for attention, however. Dr. Morton Milsner writes that he saw a sign along the Palisades Parkway which read:

ROCKEFELLER
LOOKOUT
KEEP RIGHT

Harriet Stolorow, out in Michigan, writes to tell us that the reason the French keep Britain out of the Common Market is that they have de Gaulle.

And Lyman Parrigin III makes his proposal on the political scene by suggesting that, in place of Miss America, we have specific political queens chosen, such as Miss Alliance for NATO, Miss Appropriate for the Senate Finance Committee, Miss Informed for the CIA, and Miss Interpretation for the U.N. Interpreters.

Beyond these three major areas, there is other miscellany to report:

Dr. Thomas Palmer recalls the time when the village steamroller ran over his mother-in-law's cat. "She didn't say anything," he reports. "She just stood there with a long puss."

S. Kennedy Tully recalls that the late Alan Beck, author of *What Is a Boy,* once suggested a debt-collecting agency named Shirley, Guinness, and Murphy —with the inevitable slogan ". . . will follow you all the days of your life."

Alexander Bradie sends along an article published in the *Share Your Knowledge Review,* a printer's trade journal. The title of the lead article: "Hints on Proofreading."

Out of Dublin comes a story about Jim Geraghty, long the man responsible for the humor and cartoons in the *New Yorker,* and Charles Saxon, one of his best cartoonists. On registering them at a hotel, the clerk wrote down Mr. Geraghty's name with swiftness and sureness. When Mr. Saxon repeated his name for the same procedure, the clerk said: "I beg your pardon—just how do you spell that?"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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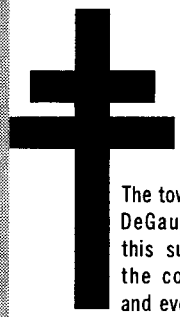
Robert Aron
The History of the Liberation
FRANCE REBORN



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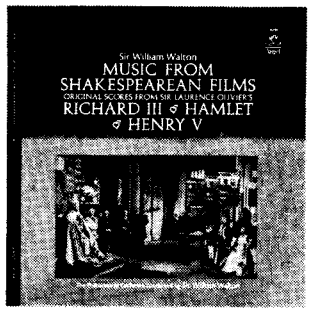

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—William Shakespeare, Hamlet, Act V, Scene 2

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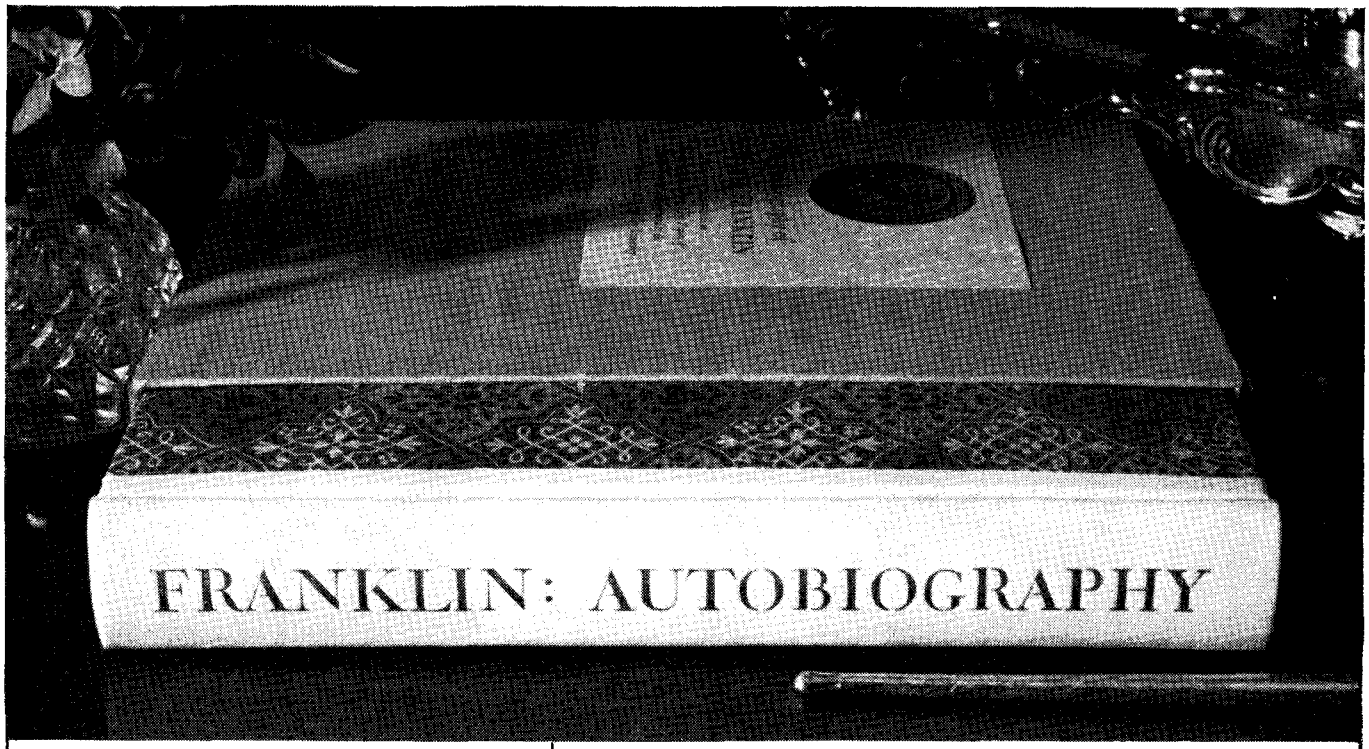

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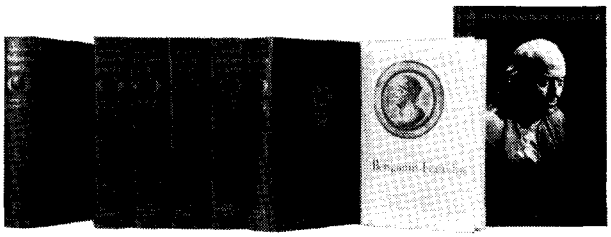

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Saturday Review

May 30, 1964

WHY WE CAN'T WAIT

In this and the following article SR offers an examination of some current aspects of the civil rights struggle and race relations in America. Dr. King's article is a preview of his new book, "Why We Can't Wait," to be published by Harper & Row next month. Calvin Kytle, whose personal reflections on the nation's racial problems begin on page 20, was born in the South and now lives in Ohio, where he has been practicing corporate public relations for the past fourteen years. An editorial on the changing leadership in civil rights appears on page 22.

By MARTIN LUTHER KING

IT IS the beginning of the year of our Lord 1963.

I see a young Negro boy. He is sitting on a stoop in front of a vermin-infested apartment house in Harlem. The stench of garbage is in the halls. The drunks, the jobless, the junkies are shadow-figures of his everyday world. The boy goes to a school attended mostly by Negro students, with a scattering of Puerto Ricans. His father is one of the jobless. His mother is a sleep-in domestic, working for a family on Long Island.

I see a young Negro girl. She is sitting on the stoop of a rickety wooden one-family house in Birmingham. Some visitors would call it a shack. It needs paint badly and the patched-up roof appears in danger of caving in. Half a dozen small children, in various stages of undress, are scampering about the house. The girl is forced to play the role of their mother. She can no longer attend the all-Negro school in her neighborhood because her mother died only recently after a car accident. Neighbors say if the ambulance hadn't come so late to take her to the all-Negro hospital, the mother might still be alive. The girl's father is a porter in a downtown department store. He will always be a porter, for there are no promotions for the Negro in this store, where every counter serves him except the one that sells hot dogs and orange juice.

This boy and this girl, separated by stretching miles, are wondering: Why does misery constantly haunt the Negro? In some distant past, had their forebears done some tragic injury to the nation, and was there a curse of punishment upon the black race? Had they shirked their duties as patriots, betrayed their country, denied their national birthright? Had they refused to defend their land against a foreign foe?

NOT all of history is recorded in the books supplied to school children in Harlem or Birmingham. Yet this boy and this girl know something of the part of history that has been censored by the white writers and purchasers of board-of-education books. They know that Negroes were with George Washington at Valley Forge. They know that the first American to shed blood in the revolution that freed his country from British oppression was a black seaman named Crispus Attucks. The boy's Sunday-school teacher has told him that one of the team who designed the capital of their nation, Washington, D.C., was a Negro, Benjamin Banneker. Once the girl had heard a speaker, invited to her school during Negro History Week. This speaker told how, for two hundred years, without wages, black people, brought to this land in slave ships and in chains, had drained the swamps, built the homes, made cotton king, and helped, on whip-lashed backs, to lift this nation from colonial obscurity to commanding influence in domestic commerce and world trade.

Wherever there was hard work, duty work, dangerous work—in the mines, on the docks, in the blistering foundries—Negroes had done more than their share.

The pale history books in Harlem and Birmingham told how the nation had fought a war over slavery. Abraham Lincoln had signed a document that would come to be known as the Emancipation Proclamation. The war had been won, but not a just peace. Equality had never arrived. Equality was a hundred years late.

The boy and the girl knew more than history. They knew something about current events. They knew that African nations had burst the bonds of colonialism. They knew that a great-great-grandson of Crispus Attucks might be ruled out of some restricted, all-white restaurant in some restricted, all-white section of a Southern town, his United States Marines uniform notwithstanding. They knew that Negroes living in the capital of their own nation were confined to ghettos and could not always get a job for which they were qualified. They knew that white supremacists had defied the Supreme Court and that Southern governors had attempted to interpose themselves between the people and the highest law of the land. They knew that for years their own lawyers had won great victories in the courts that were not being translated into reality.

THEY were seeing on television, hearing from the radio, reading in the newspapers that this was the 100th birthday of their freedom.

But freedom had a dull ring, a mocking emptiness when, in their time—in the short life spans of this boy and girl—buses had stopped rolling in Montgomery; sit-inners were jailed and beat-

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en; freedom riders were brutalized and murdered; dogs' fangs were bared in Birmingham; and in Brooklyn, New York, there were certain kinds of construction jobs for whites only.

It was the summer of 1963. Was emancipation a fact? Was freedom a force?

The boy in Harlem stood up. The girl in Birmingham arose. Separated by stretching miles, both of them squared their shoulders and lifted their eyes toward heaven. Across the miles they joined hands and took a firm, forward step. It was a step that rocked the richest, most powerful nation to its foundations.

The bitterly cold winter of 1962 lingered throughout the opening months of 1963, touching the land with chill and frost, and was then replaced by a placid spring. Americans awaited a quiet summer. That it would be pleasant they had no doubt. The worst of it would be the nightmare created by 60,000,000 cars, all apparently trying to reach the same destination at the same time. Fifty million families looked forward to the pleasure of two hundred million vacations in the American tradition of the frenetic hunt for relaxation.

It would be a pleasant summer because, in the mind of the average man, there was little cause for concern. The blithe outlook about the state of the nation was reflected from as high up as the White House. The Administration confidently readied a tax-reduction bill. Business and employment were at comfortable levels. Money was—for many Americans—plentiful.

Summer came, and the weather was beautiful. But the climate, the social climate of American life, erupted into lightning flashes, trembled with thunder, and vibrated to the relentless, growing rain of protest come to life through the land. Explosively, America's third revolution—the Negro revolution—had succeeded the American Revolution and the Civil War.

For the first time in the long and turbulent history of the nation, almost 1,000 cities were engulfed in civil turmoil, with violence trembling just below the surface. As in the French Revolution of 1789, the streets had become a battleground, just as they had become the battleground, in the 1830s, of England's tumultuous Chartist movement. As in these two revolutions, a submerged social group, propelled by a burning need for justice, lifting itself with sudden swiftness, moving with determination and a majestic scorn for risk and danger, created an uprising so powerful that it shook a huge society from its comfortable base.

Never in American history had a group seized the streets, the squares, the sacrosanct business thoroughfares, and the marbled halls of government to protest and proclaim the unendurability of their oppression. Had room-size machines turned human, burst from the plants that housed them, and stalked the land in revolt, the nation could not have been more amazed. Undeniably, the Negro had been an object of sympathy and wore the scars of deep grievances, but the nation had come to count on him as a creature who could quietly endure, silently suffer, and patiently wait. He was well trained in service and, whatever the provocation, he neither pushed back nor spoke back.

Just as lightning makes no sound until it strikes, the Negro Revolution generated quietly. But when it struck, the revealing flash of its power and the impact of its sincerity and fervor bespoke a force of frightening intensity. Three hundred years of humiliation, abuse, and deprivation cannot be expected to find voice in a whisper. The storm clouds did not release a "gentle rain from heaven" but a whirlwind, which has not yet spent its force or attained its full momentum.

BECAUSE there is more to come; because American society is bewildered by the spectacle of the Negro in revolt; because the dimensions are vast and the implications deep in a nation with 20,000,000 Negroes, it is important to understand the history that is being made today.

Some years ago I sat in a Harlem department store, surrounded by hundreds of people. I was autographing copies of *Stride Toward Freedom*, my book about the Montgomery bus boycott of 1955-56. As I signed my name to a page, I felt something sharp plunge forcefully into my chest. I had been stabbed with a letter opener, struck home by a woman who would later be judged insane. Rushed by ambulance to Harlem Hospital, I lay in a bed for hours while preparations were made to remove the keen-edged blade from my body. Days later, when I was well enough to talk with Dr. Aubrey Maynard, the chief of the surgeons who performed the delicate, dangerous operation, I learned the reason for the long delay that preceded surgery. He told me that the razor-sharp tip of the instrument had been touching my aorta and that my whole chest had to be opened to extract it.

"If you had sneezed during all those hours of waiting," Dr. Maynard said, "your aorta would have been punctured and you would have drowned in your own blood."

In the summer of 1963 the knife of violence was just that close to the nation's aorta. Hundreds of cities might now be mourning countless dead but for the operation of certain forces that gave political surgeons an opportunity to cut boldly and safely to remove the deadly peril.

What was it that gave us the second chance? To answer this we must answer another question. Why did this Revolution occur in 1963? Negroes had for decades endured evil. In the words of the poet, they had long asked: "Why must the blackness of nighttime collect in our mouth; why must we always taste grief in our blood?" Any time would seem to have been the right time. Why 1963?

Why did a thousand cities shudder almost simultaneously and why did the whole world—in gleaming capitals and mud-hut villages—hold its breath during those months? Why was it in this year that the American Negro, so long ignored, so long written out of the pages of history books, tramped a declaration of freedom with his marching feet across the pages of newspapers, the television screens, and the magazines? Sarah Turner closed the kitchen cupboard and went into the streets; John Wilkins shut down the elevator and enlisted in the nonviolent army; Bill Griggs slammed the brakes of his truck and slid to the sidewalk; the Reverend Arthur Jones led his flock into the streets and held church in jail. The words and actions of parliaments and statesmen, of kings and prime ministers, movie stars and athletes, were shifted from the front pages to make room for the history-making deeds of the servants, the drivers, the elevator operators, and the ministers. Why in 1963, and what has this to do with why the dark threat of violence did not erupt in blood?

The Negro had been deeply disappointed over the slow pace of school desegregation. He knew that in 1954 the highest court in the land had handed down a decree calling for desegregation of schools "with all deliberate speed." He knew that this edict from the Supreme Court had been heeded with all deliberate delay. At the beginning of 1963, nine years after this historic decision, approximately 9 per cent of Southern Negro students were attending integrated schools. If this pace were maintained, it would be the year 2054 before integration in Southern schools would be a reality.

In its wording the Supreme Court decision had revealed an awareness that attempts would be made to evade its intent. The phrase "all deliberate speed" did not mean that another century should be allowed to unfold before we released Negro children from the narrow pigeonhole of the segregated schools; it meant that, giving some

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courtesy and consideration to the need for softening old attitudes and outdated customs, democracy must press ahead, out of the past of ignorance and intolerance, and into the present of educational opportunity and moral freedom.

Yet the statistics make it abundantly clear that the segregationists of the South remained undefeated by the decision. From every section of Dixie, the announcement of the high court had been met with declarations of defiance. Once recovered from their initial outrage, these defenders of the status quo had seized the offensive to impose their own schedule of change. The progress that was supposed to have been achieved with deliberate speed had created change for less than 2 per cent of Negro children in most areas of the South, and not even one-tenth of 1 per cent in some parts of the deepest South.

THERE was another factor in the slow pace of progress, a factor of which few are aware and even fewer understand. It is an unadvertised fact that soon after the 1954 decision, the Supreme Court retreated from its own position by giving approval to the Pupil Placement Law. This law permitted the states themselves to determine where school children might be placed by virtue of family background, special ability, and other subjective criteria. The Pupil Placement Law was almost as far-reaching in modifying and limiting the integration of schools as the original decision had been in attempting to eliminate segregation. Without technically reversing itself, the court had granted legal sanction to tokenism and thereby guaranteed that segregation, in substance, would last for an indefinite period, though formally it was illegal.

To understand, then, the deep disillusion of the Negro in 1963, one must examine his contrasting emotions at the time of the decision and during the nine years that followed. One must understand the pendulum swing between the elation that arose when the edict was handed down and the despair that followed the failure to bring it to life.

A second reason for the outburst in 1963 was rooted in disappointment with both political parties. From the city of Los Angeles in 1960, the Democratic party had written an historic and sweeping civil rights pronouncement into its campaign platform. The Democratic standard bearer had repeated eloquently and often that the moral weight of the Presidency must be applied to this burning issue. From Chicago, the Republican party had been generous in its convention vows on civil rights, although its candidate had made no great effort in his campaign to convince the nation that he would redeem his party's promises.

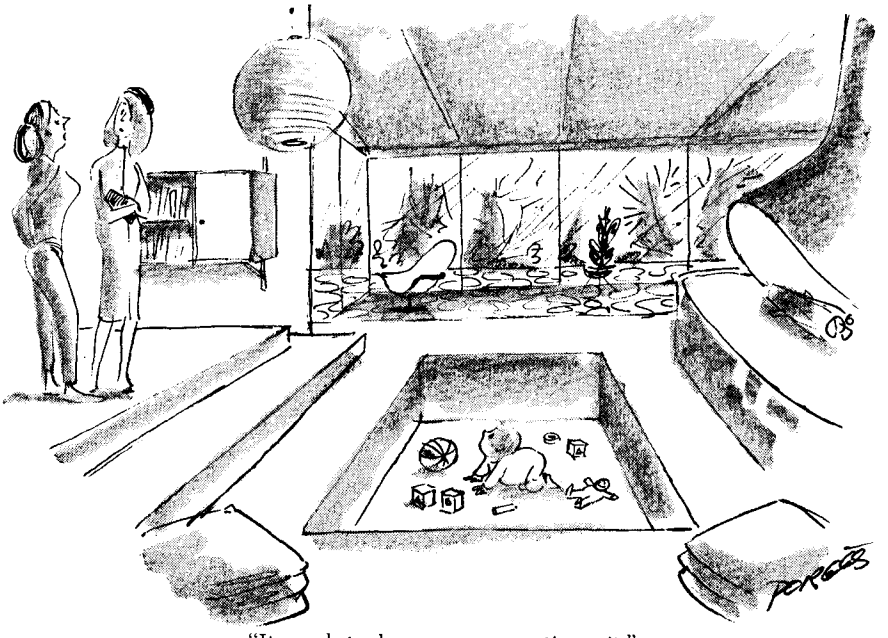
Then 1961 and 1962 arrived, with both parties marking time in the cause of justice. In the Congress, reactionary Republicans were still doing business with the Dixiecrats. And the feeling was growing among Negroes that the Administration had oversimplified and underestimated the civil rights issue. President Kennedy, if not backing down, had backed away from the key pledge of his campaign—to wipe out housing discrimination immediately "with the stroke of a pen." When he had finally signed the housing order, two years after taking office, its terms, though praiseworthy, had revealed a serious weakness in its failure to attack the key problem of discrimination in financing by banks and other lending institutions.

While Negroes were being appointed to some significant jobs, and social hospitality was being extended at the White House to Negro leaders, the dreams of the masses remained in tatters. The Negro felt that he recognized the same old bone that had been tossed to him in the past—only now it was being handed to him on a platter, with courtesy.

The Administration had fashioned its primary approach to discrimination in the South around a series of lawsuits chiefly designed to protect the right to vote. Opposition toward action on other fronts had begun to harden. With each new Negro protest we were advised, sometimes privately and sometimes in public, to call off our efforts and channel all of our energies into registering voters. On each occasion we would agree with the importance of voting rights, but would patiently seek to explain that Negroes did not want to neglect all other rights while one was selected for concentrated attention.

It was necessary to conclude that our argument was not persuading the Administration any more than the government's logic was prevailing with us. Negroes had manifested their faith by giving a substantial majority of their votes to President Kennedy. They had expected more of him than of the previous Administration. In no sense had President Kennedy betrayed his promises. Yet his Administration appeared to believe it was doing as much as was politically possible and had, by its positive deeds, earned enough credit to coast on civil rights. Politically, perhaps, this was not a surprising conclusion. How many people understood, during the first two years of the Kennedy Administration, that the Negroes' "Now" was becoming as militant as the segregationists' "Never"? Eventually, the President would set political considerations aside and rise to the level of his own unswerving moral commitment. But this was still in the future.

NO discussion of the influences that bore on the thinking of the Negro in 1963 would be complete without some attention to the relationship of this revolution to international events. Throughout the upheavals of cold war politics, Negroes had seen their government go to the brink of nuclear conflict more than once. The justification for risking the annihilation of the human race was always expressed in terms of America's willingness to go to any lengths to preserve freedom. To the Negro, that readiness for heroic measures in the defense of liberty disappeared or became tragically weak when



"It used to be our conversation pit."

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the threat was within our own borders and was concerned with the Negro's liberty. While the Negro is not so selfish as to stand isolated in concern for his own dilemma, ignoring the ebb and flow of events around the world, there is a certain bitter irony in the picture of his country championing freedom in foreign lands and failing to ensure that freedom to 20,000,000 of its own.

From beyond the borders of his own land, the Negro had been inspired by another powerful force. He had watched the decolonization and liberation of nations in Africa and Asia since World War II. He knew that yellow, black, and brown people had felt for years that the American Negro was too passive, unwilling to take strong measures to gain his freedom. He might have remembered the visit to this country of an African head of state, who was called upon by a delegation of prominent American Negroes. When they began reciting to him their long list of grievances, the visiting statesman had waved a weary hand and said:

"I am aware of current events. I know everything you are telling me about what the white man is doing to the Negro. Now tell me: What is the Negro doing for himself?"

The American Negro saw, in the land from which he had been snatched and thrown into slavery, a great pageant of political progress. He realized that just thirty years ago there were only three independent nations in the whole of Africa. He knew that by 1963 more than thirty-four African nations had risen from colonial bondage. The Negro saw black statesmen voting on vital issues in the United Nations—and knew that in many cities of his own land he was not permitted to take that significant walk to the ballot box. He saw black kings and potentates ruling from palaces—and knew he had been condemned to move from small ghettos to larger ones. Witnessing the drama of Negro progress elsewhere in the world, witnessing a level of conspicuous consumption at home exceeding anything in our history, it was natural that by 1963 Negroes would rise with resolution and demand a share of governing power and living conditions measured by current American standards rather than by the obsolete standards of colonial impoverishment.

An additional and decisive fact confronted the Negro and helped to bring him out of the houses into the streets, out of the trenches and into the front lines. This was his recognition that 100 years had passed since emancipation, with no profound effect on his plight.

With the dawn of 1963, plans were afoot all over the land to celebrate the Emancipation Proclamation, the 100th

(*Continued on page 76*)

TESTAMENT OF A TRANSPLANTED WHITE SOUTHERNER

By CALVIN KYTLE

ON A SUNDAY afternoon not too long ago I sat in my living room in Columbus, Ohio, and watched Senator Russell of Georgia in conversation with some indistinct interviewer for NBC Television. ". . . The National Council of Churches," I heard the Senator say. "Preachers like that boast of high moral principles, but they're not very practical." And suddenly, two disconnected, long-forgotten events exploded into my mind with clear and startling relevance. Abruptly, I was no longer in Columbus but in Atlanta, no longer a forty-four-year-old businessman but a fourteen-year-old boy. It was summer, 1934—the summer I discovered *Hamlet;* the summer the Methodist Church sent me to Lake Junaluska.

Hamlet was on my high school's required summer-reading list. I remember lying on my back on the porch glider, forcing myself to think about the lines and grumbling every time I had to stop to look up a word in the dictionary. But when I came to the passage in which Polonius speaks to Laertes, I sat up as if I'd been slapped. I was not at all sure what the line meant—"To thine own self be true." Even at fourteen I considered it an irritatingly ambiguous bit of advice for any father to hand a son. Still, I felt strongly that Polonius was speaking directly to me. It remains one of the few quotations from Shakespeare I can recite by heart.

As it developed, the summer itself turned into ambiguity. Until then, I had been a generally accepting, uncritical child, on whom the church was a governing influence. I had learned the catechism with my ABCs. Vacation Bible schools and revival meetings were as much a part of my summers as swimming and picnics. By the time I was twelve I was not only going to Sunday school and to church every Sunday morning but to Junior Epworth League and to another service every Sunday evening.

What I got out of all this churchgoing was mostly an elementary idea of sin: it was sinful to drink, to smoke, to tell lies, to swear, to play cards. It was a decidedly fundamentalist brand of religion, focusing mainly on salvation and the hereafter. Significantly, it never dealt with the immediate problems of the community. These, it was understood, were problems for politicians and businessmen. For us children the Golden Rule was like good manners—something to be used in personal relationships, even if insincerely.

But in the summer of 1934 all this was changed for me. All of a sudden I became aware of conflict—of conflict within the church leadership; of conflict within segregated Southern society; of conflict within the human personality. That was the summer I lost my innocence. And it all came about because St. Mark's Church chose to send me to a week-long workshop for Young Methodists at North Carolina's Lake Junaluska.

I couldn't have felt prouder or more honored had Admiral Byrd chosen me as the Boy Scout to take to the South Pole.

On the third day at Junaluska, a Negro showed up. I didn't recognize him as a Negro at first. He was dark-skinned, yes, but he spoke better English than I'd ever heard before and he was dressed in a business suit. Besides that, staff members shook his hand when he arrived and set a place for him at their dinner table. Understand now—until that moment the only time I'd ever seen a Negro man wearing anything other than work clothes was at a funeral. Also, where I came from no white man ever shook hands with a Negro. To eat at the same table with him was unheard of.

Nevertheless, here, unmistakably, was a Negro and here were all these white Methodists treating him like an equal. Confused, I went off by myself to

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think. An hour later, I'd figured it out: if the Methodist church was sending me to Lake Junaluska to learn something, then obviously the church must have thought there was something this colored man could teach me. I decided I'd better listen to him.

HIS name was Channing Tobias. He was then head of the national Negro YMCA; years later he was to become Chairman of the Board of the NAACP. He did not speak that evening of desegregation or integration. This was 1934, remember. He spoke of "racial tolerance" and "equal opportunity." He spoke softly, dispassionately, as if he was there not to convince us but to inform us. He compared the dollars spent on Negro schools with those spent on white schools. He told us of the jobs that were closed to Negroes. He compared Negro and white infant mortality rates. He gave us the figures on Negro hospitals, Negro housing, and Negro voting, in each case underscoring the statistical fact of discrimination with a revealing anecdote from his own experience.

I was overwhelmed by his talk, outraged at the conditions he described. When he challenged us to go colorblind and treat each Negro as we would any other individual, extending to him the natural rights of every individual and judging him on his own particular merits, I responded as if I'd been handed a shining, glowing truth —as indeed I had been. I could hardly wait to take the fight for equal opportunity back to the congregation at St. Mark's.

I don't know which division of the Methodist Church was responsible for the Junaluska conferences. Clearly, though, the leadership was in the hands of the social activists. The workshop theme was something like "The Christian's Role in Current Events."

These programs were presented not only for our inspiration and enlightenment. The idea was for us to take them back to our home churches. After each program was staged (most of them were in the form of playlets, readings, or "living theater" stunts) we would be offered as many copies of the scripts as we could use. I chose two of the packaged programs to take back with me to St. Mark's—one on peace and one on racial discrimination.

At the first Epworth League meeting after my return I reported that grim things were happening out there in the real world and it was time for us young people to wake up. Not waiting for a reaction, I announced that next week and the week thereafter we'd have these two special programs. I then proceeded to pass out the parts and set rehearsal times. I got busy lining up props and lights and was eagerly looking forward to the first rehearsal when I got a call from the assistant pastor.

I remember thinking at first that he'd called to congratulate me. He asked me how I liked being at Junaluska and volunteered he'd heard I'd come back brimming over with ideas. He wanted to talk with me. Could I see him in his study at two the next afternoon?

He took his time getting to the point. I remember that he kept getting up and walking around his desk and sitting down again, talking about the times he'd been at Junaluska and the friends he had on the Junaluska teaching staff. Finally he interrupted himself and came out with it.

"Calvin," he said, "you can do the pacifist thing. But the one on race relations —" he stopped, faltering, "we can't let you do it."

I asked him why.

"Someday when you're older," he said, "you'll understand."

Someday when you're older, you'll understand.

That was it. That was all.

I remember leaving his study shattered, shaking. I was more confused than bitter. I couldn't understand why my church had paid my way to attend a Methodist conference, for the express purpose of teaching me how to be a better leader, only now to tell me I could not do what in effect they'd paid me to learn. I remember that my heart was pounding, that my mouth was dry. I felt as if I'd been caught doing something dirty. Why? Because in one short sentence the assistant pastor had caused me to think of race as I'd been taught to think of sex—as an unmentionable, as something I'd discover for myself when I got older.

I went to my father and tried to explain what had happened. I asked him what I'd done wrong. He said: "Is *that* what they taught you at that summer school?"

I went back to *Hamlet* and reread Polonius's advice to Laertes. I read it several times.

I called up the cast and told them the program on race relations was off.

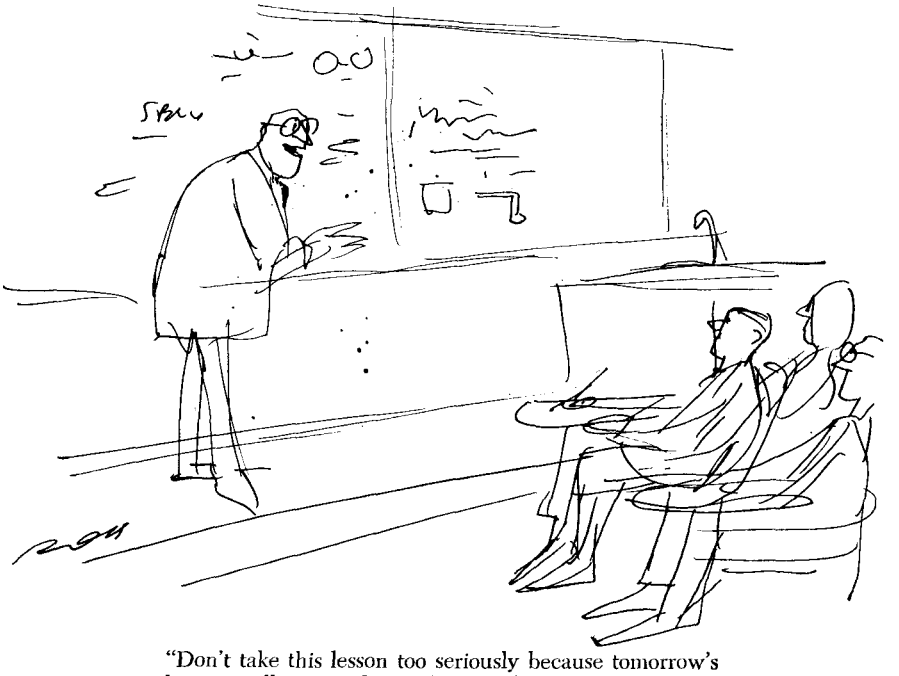
The next Sunday four of the girls were conspicuously absent from Epworth League. To my knowledge, they never came again. Later, when I saw one of them at the corner drugstore, she turned her head before I could speak. For weeks afterward, whenever I ran into them, the others did the same. Much later one of them told me that her mother had ordered her never to be seen with me again. She'd been told I was a bad boy, a bad influence, a radical.

Before Christmas I'd resigned as president of the Epworth League.

So now that I'm thirty years older, what is it I understand?

First, of course, I understand why the assistant minister had to order me to stop the program on race and why he could not bring himself to tell me the reason. Senator Russell would probably have approved; the churchman was eminently practical. I see him now as a pitiable figure, a prototype of one kind of all too familiar Southerner—a reluctant gatekeeper of the *status quo*. He could not tell me that the wife of the wealthiest Methodist in town had called the minister to demand that my program he canceled; that the minis-

(*Continued on page* 53)



"Don't take this lesson too seriously because tomorrow's lesson will contradict what you've learned today."

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Black Wind Rising

THE civil rights movement in the United States is entering a new, explosive, and tragic phase. Leadership is passing into the hands of haters and racists. Responsible Negro leaders like Roy Wilkins, Martin Luther King, Bayard Rustin, and James Farmer are finding it increasingly difficult to be heard above the battle cries of showdown-minded partisans. White leaders who for years have dedicated themselves to the struggle for human equality are not only losing rapport; they are becoming the particularized targets for condemnation and abuse by Negro extremists. Black know-nothingism is on the move.

In any great protracted social struggle, there is always the danger of polarization. The gravitational pull is to the extremes. People who work steadily and conscientiously toward a central and far-reaching goal usually find that their main opposition comes not from the other side but from the hot-heads in their own ranks. The reformers and the idealists are cut down not by the enemy but by their own fanatics and assassins. Militancy is no longer defined as resolute and responsible leadership but as direct action leading to violent showdown.

Inevitably, the extremes of black and white tend to mirror one another. Each talks about the other in racist terms. Each contends that the other understands only the language of force. Each has disdain for the moderates; in fact, the moderate often becomes the prime target.

This is not to say that there is no range of differences within the extremes themselves. Among the white extremists, there is a well-known spectrum of groups ranging from the night riders to the supporters of the new political party. The differences among the black extremists are not so well-known. A struggle for power is now in progress between the super-extremists and the general extremists. Both factions agree that gradualism has served only to provide the whites with time to consolidate their position. They agree that the Supreme Court decision will not be implemented voluntarily and that the only rights the Negro can expect are those they carve out for themselves. They believe in the inevitability and necessity of a violent showdown. They are contemptuous of whites who are engaged in civil rights activity. They are scornful of old-line organizations such as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

The super-extremists part company with the extremists on the forms and timing of violence. They proclaim the superiority of the blacks over the degenerate whites; they assert that only when the colored races are supreme will they be able to hold their heads high; and they use hate as the fuel for individual and group violence.

No greater mistake could be made than to think that the critical problem of extremism in the civil rights movement can be met simply and solely by rounding up and hauling in the leaders. The problem has its origins and its main explosive force in the condition of the Negro in America and not just in the irresponsible and dangerous activities of the men on top. Moreover, the main volcanic centers today are to be found not in the South but in the North. In the Negro ghettos of large cities like New York, Chicago, and Detroit—this is where the incendiary materials are building up.

New York's Harlem has all the volatile makings of one of the worst race riots in history. If it comes, the villains will not just be the black hotheads and know-nothings who incited people to riot. The villains will include all the whites who have abused, shunned, cheated, hounded, and outraged the Negro beyond human endurance: the landlords who overcharge and whose tenements violate all the laws of housing safety; the housing inspectors who ignore the violations; the white merchants who short-weigh, shortchange, and pass off inferior merchandise; education officials who are clearly incapable of meeting the incredibly difficult challenge of operating a school system in Harlem; white employers who may deplore racial injustice but who have yet to institute decent employment practices in their own firms; union leaders who proclaim their interest in the working man but who draw color lines as rigid as the most segregated community; in short, everyone who thinks the problem is at a distance.

NOT much time is left. The white people of America are going to have to do something dramatic and they have to do it fast. The passage of the civil rights bill is the least, not the most, that is required. The main work has to be done not just by legislation but by enough individual Americans who accept a moral obligation and responsibility in their everyday attitudes and actions. The problem is broad enough so that no man need feel there is no part of it where he can take hold and become relevant.

Meanwhile, it might be a good idea for whites to listen more to, and strengthen the position of, men like Wilkins, Rustin, King, and Farmer. They may seem like radicals to the uninitiated, but within the civil rights movement they represent the best hope against the know-nothings, the racists, and the inciters to violence. If they go, the last retaining walls of sanity go with them.

The time has come for the moderates among blacks and whites to close ranks against the pressure from their extremes. This calls for greater mutual respect and greater recognition of a common cause. A national tragedy is in the making. If it is to be averted, the eyes and consciences of the nation will have to be opened wide—and soon.

—N. C.

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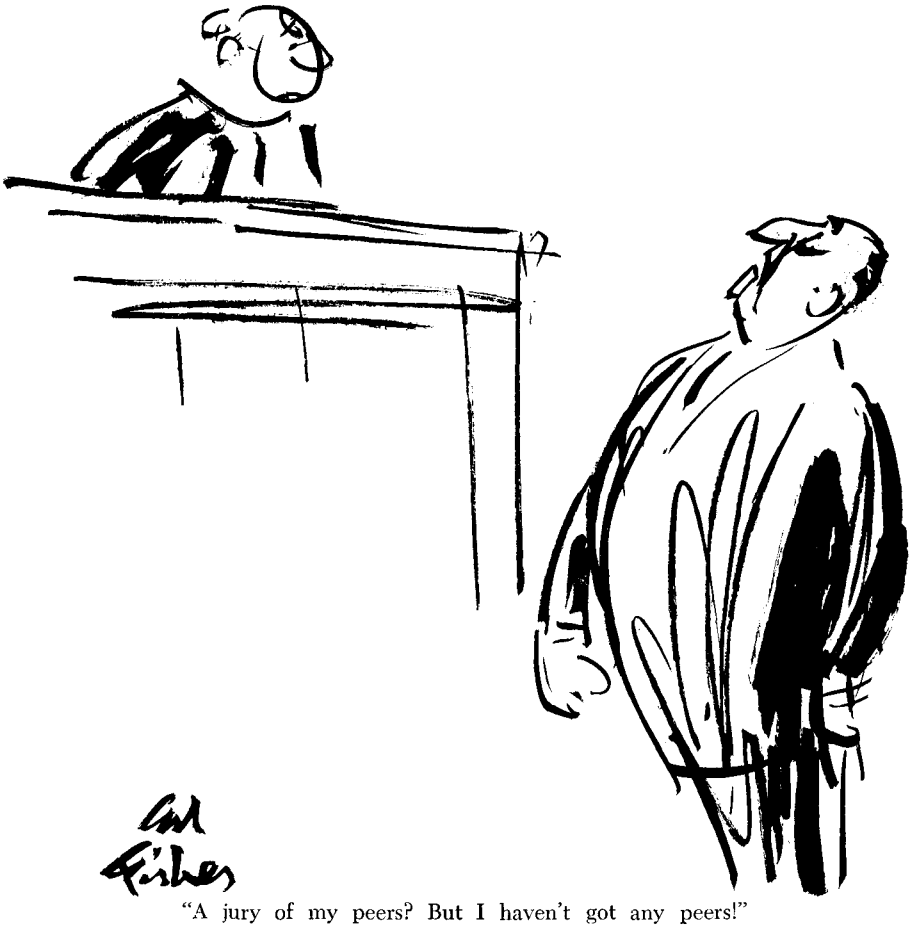
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Views of Conservatism

I HAVE JUST READ James J. Kilpatrick's article "What a Southern Conservative Thinks" [*SR*, Apr. 25]. I am amused by his fuzzy-minded yearning for the good old days—the days when our forefathers had a presumably clear and perfect vision of the destiny of our country. I do not mean to denigrate the sound foundations upon which our Constitution is based, but as sound as these principles are, they are not immutable. They are subject to the wider moral sense that each succeeding generation can bring to them. Madison, Jefferson, *et al.*, visionary and humane as they were, could not envisage our time, 150 years later. In 1776 the moral tenor of the times was such that they could not bring themselves to deal with an obviously immoral institution—slavery. . . .The basic issue is whether or not a large segment of our population, shunted into a back alley, has a right to a certain level of existence, and which institutions shall have the responsibility of guaranteeing those rights. Mr. Kilpatrick's state has been lax with the problem.

Why is it that the conservative philosophy always hinges on a misguided notion of what the forefathers meant in their pronouncements rather than on the spirit of their concept of democracy—which was justice for *all*, not for most?

RICHARD KINNEY,
Wayne State University.
Detroit, Mich.



"A jury of my peers? But I haven't got any peers!"

JAMES J. KILPATRICK's "Position Paper" on the Southern conservative's viewpoint is eloquently written and important reading matter for all of us. His analysis of a campaign issue that can successfully be argued by conservatives, *i.e.*, constitutionalism, is brilliant—considering the present decline of the U.S. Constitution. . . .

If we cannot now be bothered by constitutional hindrances, then in a few short decades we won't have to be bothered by the liberties that document was guaranteed, first, not to interfere with; later, to protect; and finally, to administer. Obviously, only a few aspects of liberty are desirable to most security-conscious, self-conscious Americans.

JOY DANIELS.
Seattle, Wash.

Why the Soviets Like Twain

EDWARD WASIOLEK's article "What the Soviets Read About America" [*SR*, May 9] deals with the "image of America" he found reflected in Moscow's Lenin Library. This seems based more on his own nostalgia than on a critical analysis of the materials he found. Russian interest in Twain surprises me also, but I agree only in part that Russian readers have "selected what is young and virile and strong" in American literature. I wonder if they see the same kind of youth, strength, and virility that the American "popular eye" sees.

The strength and virility of Twain, even as reflected in *Huckleberry Finn*, may well be that which too many American readers refuse or fail to see in "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg," "Little Bessie Would Assist Providence," *What Is Man?* and *The Mysterious Stranger*. The thread of compulsive iconoclasm that Twain weaves into his work ultimately ties together his fierce antireligious views and his almost desperate scientific determinism. My assumption is that several generations of Russian readers are considerably more sympathetic to atheism than their American counterparts, and therefore respond more easily to the concept of scientific determinism. If I am correct, then Twain's Russian popularity (outside academic circles) could stem from sympathies and interests largely alien to those that motivate the American reader of Twain. The real but lesser popularity of Hemingway and Faulkner suggests similar problems but with, perhaps, different answers. I'd be most interested in hearing Professor Wasiolek's answer to my suggestion.

HARRY P. KROITOR,
Associate Professor of English,
Texas A&M University.
College Station, Tex.

Birds and Brickbats

I THINK IT IS amusingly ironic that John Ciardi's "A Garland of Birds" should appear in the same issue [*SR*, May 2] with the mistaken opinions expressed in a letter by a man with the name of Vogel. (Is it a coincidence?) If Mr. Vogel reads these four poems he might change his mind. As for me, I look for Ciardi first in *SR* each week.

DALE GILKEY.
Celina, O.

I FIRMLY PROTEST all who have written attacking John Ciardi on his MANNER OF SPEAKING. Any person who considers himself sufficiently brilliant to accurately interpret all of the works of another writer and says so is, in my opinion, an egocentric smart-aleck. Effective writing of venomous sarcasm is an art; it is worth applause and is one truthful way of revealing the bare facts of life. John Ciardi possesses this talent. It is because of this talent, made evident with such regularity, that *SR* is the fine magazine it has become in the last several years.

SUSAN SINGER.
North Hollywood, Calif.

More Wise Words

MY PARENTS WERE Ukrainian, and Mario Pei's article "Parallel Proverbs" [*SR*, May 2] reminds me of a favorite saying of my father's. In America they say, "Keeping up with the Joneses," or something to that effect. The Ukrainian counterpart is, "The horse is being shod and a frog puts his foot up, too."

MRS. WILLIAM SPARKLIN.
Milford, Del.

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TV AND RADIO

They Sang Along with Mitch

XEROX CORPORATION, pioneer in graphics communication, announced recently that it would spend $4,000,000 for a special television series of six ninety-minute entertainment films based on activities of social agencies of the United Nations. Several teams of outstanding producers, writers, and directors (some of international reputation) are at work on the programs, which will be presented next year on NBC and ABC. Telsun Foundation, a nonprofit organization, is supervising the productions, and they will carry no product commercials, but merely "institutional identification."

A fair guess is that Xerox directors, as citizens, are sympathetic to the U.N. As businessmen responsible to stockholders, they have probably calculated that the Telsun programs will win friends for Xerox among opinion-makers in the international community. They understand that without the universal social and economic health the U.N. is seeking, the world market for Xerox products won't amount to much.

Shareholders represent a broad range of American society. What would Xerox stockholders think about spending $4,000,000 – without commercials – for public service programs about a controversial organization? Several thousand of them answered that question recently at their annual meeting in the Grand Ballroom of the New York Hilton Hotel. In his address to the shareholders, Joseph C. Wilson, president of Xerox, referred briefly to the U.N. programs as "an innovative business proposition . . . a long-range public relations investment . . . the greatest bargain in TV history." Stockholder responses to this strictly business approach were similarly profit-oriented. One stockholder declared that it was wonderful to see Xerox acquiring an international flavor, and that "the soft sell of these movies will be the best thing that ever happened." Another shareholder said that the programs should be canceled if they turned out to be "anti-capitalist."

A sustained attack came from two ladies who represent the Federation of Women Shareholders in American Business, known for its ability to enliven corporate shareholder meetings. These professional agitators may be a boon to a board of directors. Their aggressive and relentless harangues at the Xerox meeting antagonized shareholders and generated sympathy for the harassed officers. Mr. Wilson fielded their carpings with skill and tact.

The business of the Xerox meeting was almost concluded, the guests were hungry, and a free lunch was waiting; the women continued to pick away at the films. Down in front a man with a beard arose and pre-empted a floor microphone from a strident lady. Everyone recognized him at once – Mitch Miller, the master of ceremonies of *Sing Along with Mitch*, popular NBC Television program. The durable purveyor of musical nostalgia in broadcasting and records proceeded to defend the directors with blunt eloquence.

"You," he declared, pointing to the directors, "have to endure this patiently, but we stockholders don't. All we see on television these days," he went on, "is detectives gouging people in the gut, idiotic Westerns and mysteries, and fathers being made fools of. I say to get the U.N. on television for Xerox for $4,000,000 is one helluva buy!" A great chorus of applause and approval rose from the assembly. "Let's sing along, Mitch!" several shouted from the balconies. "Let's eat!" cried others. "You're a stooge for the directors!" a strident lady yelled at the bearded maestro. "Are you a shareholder?" "Five thousand shares!" shot back Mitch—"and I bought 'em in 1956!" The crowd buzzed with noisy delight at the double riposte of accreditation and marvelous accrued profit. A policeman hurried forward to the embattled duo at the mike, photographers flash-bulbed, the chairman shouted smilingly for order, and gradually the uproar settled.

"Innovative public relations" had been overwhelmingly endorsed as sound business investment. Some of the frustration of the stockholders at the tactics of the agitators had undoubtedly found release in the sing-along with Mitch, but underneath I sensed a hunger for more than lunch—a yearning to sponsor something proud and meaningful on television, and a pride in participating with the United Nations in mankind's search for peace. If these are representative American stockholders, then more corporations can take a giant Xerox step forward in public service broadcasting. They will discover, as did Mr. Wilson and Sol Linowitz, chairman of the Xerox board of directors, that their stockholders are behind them.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

JAF.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Olivier's Othello

LONDON.

SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER'S portrayal of the title role in the British National Theater's repertory production of *Othello* is fascinating to watch. In ebony black makeup, wearing ornate bronze bracelets and anklets, this Othello strikes us as an African immensely proud of his exotic ancestry and of his ability to control its implied barbarism to live in more civilized and sophisticated fashion than the most elegant native Venetian. Saucily, he carries a rose in his hand to suggest that he fancies himself the nonpareil of lovers, a prize for Desdemona to have caught. With the sort of relaxed self-assurance only supreme egotists can achieve, he treats patronizingly Brabantio's charge that he has used black magic to lure Desdemona into marriage, making it appear that the poor old man is incapable of a true, intelligent evaluation of the marriage. As he explains to the Duke how Desdemona liked to hear his stories of cannibals, anthropophagi, and "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," he smiles knowingly, as if these tales were a bit of barbaric mythical absurdity, whose popular currency an ultra-civilized and Christianized African like himself politely tolerated. And topping off this extreme vanity is the way he holds Desdemona in his arms, speaks of "the profit yet to come" to her from his lovemaking, and punctuates the image by playfully snapping his teeth at her.

If all this doesn't particularly endear us to Othello, it does prepare us nicely for his downfall. Certainly here is a man whose ego comes from having made a great success at the business of behaving more thoroughly civilized than most of the non-Africans in his adopted country; therefore, he should be extremely difficult for Iago to ruffle. But now Olivier sets about the task of establishing, step by step, the emotional vulnerability Iago needs for his insinuations to have effect. He does this by constant circumambulation of the stage and by speaking in quavering, measured phrases, as if exerting great conscious effort not to lose control of a deep-seated capacity for barbaric response that Othello knows to be a dangerous but not necessarily undesirable part of his nature. And we can see the fever growing in him even in moments of reinstated outward calm, such as the scene in which with calculated casualness General Othello places an arm around Sergeant Iago's shoulders and asks him, man to man, to tell him his suspicions about Cassio.

But when the violence in him increases, Othello realizes he can no longer fight down his pagan responses and rips the gold crucifix from around his neck to bid farewell not only to the tranquil mind but to his adopted Christian meekness. However, he still continues to resist his tragic destiny so that the violence in him erupts only in short outbursts. Questioning Desdemona about the handkerchief, he appears less concerned with getting the facts than he does with triggering his own pain mechanism, so that the mildest evasion on her part can evoke a frighteningly explosive "Wherefore?" And his oft-repeated "The handkerchief?" become an aria that rises not into loudness but into emotional oscillation.

Now we watch him run almost eagerly to Iago for nourishment of his new emotional state. The pair rock back and forth together as Iago delivers the requested stimulation. Finally, when Othello overflows into epilepsy, it is in the form of quick, short convulsions that throw him to the floor, where he lies glassy-eyed in a rigid, arched position while Iago punctuates the action by grotesquely placing the handle of his dagger in Othello's gaping mouth. As Othello approaches his "journey's end," he makes one last attempt to see if the ecstasy of Desdemona's embrace can be stronger than the fever of cuckoldry. It cannot, and Olivier plays out Othello's final savagery as an unpleasant duty. Indeed, he seems so resigned to his destiny that one suspects he would have strangled Desdemona even if he had known Iago was lying.

As a result, this fantastic total performance disappoints us by failing to find moving tragedy in the great final speeches. Is it that he is so fully burned out beforehand that murder and remorse seem anticlimactic? Or is it that this great actor has built his performance too solitarily, and in so doing separated Othello from the surrounding realities and people in a way that prevents his final running amuck from becoming identifiably piteous to the audience? Whatever it is, this *Othello* is only a few performances old, so that one can reasonably hope that when director John Dexter restages it for the Chichester Festival, he will be able to find the key to transforming what is already the most technically interesting Othello of our time into what could be one of Sir Laurence Olivier's most emotionally devastating portrayals.

For the record, *Othello* with the same cast, including Maggie Smith as Desdemona and Frank Finlay as Iago, joins Marston's *The Dutch Courtesan* and Peter Shaffer's new *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* in an alternating schedule at Chichester's open-stage theater from July 21 to August 29.

—HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

AN AUSTENIAN BLUEBOOK

If you were to go calling with Miss Jane Austen, which of the ladies and gentlemen in Column Two would you find at home in which houses listed in Column One? Elizabeth Norton Potter of New York City, who propounds the question, identifies the novels concerned along with the answers, which appear on page 38.

1. Netherfield Park	( ) Admiral Croft
2. Sotherton	( ) Mr. George Knightley
3. Donwell Abbey	( ) Mrs. John Dashwood
4. Barton Park	( ) Mr. Henry Tilney
5. Uppercross Cottage	( ) Mr. Rushworth
6. Pemberley	( ) Miss Emma Woodhouse
7. Northanger Abbey	( ) Sir John Middleton
8. Mansfield Park	( ) Mr. Charles Bingley
9. Kellynch Hall	( ) Sir Thomas Bertram
10. Hartfield	( ) Miss Eleanor Tilney
11. Norland Park	( ) Mr. Fitzwilliam Darcy
12. Woodston	( ) Mrs. Charles Musgrove

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Richard Strauss on Angel Records

OPERAS

Der Rosenkavalier—Schwarzkopf, Ludwig, Stich-Randall, Edelmann, Wächter, others; Philharmonia Orchestra, Karajan: (S)DL-3563
Highlights: (S)35645

Der Rosenkavalier (abridged)—the historic 1933 recording by Lehmann, Schumann, Olszewska, Mayr; Vienna Philharmonic, Heger: GBR-4001*

Ariadne auf Naxos—Schwarzkopf, Seefried, Streich, Schock, Prey, others; Philharmonia Orchestra, Karajan: CL-3532

Capriccio—Schwarzkopf, Ludwig, Moffo, Gedda, Fischer-Dieskau, Wächter, Hotter, others; Philharmonia Orchestra, Sawallisch: CL-3580

SONGS

Sixteen Songs—Fischer-Dieskau, Gerald Moore (piano): 35600

Four Last Songs—Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Philharmonia Orchestra, Ackermann; with the final scene from **Capriccio:** 35084

Schlechtes Wetter; Hat gesagt, bleibt's nicht dabei—Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Gerald Moore (piano); in a Song Recital: 35023

Wiegendlied—Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Gerald Moore (piano); in Songs You Love: (S)35383

Eight Songs—Elisabeth Schumann; with Wolf Songs: COLH-102*

Allerseelen—John McCormack; in Classical Arias and German Lieder: COLH-123*

ORCHESTRAL

Also sprach Zarathustra—Philharmonia Orchestra, Lorin Maazel: (S)35994

Till Eulenspiegel; Don Juan; Salome—Dance of the Seven Veils—Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer: (S)35737

Death and Transfiguration; Metamorphosen—Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer: (S)35976

Metamorphosen—Orchestre National de la RTF, Horenstein; with Stravinsky's Symphony of Psalms: 35101

Horn Concertos Nos. 1 and 2 in E flat—Dennis Brain, Philharmonia Orchestra, Sawallisch: 35496

*"Great Recordings of the Century"
(S) indicates Stereo.

Angel

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Verdi by Ormandy, Bernstein's "Farewell"

THE Philadelphia Orchestra made its series of World's Fair Festival concerts in Philharmonic Hall truly festive by adding, to an all-Strauss program (with Rudolf Serkin as soloist in the *Burleske*) and another exclusively Rachmaninoff (Van Cliburn assisting in the Third Concerto), a Verdi evening devoted to the Requiem. By sheer superiority of execution, it evolved into something not too frequently heard in Philharmonic Hall—a feast of sonority, proof against all acoustical dehydration.

With Richard Tucker to sing the "Ingemisco" and Lili Chookasian to lead the "Liber Scriptus," there was assurance of inner strength in the solo quartet. The sturdy qualities of voice John Macurdy displayed in his recent first effort as the Commendatore of a Metropolitan *Don Giovanni* gave weight to his "Mors stupebit"; given some additional opportunities in this music—to which he is well entitled by musicianship as well as voice—he could make himself one of its best contemporary exponents. Only Janice Harsanyi fell short of consistently sustaining the high level of this quartet. Her part of the "Recordare" was very well sung, and she managed the top B-flats of the "Lacrymosa" with steady, assured sound; but she appeared to tire as the evening progressed.

For Ormandy, this completed an uncommon "triple" for the season, during which he had previously conducted the Brahms "German" requiem and the very French *Messe des Morts* of Berlioz. To command the content of three such related yet vastly different works would, of itself, be cause for admiration. But to this intellectual capacity Ormandy added a sense of the style appropriate to each that comes close to being unique. Far from the least of these attainments was the appropriately Italian warmth and tonal richness of the vocal blend in such sections as the "Recordare" and "Agnus Dei," the artful insinuation into it of the appropriate instrumental sound. Simply put, it was heartening to hear from Ormandy the quality of effort one has missed in such music since the death of Toscanini and Walter. The Westminster Choir, of which George Lynn is director, coordinated well with the peerless orchestra and outstanding quartet of soloists. This was, incidentally, the nineteenth concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra in New York this season, and one of the best.

For his final concerts with the New York Philharmonic until the fall of 1965, Leonard Bernstein left a mingled memory of new and old. The old, in the purely stylistic sense, was Luigi Dallapiccola's *An Matilde*, a setting of three Heine poems. Whether it had to do with the language or is symptomatic of some deeper trend in this composer's development, it tends to mark a retrogression in the musical evolution of the gifted Dallapiccola, whose earlier strain of individuality has been sacrificed to the clichés of the twelve-tone discipline. Thus the angular leaps and dives, the sudden dynamic sallies and retreats for contrast otherwise hard to come by, the need for word values to sustain an interest not inherent in the musical texture itself. The works were magnificently sung by Martina Arroyo, who seems incapable of singing other than accurately and affectingly against a perfectly proportioned shaping of the chamber orchestra (thirty-odd) background by Bernstein.

The ever-new was Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, of which any performance is still an exploration and no interpretation a finality. Bernstein's had every evidence of serious purpose to commend it, especially as far as the physical shape of the score was concerned. Too often, however, one was obsessed with an awareness that one was hearing notes rather than music. Bernstein's striving for clarity in the first movement transformed the mystical into the prosaic, his determination to make the Scherzo truly *Molto Vivace* rendered cosmic energy as mundane haste. The Adagio was easily the most successful of the four movements. Aside from Miss Arroyo, the soloists in the Finale—Regina Sarfaty, Nicholas di Virgilio, and Norman Scott—were vocally undersized for their assignments. The Juilliard Chorus performed to the high standard lately instituted by its director, Abraham Kaplan. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Critics, Collections, and a Colony

ONE OF the valuable functions of university presses is the publication of definitive editions of important writers. Thus New York University Press has undertaken *The Collected Writings of Walt Whitman* in fifteen volumes, under the general editorship of Gay Wilson Allen and Scully Bradley. The two volumes just published are *Prose Works 1892*, Vol. II, edited by Floyd Stovall, and *Correspondence*, Vol. III, edited by Edwin Haviland Miller ($10 each).

The volume of prose contains *Democratic Vistas*, *November Days*, prefaces to various editions of *Leaves of Grass*, and essays on a variety of subjects. The volume of letters covers the period from 1876 to 1885. It contains several hitherto unpublished letters addressed to Harry Stafford, one of Whitman's young friends, as well as a good deal of miscellaneous correspondence.

Frank Norris was born in 1870, one year before Theodore Dreiser; he died in 1902, whereas Dreiser lived until 1945. Six books by Norris were published in his lifetime, and almost as many have appeared since his death. One of the posthumous volumes was *The Responsibilities of a Novelist*, a collection of literary essays that his publisher put together in 1903. Norris had written much more about literature than appeared in this volume, and Donald Pizer has brought out a considerably larger collection in *The Literary Criticism of Frank Norris* (University of Texas, $6.)

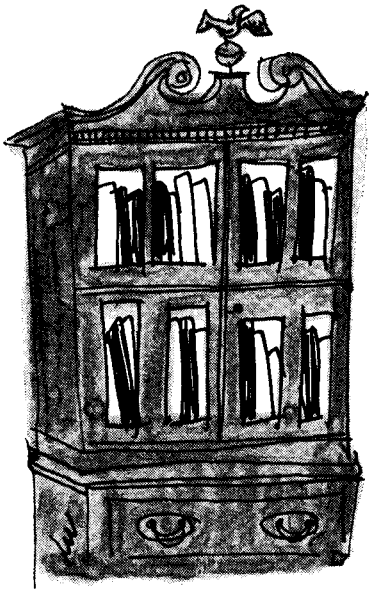
Pizer has arranged his selections by subjects rather than chronologically. Many of the essays and reviews he includes are slight, and some are mere literary chitchat; but there are some substantial pieces. Norris was not a systematic critic, but he was interested in general ideas, and one sees, as Pizer points out, his development towards anti-intellectualism, his nationalistic and democratic principles, and his peculiar conception of naturalism. His theories do not always hang together, but one can see why he was a significant influence at the turn of the century.

The detailed study of figures of speech has been going on at a great rate since Caroline Spurgeon published *Shakespeare's Imagery* in 1935. Poetry, naturally, has been examined more than prose, but prose has not been neglected, and now Robert Gale in *The Caught Image* (University of North Carolina, $6) examines the entire body of Henry James's fiction.

All such researches have their ludicrous aspects, and it is hard to keep a straight face when Gale assures us that there are 16,902 figures of speech in James's novels and short stories, which means that "his imagistic density is four images per one thousand words." But the study is really all to the good, for some of Gale's conclusions contribute to the understanding of the fiction and of James himself. Moreover, many of the images quoted are so good that it is a joy to dwell on them.

The Recognition of Emily Dickinson, edited by Caesar R. Blake and Carlton F. Wells (University of Michigan, $7.50) traces the strange progress of

(*Continued on page* 52)



27 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks

28 The World Opens Up for Scholarly Publishing, by Chester Kerr

30 The Publishing Scene, by David Dempsey

31 On the Fringe, by Haskel Frankel

32 Ecumenical Dialogue at Harvard, edited by Samuel H. Miller and G. Ernest Wright

33 The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, edited by Leonard W. Labaree, Ralph L. Ketcham, Helen C. Boatfield, and Helene H. Fineman

34 The Letters of Alexander Pushkin, translated by J. Thomas Shaw

35 The Last Four Lives of Annie Besant, by Arthur H. Nethercot

36 Cortés, by Francisco López de Gómara

37 The Trials of a Respectable Family and The Underdogs, both by Mariano Azuela; The Villagers, by Jorge Icaza

38 Russian Science Fiction, edited by Robert Magidoff

39 The Mind of the Old South, by Clement Eaton; The Idea of the South, edited by Frank Vandiver

40 Equality in America, by Alan P. Grimes; Assimilation in American Life, by Milton M. Gordon

42 University Press Poetry, a summary by Charles Simmons

44 Pick of the Paperbacks

46 More Stately Mansions, by Eugene O'Neill

47 The Sherpas of Nepal, by Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf

47 The Book of Lord Shang; In Search of Wealth and Power, by Benjamin Schwartz

48 The Mortal No, by Frederick J. Hoffman; The Lost Image of Man, by Julian N. Hartt

50 *SR*'s Check List of Scholarly Books

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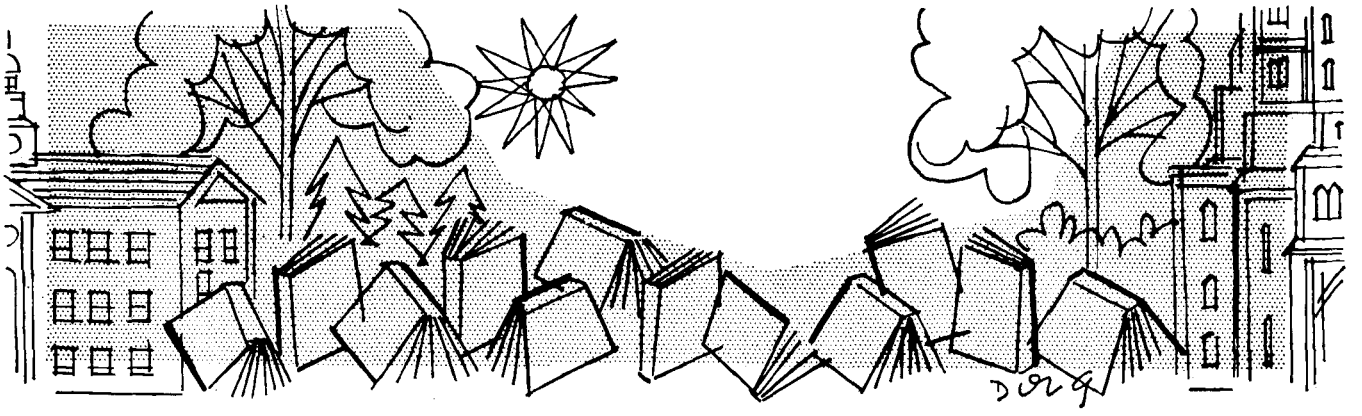

UNIVERSITY PRESS BOOKS

The World Opens Up for Scholarly Publishing

By CHESTER KERR

LAST October an observer of the American university press scene might well have asked, "Hey, who's tending the store?"

At California, Texas, and Yale the directors of the university presses were absent—in Mexico. The heads of the Johns Hopkins and Stanford presses were not in Baltimore and Palo Alto; they were in Tokyo. The pair from Wisconsin and Northwestern had gone to Nairobi, and the man from Toronto was preparing to join them when they reached Abijan in Ivory Coast. The director of the Indiana University Press was in London rather than Bloomington, MIT's top man was in Frankfurt along with the representatives of Chicago and Harvard, and the Princetonian was on his way to Belgrade.

What were a dozen of the country's leading scholarly publishers doing so far from their desks? Although they might not all have said so, essentially they were accepting what Wendell Willkie, taking a global look twenty years ago in the middle of World War II, correctly identified as "the most challenging opportunity of all history—the chance to help create a new society in which men and women the world around can live and grow invigorated by independence and freedom."

Preparing to do their bit in helping to create such a new society, these university press directors were themselves growing invigorated by the obvious need for scholarly books in the far corners of the world, despite the huge problems of meeting this need. Almost immediately after the end of World War II, up to 15 per cent of the output of their presses had begun to flow toward scholars and libraries outside the United States. Now it was clear that up to a third of each printing might be destined for foreign consumption—and that, for a while at least, it might take a disproportionate percentage of each director's time and energies to bring about such a sharing of the fruits of American higher education.

AT FIRST the task appeared to be merely the matter of how best to increase their foreign sales—for, despite the essentially nonprofit nature of scholarly publishing, the managers of today's university presses know that they must work constantly toward this goal, so that sales revenue can continue to help them make ends meet as the tide of publishable scholarly works steadily rises. To this end they have been laboring to strengthen their distribution facilities in the familiar foreign markets—in the United Kingdom and the Commonwealth countries, in Europe, in Japan and India, where the language barriers are down and where economic and educational communication is relatively simple. They have developed new sales combinations, in some cases replacing the old ties with Oxford and Cambridge and the old commission deals with commercial agents. Their scholarly authors, whizzing abroad on foundation grants and global jets, are increasingly gratified to find their books on sale not just at Blackwell's but also at Skateeminen Kirjakauppa in Helsinki, Maruzen in Tokyo, and the Libreria Britanica in Mexico.

Yet the majority of those American university publishers found in foreign countries last autumn were not there on business for their own presses. They were there as evangelists determined to place communication between scholars on a world-wide basis—as a logical and desirable extension of their work at home. They were suited to this role by personal conviction, and they had been cast in it at the behest of the Association of American University Presses.

When did the AAUP develop this interest in the rest of the world? At a recent committee meeting several press directors found it hard to recall that when the Association was revamped in 1958, as a centralized, properly financed, office-and-staff operation, no mention was made of any international program for scholarly books. Yet only six years later this worldly concern has become one of the Association's major preoccupations, requiring imagination, muscle, and money in unforeseen amounts.

THE AAUP first stuck a toe in international waters, gently enough, in the Rio Grande in 1959. Under the guidance of Frank Wardlaw, director of the university press at Austin and a man with Texas-size vision, the Association's members walked across the bridge at Laredo and entrained for Mexico City to hold the second half of that year's annual meeting under the auspices of the National University of Mexico. Looking up at the UNAM's library walls, its pastel murals hanging

Chester Kerr is director of the Yale University Press and chairman of the International Cooperation Committee of the Association of American University Presses.

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blocklike in the Latin American sunlight, the delegates perhaps were not aware of the giant step they were taking.

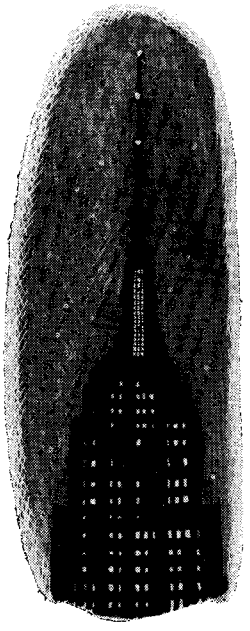
They are now. Meeting in Chicago this week, they will devote most of a day to hearing reports from survey teams and individuals recently dispatched, with foundation help, to Asia, Africa, and Latin America. They will, it seems reasonable to expect, adopt programs designed to carry American scholarly publications and publishing techniques to the far corners of the world, and they will, in all likelihood, authorize their officers and committees to carry out these programs. During the coming year they will study more progress reports and receive more postcards from colleagues and committees traveling abroad, before reconvening in the Blue Grass of Kentucky in 1965 to consider what to do next in the field they now call International Cooperation.

The year after the hands-across-the-border gatherings in Austin and Mexico City, the Association's members met in Oklahoma and, egged on by their host, the Southwest's redoubtable publisher, Savoie Lottinville, set up what was then regarded as an *ad hoc* committee: a Committee on International Cooperation Among Scholarly Publishers, under the dedicated chairmanship of Thomas J. Wilson, director of the Harvard University Press. This committee received every encouragement from the president of the Association, Harold Ingle, director of the Johns Hopkins Press, and from the next two presidents, Wardlaw and Roger Shugg of Chicago; it now appears to be a permanent body of the Association.

Pursuing the advantage opened up in Mexico, the group quickly sent forth a team of two evangelists, August Fruge of California and Carlos Bosch Garcia of the UNAM, who circled South America (courtesy of the Committee on Higher Education in the American Republics) to study what avenues of approach to use in increasing the flow of knowledge among scholars of the Western Hemisphere. Their first recommendation was that this flow must be multidirectional. To start it from south to north, the Association persuaded the Rockefeller Foundation to make a substantial five-year grant to pay the cost of translating important works into English for publication by member presses. By April 1964 a wide ranging group of sixteen presses (California, Chicago, Indiana, Louisiana, Nebraska, New York, Notre Dame, Oklahoma, Rutgers, Southern Illinois, Stanford, Texas, Toronto, Wayne State, Wisconsin, and Yale) had availed themselves of this aid in bringing north twenty-one titles with forty-six more in the works.

A second proposal took longer to realize: the establishment of one or more centers for the dissemination of information about the scholarly books of the North and South American continents, from Canada to Argentina, together with a wide selection of the books themselves on permanent exhibition and as sales stock. It is now expected that one such center will be launched this autumn, on a four-year experimental grant from Rockefeller and Ford, in Mexico City under the joint auspices of the Association and of the National University of Mexico. CILA it will be called—the Centro Interamericano de Libros Academicos. It is safe to say that it is one of the most significant ventures of its kind ever attempted; if it succeeds it will serve as a model for other regions.

SUCH centers are not likely to be launched right away in Asia or Africa. Two teams were recently sent to these areas: thanks to an Asia Foundation grant, Harold Ingle of Hopkins and Leon Seltzer of Stanford visited twenty-two university centers in eleven countries in Asia, while the Carnegie Foundation made it possible for Thompson Webb, Jr., of Wisconsin, Robert Armstrong of Northwestern, and Marsh Jeanneret of Toronto to take in sixteen such centers in twelve countries across the middle of Africa. Both teams think the distribution center formula may be useful later on in the regions they visited but at this time they prefer to espouse other recommendations. Notably they propose the establishment of continental workshops on the problems of scholarly publishing and printing, together with extensive training programs. The training programs will have two purposes: first, to bring Asians and Africans to the United States for working experience at selected university presses and, secondly, to send experienced American scholarly publishers to selected Asian and African universities to help develop local agencies for the production and distribution of the national scholarly output. The useful exchange of persons in this field in the next several years is likely to be sizable. Both teams are also advancing programs calling for a sharp increase in exchange of information about scholarly books between the Americas and the far continents. Moreover, they are urging that where distribution facilities already exist, the American scholarly output be given wider circulation through the licensed sale of sheets of the American editions.



It may take another five years to launch what could become the most important break-through of all: overseas editions of American scholarly books produced cheaply enough to sell inexpensively abroad. Too many foreign scholars and libraries are now stopped by the high prices of American publications. But as the shape and size and nature of the overseas market emerges and as American scholarly publishers gain experience in these regions, the special overseas edition will appear. Whatever form it takes, the author of a scholarly book in America can look forward to the day, nearer than we think, when his university publisher, instead of turning out 2,000 copies of his book to sell chiefly in the USA, Canada, Great Britain, Europe, and Japan, will turn out 3,000 or even 5,000 copies secure in the knowledge that these copies can be distributed in markets all over the world.

Meanwhile, as one way of broadening the knowledge of the existence of American scholarly books, the AAUP recently worked out a plan with the Agency for International Development in Washington to place ninety-six sets of certain selected titles in key libraries in fifty-two countries. To supplement this program many member presses led by Rutgers and Princeton propose to continue to send presentation copies of new publications to fifteen university libraries in Latin America, Asia, and Africa.

The message in this rash of activity on the international scene is clear. The university presses of North America now take their global responsibilities with the utmost seriousness. They are fully embarked on programs that transcend many barriers and curtains. In the end what they do may indeed help move the world another mile or two towards oneness.

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Big Scholar, Little Gypsy

UNIVERSITY presses, like students, are used to being measured by their scholastic aptitude. This may mean a strong bent toward science (the MIT Press) or a fondness for Western Americana (University of Nebraska Press). Since they are not expected to pay their way, most scholarly publishers can indulge themselves in a good many obscure books without getting into trouble with their boards of directors. In fact, it is the university press that doesn't do its quota of obscure books that gets into trouble, for nothing makes scholarship quite so suspect as popularity.

As the number of such presses has grown in this country (from four in 1900 to some sixty today), their approach to publishing itself has begun to change. It is no longer considered necessary to publish exclusively for the scholar, nor is it taken for granted that the university press cannot pay its way —that it is better to succeed without really having to try. An increasing number can be judged as viable business enterprises, competing with commercial publishers as well as with each other, paying their authors standard royalties, and in general skinning the publishing cat pretty much the way it is done on Park Avenue South in New York.

Two presses that have achieved a considerable degree of financial independence are those at Princeton and at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut. Although not wholly typical of the field, they are interesting examples of just how the cat can be skinned. Neither is dependent upon the subsidy-prone professor who would as gladly spend as teach, or upon politically appointed trustees who hold the purse strings. Wesleyan, for example, is tied in with a correlative activity, the university's Department of School Services, which publishes the largest series of classroom newspapers and periodicals in the world (*My Weekly Reader, Our Times,* etc.). After being purified by passing through the university's general fund, a good hunk of the revenue from these services comes back to the press. Indeed, the press is in the fortunate position of knowing just where its next dollar is coming from.

Princeton University Press, on the other hand, receives no direct subvention from the university, although it derives about 25 per cent of its revenue from the contract printing of catalogues, bulletins, the *Alumni Weekly,* etc. Another 20 per cent comes from work for schools and educational organizations off the campus. The motto at Princeton is, if you want to be a self-supporting university press you must first be a good printer. (The printing plant, in fact, is about seventy-five feet from the office of the press's director, Herbert S. Bailey, Jr., who keeps a watchful eye on the whole operation.)

A comparison of the two publishers shows, moreover, that to be small, as in the case of Wesleyan (fifteen titles a year) does not necessarily mean to struggle; and that bigness—Princeton's quota is up to sixty books annually—need not be at the expense of quality. Both presses seem to have achieved an ideal relationship with their own academic communities (much use is made of local brainpower) as well as with the scholarly community at large. Princeton is proud of the fact that about a third of its yearly output of books is "Princeton-related" — written by present and former faculty members, or by alumni—yet a Princeton manuscript must be approved by at least two non-Princeton scholars before the press will accept it.

While Wesleyan has made a good thing out of its weekly classroom newspapers, Princeton has learned to get along with foundations. The Bollingen, Rockefeller, Guggenheim, and Sloan funds have all, at one time or another, underwritten the publication of specific books; but the Daddy Warbucks has been the Ford Foundation, which, in 1955, allocated $1,725,000 to a group of university presses. Director Bailey earmarked his share for books that he could not otherwise have afforded to bring out—the cost of manufacturing and selling a Princeton book is about $10,000—and at latest count these ran to some sixty titles.

Mr. Bailey believes that another reason for the press's success is that most Princeton books are readable by an educated person, scholar or not. They are also destined for a relatively long life. (Nearly 700 books, or half of all those published since the press was started in 1904, are still in print.) Moreover, books that are not readable have a good reason for being that way. A series on aeronautics, and another on mathematics, are published for the specialist, and the press will not encourage you to buy *The Theory of Games and Economic Behavior* simply to improve your poker winnings. Princeton turned down a good many orders for this book which appeared to come from gamblers—not out of moral scruples, but to forestall disappointment. "You wouldn't understand it," a note accompanying the returned check stated.

Wesleyan has nothing quite this arcane on its list, but it does have Norman O. Brown's celebrated *Life Against*

"Psst, fly T-2x2 Air Lines—stag movies."

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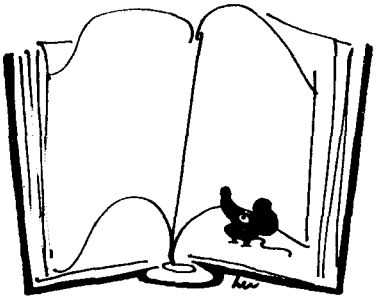
Death, which has gone into five printings and has been translated into a number of foreign languages. It also has T. S. Eliot scouting for manuscripts in England, although curiously most of his recommendations have been works of prose. Perhaps one reason for this is that Wesleyan has been developing its own series on American poets, and is unique among university presses in that it actually publishes more poetry than poetry criticism.

"When it comes to poetry, we like to think of ourselves as Gypsies," Willard R. Lockwood, the director, explains. "There are fifty-three other presses churning out scholarship in this field, and it seemed to us that someone should take hold of the creative end of it in a concerted way." In its seven years, Wesleyan has published twenty-two volumes of poetry by eighteen poets. The books are issued simultaneously in hardcover and paperback editions, the latter selling for $1.25 to $1.45, and the entire series is kept in print.



This year Wesleyan won two Pulitzer Prizes, which works out to the enviable average of one Pulitzer for each seven books on the 1964 list. *At the End of the Open Road,* by Louis Simpson, took poetry honors, and Sumner Chilton Powell's *Puritan Village: The Formation of a New England Town* was given the history prize. The press is particularly pleased with the latter award because the author was an "unknown," and his manuscript had been rejected by both Yale and Harvard. (Princeton did not get a look at the book.)

Many of the newer and smaller university presses have survived largely because they have become sanctuaries for the manuscript that is not quite good enough for Harvard, Chicago, or Yale. Avoiding this trap, Wesleyan has moved to the forefront by striking out with its own programs. In addition to the poetry series, there is another on the performing and useful arts, and a projected series of Russian studies. Like Princeton, it has demonstrated that successful publishing can coexist with first-rate scholarship, and that "nonprofit" need not always be spelled in red ink.

—David Dempsey.

ON THE FRINGE

Botany, Barometers, and Bridgework

DON'T let this issue fool you into thinking that university presses publish only books of the widest possible interest and importance. The university presses are practically the only outlet for doctoral theses—and often the editors have no choice but to swallow hard and put into print the hyperspecialized papers turned in to them by the university departments. I have a hunch, however, that the swallowing is made easier sometimes by the delightful unpredictability of the themes.

Consider, for example, two daring young men, Fred Ilfeld, Jr., and Roger Lauer. They showed me what a university press book could be (and that's not all they showed). I only wish I could report that their study of life in the raw, *Social Nudism in America* (College and University Press, New Haven, Conn., $5) will be the runaway best-seller that Jessica Mitford's examination of the funeral industry has been. These two men deserve their success more. After all, Miss Mitford didn't allow herself to be buried for the sake of her investigation, but Ilfeld and Lauer stripped for action and plunged right into their work with nothing more to protect them than a notepad and pencil.

Their book is "the direct product of a joint senior thesis submitted to the honors programs of Culture and Behavior and of Psychology of Yale University in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts degree." Doesn't it warm your heart to think of those two fine American boys going from nudist camp to nudist camp, tirelessly undressing and observing all summer long, while the rest of the student body was home loafing and preparing crib sheets for the fall courses? Well, it warms mine. I may never open my copy of *Fanny Hill* again now that I can turn to *Social Nudism in America* and yawn over such provocatively titled chapters as "Emergence, Summary, and Overview" and "Dissonance, Individual Behavior, and Organizational Characteristics." This is naked truth, all right, and it took a university press to bring it to me. Can you see why I'm hooked?

In case I've hooked you, too, let me pass along some other gems that await you—and me, I assure you—in the grooves of academe. For a starter, how about *The Neural Control of Sweating,* by G. H. Wang (Wisconsin, $5)? It contains "a rich mass of experimental data, based on laboratory work with cats." I'm not saying this book will be everyone's cup of deodorant, but it certainly is the answer for anyone who has complained about the lack of topic originality in the bulk of today's writings. Unless you've finished another good book lately about sweating cats, I'd say rush out—to wherever you rush out to buy such things—and grab a copy of Dr. Wang's book before they are all gone. If nothing else, *The Neural Control of Sweating* looks great on a cocktail table, and it is a sure-fire conversation starter.

Another great cocktail-party book is *Profile of a Profession: A History of the Michigan State Dental Association,* by Robert M. Warner (Wayne State, $7.95). When someone looks contemptuously at you and says, "What? You haven't read *A Moveable Feast* yet?" you can casually counter with, "No, I've been too wrapped up in *A History of the Michigan State Dental Association.*" Follow that up with a few facts about Michigan bridgework, and then let your friend try to get the conversation back to Hemingway!

While we're in the Midwest, guess what Vol. XIII in the Centers of Civilization series (Oklahoma, $2.75) is? Here's a clue. The first twelve volumes include such titles as *Fez in the Age of the Marinides, Istanbul and the Civilization of the Ottoman Empire,* and *Damascus Under the Mamluks.* Give up? Volume XIII is *Chicago.* The publishers modestly state that the "thirteenth volume adds a new dimension" to the series. You can't argue with that.

Anyone for *The History of the Barometer,* by W. E. Knowles Middleton (Johns Hopkins, $10.95)? Don't try to weasel out by saying you've already read a history of the barometer because this is "the first complete history of the barometer as a scientific instrument" to be published. The section concerned with "the history of the mercury barometer in North America" should be worth the rather steep price of the book.

Never have so many angels danced on the head of one pin as in the case of *Conflict, Decision, and Dissonance* (Stanford, $5). The authorship reads like the writers' credit on a DeMille epic: By Leon Festinger in Collaboration with Vernon Allen, Marcia Braden,

(*Continued on page* 52)

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Christianity in Search of Unity

Ecumenical Dialogue at Harvard —The Roman Catholic-Protestant Colloquium, *edited by Samuel H. Miller and G. Ernest Wright (Belknap-Harvard. 385 pp. $4.95), accepts the premise voiced by Cardinal Bea that the fundamental teaching of the Catholic Church will not be changed. Daniel A. Poling is editor of the Christian Herald, a Protestant magazine published in New York.*

By DANIEL A. POLING

INSPIRED by the Second Vatican Council and sponsored by the Harvard Divinity School, the Ecumenical Dialogue at Harvard brought together 160 scholars and specialists who met for three days of discussion on matters of mutual concern, especially regarding those that divide Protestants and Roman Catholics. The keynote of the colloquium was expressed by Augustin Cardinal Bea, who forthrightly stated in the last of his three lectures:

> First and foremost, the fundamental teaching of the Catholic Church will not be changed. Compromise on points of faith which have already been defined is impossible. It would be quite unfair to our non-Catholic brethren to stir up false hopes of this nature. Nor is there a possibility that the Church—even in its zeal for eventual union—will ever be content with a recognition only of "esssential dogmas," or that she will reverse or withdraw the dogmatic decrees drawn up at the Council of Trent. Again it would be simply dishonest to suggest that there is any likelihood that the dogmas of the primacy or the Infallibility of the Pope will be revised. The Church has solemnly proclaimed all these doctrines to be of faith, that is to say, truths revealed by God himself and necessary for salvation. Precisely because of these solemn declarations made under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, the action of the Church in this field is severely limited. She must guard these truths, explain them, preach them, but she cannot compromise them. For the Church founded by Christ cannot tamper with the Word of God which he preached and entrusted to her care. She must humbly subject herself to him with whom she is inalterably united.

"I am sure," added the ecumenically liberal Jesuit, "that my non-Catholic brethren will understand this. For they maintain, just as strongly as we, that unity cannot be achieved at the expense of truth. As Dr. Ben Mohr Herbster, president of the United Churches of Christ, put it: 'A unity based on the least common denominator would be a curse and not a blessing.' "

Consciously or unconsciously, all that followed in the colloquium, as contained in this volume, was affected by the Cardinal's comprehensive and unequivocating declaration. His inclusion of "the primacy or the Infallibility of the Pope," with his irreducible doctrinal minimum standing back on the Council of Trent, is perhaps of special significance since, of course, "Infallibility" is a doctrine of comparatively recent times.

But Cardinal Bea was not speaking for immediate or foreseeable union, organic union. Indeed he was warning his brothers in the faith, Catholics and Protestants alike, that such union could become a rock of disaster upon which the bravely sailing ship of spiritual unity could founder even before its mission was fairly begun.

Cardinal Bea's lectures are followed in this volume by addresses and papers scarcely less learned and equally realistic, among them "Interpretation of Scripture in Biblical Studies Today," by James M. Robinson of the Southern California School of Theology at Claremont; "Word and Sacrament in Protestant Worship," by Cyril C. Richardson of Union Theological Seminary, New York City; "Reformatio," by Gerhart B. Ladner of the University of California at Los Angeles—all important corollaries to the Cardinal's lectures—;"Theological Reflections on the Second Vatican Council," by Gregory Baum, O.S.A., St. Michael's College, Toronto; a profoundly searching lecture, "Conscience in a Pluralistic Society: Theological and Sociological Issues," by John L. Thomas, S.J., St. Louis University; and, in direct association with this study, "The Problem of Conscience and the Twentieth-Century Christian," by Charles E. Curran, St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester.

THE early creation of an atmosphere of trust and frankness made possible seminar discussions that did not evade separating issues nor suggest the surrender of loyalties dearly held. Professor James M. Robinson of the Southern California School of Theology pointed to the basic issue of division between Catholics and Protestants, which is the conception of the Church. But here Protestants find it difficult to enter into dialogue with Roman Catholics because they themselves in their diverse traditions hold varying conceptions of the nature of the Church. Nevertheless, in the first seminar it was concluded that "no issues were found to divide [the conference] which did not bend and interpenetrate and which were not subject to understanding analysis and discussion."

During the seminars the discussions were consistently frank and led to a new appreciation and respect within the colloquium's personnel. An example is this quotation from the report on Seminar IV, "Conscience in a Pluralistic Society: Theological and Sociological Issues":

> . . . through the claim to control all matters of faith and morals the church as an organization has a certain tendency to encroach on the freedom of the individual as that is conceived in relation to our basic doctrine of the separation of Church and State. . . . These are strong words, and they may, in the course of further discussion and encounter, be proved wrong both theologically and sociologically. Yet, it is precisely such assertions as these which must be faced up to in future conversation. . . . Considerations of this kind, obviously, lie behind examination of the so-called practical issues — birth control, etc.

It was from these "practical issues" that the conference by unanimous agreement (whether wisely or not) turned away. They remain to trouble and perhaps inspire later dialogues.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1086

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1086 will be found in the next issue.

AZBY CYZCXY DBY WXDEEYBYV

FTEZ GFBESY ERDT PSXXFYV ZSE

ZW GFOY.

LSBEYYL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1035

Many forgive injuries, but none ever forgave contempt.

—ANONYMOUS.

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The Man Who Invented Himself

The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, *edited by Leonard W. Labaree, Ralph L. Ketcham, Helen C. Boatfield, and Helene H. Fineman (Yale. 351 pp. $12.50), reveals for the first time exactly how the eighteenth-century inventor wished to appear to his public and posterity. Lewis Leary, who edited "American Literary Essays," is a professor of English at Columbia University.*

By LEWIS LEARY

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN invented many things—a stove, bifocal glasses, volunteer fire departments, and a clustering of little balloons that could be fastened to his shoulders to ease the weight on gouty feet. But his principal invention was himself. He was in the truest sense a self-made man.

The image of Benjamin Franklin has been with us a long time, and it is not likely to change. He began to write the story of his life in 1771, in his late sixties, and continued it at intervals until his final illness in 1790. It appeared almost immediately, first in an incomplete and apparently unauthorized French translation in 1791, then two years later, twice, in retranslations to English of the French versions. Not until almost twenty-five years later was it officially issued by Franklin's grandson, and then in what seems to have been a carelessly put together and truncated edition, which for half a century, however, was considered standard.

A year after Franklin's original manuscript became available in 1867, John Bigelow triumphantly published what he considered to be a correct and full reading of the text. But scholars since have found even this version inaccurate. In 1949 Max Farrand's posthumously issued "Parallel Text Edition" appeared, containing four versions of the text, each of which might be thought, in one degree or another, to represent something of Franklin's intention. At his death in 1945, Farrand was at work on a restoration of what he believed Franklin must have meant to be the public version of his life. Finished by other hands, and not always, we are told, with complete accuracy, it was published four years later as "the first authoritative text."

For more than a century then, Franklin had been presented to thousands of readers in words at times rather different from what he seems to have intended. Minor bibliographical mysteries were involved. Who gave what manuscript to whom, and when? How much of a tinkerer was the aging Franklin? Are the differences between the surviving manuscript version and the edition issued by Franklin's grandson, for example, the result of changes the older man had directed, or was the grandson merely improving grandfather?

Such considerations may seem small perhaps, for variations among the versions do not measurably distort the image of the sage and meticulously successful man who has been familiar to so many generations. But something is to be said for accuracy and complete respect for exactly what Frankin intended to reveal of himself.

Leonard W. Labaree and his associates in editing the multivolumed *Papers of Benjamin Franklin* have therefore prepared a new text, based exclusively on the surviving manuscript, because that is certainly, and with no mysteries involved, exactly what Franklin wrote and at one time must have intended. The result is that now, for the first time, the *Autobiography* is available just as Franklin set it down. After almost 175 years, it seems about time.

For there are reasons to think of the *Autobiography* as our first influential native book, a book which has been parent to hundreds like it because it presented the portrait of a man to whom thousands have reacted—some like D. H. Lawrence and Mark Twain in contempt or humorous derision, but others in such fervent admiration that it has directed the course of their lives.

As the story of a young man's search for his place in the world and of what good he might do when he found that place, it has been both guide and inspiration. Poor boys can make good, and do good also. Even people like Henry Adams and Henry James, who were not poor, admired things about it, as Robert F. Sayre explains in his study of *The Examined Self* (Princeton, $4.75). Autobiography, he suggests, is a genre peculiarly congenial to the American's desire to explain himself. Whether a picaresques narrative such as Franklin's, or a tendentious probing like Henry Adams's, or a musing on how he came to be what he has become like Henry James's, they testify, says Mr. Sayre, "to the necessity that every American author be, somehow, a character."

Perhaps it is possible to speak, as Tocqueville did, of an autobiographical urge among Americans, who, like Thoreau, "require of every writer, first or last, a simple and sincere account of his own life"—or, at least, the essence of it, or what the writer believes that essence to have been. We are not particularly concerned that Franklin may not have always told the whole truth about himself. Choosing what he chose to tell, he told it with such directing force that it seems inevitably nothing but the truth. The image which he projected was so carefully devised a portrait of so careful a man that it is appropriate now to have it available in a version as carefully prepared as the one which Mr. Labaree and his associates now present.

Cartoon of 1764 describing Franklin and the Pennsylvania politicians.

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A Wonderful Friend of the Czar

The Letters of Alexander Pushkin, *translated, with preface, introduction, and notes, by J. Thomas Shaw (Indiana and Pennsylvania. 3 vols. 880 pp. $25 the set), reveals the richly textured personality of the great Russian poet. Ernest J. Simmons's latest work is "Chekhov: A Biography"; his next will be a critical study, "Introduction to Russian Realism."*

By ERNEST J. SIMMONS

AMONG cultured Russians it is the great poet Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837) and not Dostoevsky or Tolstoy who shines as the brightest star in their literary firmament. Unfortunately, his claims to an artistic stature equal to that of the foremost contemporary poets of the West evade foreigners who are compelled to evaluate his genius solely through verse translations. And much of it has been done in English. There are six renderings alone of one of his masterpieces—the long narrative poem *Eugene Onegin*. But rarely do these translations suggest the real essence of Pushkin's poetic art. Though writing in the nineteenth century, the qualities of his mind and art were formed largely by the eighteenth. He was a classicist in literary taste and in his habits of thought and feeling. Irony appealed to him more than direct criticism, subtle satire more than forthright denunciation, and his touchstones were objectivity, restraint, simplicity, and impeccable form. To attempt to reproduce this simplicity in verse translations often results in renderings that are simple in the worst sense of the word.

However, some real measure of the man—his intellectual brilliance and wit, his mind and spirit, and his remarkable gifts of expression—is communicated through the medium of his letters. That is why J. Thomas Shaw's handsome, three-volume edition of all Pushkin's letters worth preserving is not only a monumental scholarly achievement, but also a significant contribution to our understanding of Pushkin's artistic capabilities.

Professor Shaw's task has been greatly aided by fine Soviet editions of Pushkin and by the wealth of learned investigations on nearly every aspect of his life and works. A close familiarity with this material has imparted to Professor Shaw's English edition of the letters the authoritativeness that belongs to the eminently scholarly editions in Russian. He has scrupulously and repeatedly acknowledged indebtedness to his Russian sources, but behind these modest disclaimers is an original editorial contribution of considerable value. The extensive commentary, expertly adjusted to the needs of English readers, provides rich reference material on the biography and writings of Pushkin, as well as on the political, social, and cultural history of Russia during his lifetime.

—*Culver.*

Alexander Pushkin—a master of the epistolary art.

With some awareness of the problems involved, Pushkin remarks in one of his letters that the task of translation "is the most difficult and the most thankless." This is not exactly an original observation, but in effect Professor Shaw courageously challenges it by stating that, though his first consideration in the translation of the letters is with Pushkin's thought, "an effort has also been made to convey to the reader of English his rhythms, tonalities, and styles, including the official, the literary, the familiar, and all gradations among them; and also to retain Pushkin's constant word-play, including puns, allusions, parodies, and play on folk expressions." This is a large order, and testing its fulfillment in sample comparisons with the originals only leads one into those familiar statements of arguable opinion and personal taste which serve to turn a translator's labor of love into a love of labor, perhaps fully justifying Pushkin's comment on the difficulty and thanklessness of the art of translation. It is sufficient to say that in general Professor Shaw is a careful and faithful translator and achieves, with some success, the goals that he set for himself.

Though a number of Russia's famous authors were indefatigable letter writers, no one of them possessed Pushkin's mastery of the epistolary art. For example, Chekhov's absorbing letters are comparable in human interest, but they lack the depth, variety, and stylistic finish of Pushkin's. In one place in his comprehensive and perceptive introduction Professor Shaw correctly points out that Pushkin was willing to publish his letters to Delvig after the death of this close friend, but it would be a mistake to conclude from this decision, which was prompted by special circumstances, that he wrote his letters with publication in mind. Their uninhibited frankness of language, spontaneity, and naturalness, qualities that contribute so much to their charm, argue the contrary. If he prepared more than one draft of many of his Russian and French letters (a number were written in French), it was because his artistic conscience compelled him to take almost the same care with his correspondence as with his poetry. We see evidence of this not only in the form and language of his letters, but also in the subtle manner in which he variously adapted the content and spirit of replies to the different personalities of his correspondents. In fact, his letters helped to create an all-purpose modern Russian prose just as his verse inaugurated modern Russian poetry.

Professor Shaw's fourteen chronological divisions of the 674 letters admirably highlight the thematic breakdown of Pushkin's life from his earliest days "as Precocious Poet" to the final and fatal duel as "Sole Defender of His Honor." And what a life it was! More dramatic than Byron's, more tragic than Shelley's. A constant struggle against two emperors—Alexander I, who exiled him, and Nicholas I, who pardoned him and then became his personal censor and murderer of his art—poisoned Pushkin's existence but at the same time steeled a character in which pride and honor dominated. In one of his moments of frustration he wrote a correspondent: "The devil prompted my being born in Russia with a soul and with talent." Yet there is more brightness than bile in these letters written to relatives, friends, and prominent persons, for his temperament was essentially a kind and ebullient one; from his correspondence Pushkin's personality emerges as vividly

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realized as that of the hero of a Tolstoyan novel, rich in all the vices and virtues that make for intense human interest.

Many letters are devoted to literature, which was the center of Pushkin's being. He was the first in Russia to professionalize the writing of belles-lettres, which had hitherto been regarded as an idle gentlemanly pursuit. He wrote his brother: "I have sung as a baker bakes, a tailor sews . . . as a physician kills—for money, for money, for money." Though he would write only under the "capricious promptings of inspiration," he remarked in another letter, once he had created his poems he thought of them as merchandise. However, he wrote much that he knew could not be published because of the severe censorship. Yet he scorned those who hired out their pen, passionately arguing that literature must always remain independent. Proud of his noble ancestry of 600 years, Pushkin wrote about an aristocratic government official who expected flattery from him: "He imagines that a Russian poet will come to his antechamber with a dedication or an ode, but instead the poet comes with a demand for esteem. . . ."

Though nationally recognized in his lifetime as Russia's greatest poet, he is always modestly reticent in offering favorable judgments on his own creations. Rarely do we find him indulging in self-praise, as in a letter on his blank verse play *Boris Godunov*: "My tragedy is finished; I reread it aloud, alone, and I clapped my hands and shouted, ''at a boy, Pushkin, 'at a boy, you son of a bitch!' " His criticism of other writers, though often brilliant and amazingly penetrating, is nearly always fair and at times too generous. Steeped in Western European literature, especially French, he was among the first to recognize that "English literature is beginning to have an influence on the Russian. I think it will be more advantageous than the influence of timid, affected French poetry." Indeed, Shakespeare, Byron, Scott, and other English writers for a time influenced his own creations. But his critical discrimination was as sure in foreign literature as in Russian. Thomas Moore he set down as a "prim imitator of deformed Oriental imagination" in his *Lalla Rookh*, which, Pushkin declared, is not worth "ten lines of *Tristram Shandy*." And Richardson's famous heroine Clarissa he dismissed as "an insufferably boring fool." But "what a man this Shakespeare is," he enthusiastically wrote in one of his letters. "I can't yet get over it." (Pushkin had studied Shakespeare's historical plays in writing *Boris Godunov*.) On the other hand, though Byron's verse tales influenced those of Pushkin, he soon put this tutelage behind him. When Vyazemsky suggested that he add a fifth canto to *Childe Harold* by way of commemorating Byron's death, Pushkin declined: "Byron's genius paled from his youth. In his tragedies, not excluding even *Cain*, he is no longer that flaming demon who created *The Giaour* and *Childe Harold* . . . there was no gradualness in him, he suddenly matured and attained manhood, sang his song and fell silent."

Pushkin's letters to his wife, among the most fascinating in the collection, combine frequent expressions of tender love, anxiety over domestic affairs and pressing debts, the kind of gossip he knew would interest her, and husbandly admonitions on her fondness for flirting. One of the celebrated beauties of the day, she was a mindless, self-centered woman with little comprehension of her husband's genius or literary interests. No doubt because of his young wife's attractions, Pushkin was forced into court circles by a minor appointment from the emperor. There she indulged her passion for balls, festivities, expensive living, and the zealous attention of fashionable cavaliers.

On various occasions he tried to "scamper off to where the air is fresh," but Nicholas I, who bound Pushkin to him with silken chains, would not permit it. Pushkin's duel with one of his wife's most persistent pursuers seemed like a last desperate effort to free himself, but the escape turned out to be that of death.

Not infrequently selected letters of famous Russian authors have been published in book form in English translation. An important fact about Professor Shaw's major effort, if I am not mistaken, is that it represents the first attempt to produce a thoroughly scholarly edition in English of virtually all the letters of a great Russian author, and both he and the publishers that helped make this costly venture possible deserve our gratitude. It is to be hoped that Professor Shaw's notable example will inspire similar English editions of the letters of Dostoevsky, Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Chekhov.

In the Hands of the Mahatmas

The Last Four Lives of Annie Besant, *by Arthur H. Nethercot (Chicago. 483 pp. $7.50) together with the first volume of the Theosophist's biography, reflects in the varied roles of a fiery reformer almost a century of radical change in England and India. Tara Ali Baig lectures and writes on India's history and culture.*

By TARA ALI BAIG

ANNIE BESANT, who was born plain Annie Wood, lived eighty-six years. She wrote 370 books and collaborated on twenty-six others. At once a practical mystic and a mystical pragmatist, there was never a cause to which she was not drawn like a magnet. Her metamorphosis from the gentle, dutiful wife of the sadistic Reverend Frank Besant into the fiery atheist, feminist, labor and social reformer in Britain, and fighter for Indian independence could not have been predicted from her early acceptance of lovelessness, marriage, and motherhood as an ordained duty. It was when Annie took the bold step of leaving home and, starving, wrote pamphlets for a pittance that she found her power and form: the crusading spirit, the practical uses of her compassion and sense of right, and the knowledge that she could make a success of whatever she undertook. Supreme self-confidence was the key to this extraordinary life, which Arthur H. Nethercot has traced with great scholarship and objectivity.

In his *First Five Lives of Annie Besant*, published in 1961, and its sequel, the present volume, he unfolds a story of unusual dimensions: almost a century of radical change in England

—*Culver.*

Jiddu Krishnamurti with Annie Besant—he denied his messiahship.

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and later India is seen through the eyes and actions of this woman, whom Jawaharlal Nehru was to call "a most magnificent lady." Across Dr. Nethercot's pages march the major figures and architects of that change: Charles Bradlaugh, Bernard Shaw, the Webbs and Avelings, the whole range of Indian leaders, including the towering figure of Mahatma Gandhi. We are particularly indebted to the author for one of the first true pictures of Badlaugh, whose public recognition was never proportionate to his stature.

If Annie Besant was the first to call Gandhi "Mahatma," she was also the first Englishwoman to be jailed by the British after she formed the Home Rule League, which demanded equal partnership for India in the Commonwealth. Yet through her most dramatic phase in Indian political life she remained an Englishwoman, come to India on her own terms, to serve it according to her own will. That, in the end, Gandhi and other leaders took the whole movement out of her hands was inevitable.

But before the politicking had come the mission of the spirit. In 1875 the Theosophical Society had been formed in New York by Helena Blavatsky, William P. Judge, and Colonel H. S. Olcott. It soon split into esoteric and exoteric factions, and the mantle of the mysterious Blavatsky fell on the zealous Annie. Under the spell of her magical voice, its message was thundered across America, Europe, Australasia, and India, drawing, in endless tours, more than 15,000 members and increasing the centers to 631 lodges all over the world. Nothing was more filled with dissension, factions, and splits than this kingdom of revelation, ostensibly guided by the unseen "Mahatmas" in Tibet, who never managed to keep their flock in one pasture, nor their shepherds from tearing each other to pieces like ravening wolves. Even the Theosophical Society founded by Annie Besant in Adijar, Madras, eventually broke into two—as did her heart when her beloved Krishnamurti denied his messiahship.

But recover she did. Hers was an indomitable character, and any inner doubts that may have existed during her career were met with a surge of fighting spirit or a firm reliance on the Matahmas. Much of her life may now seem incredible, even comic in its paraphernalia of orders and uniforms and proliferation of organizations from Brotherhoods of Service to Orders of the Star of the East, with all the stage setting they involved. Nevertheless it was the vehicle for a huge fertility of intellect, the tool of an Olympian will that sought fervently to serve man.

He Came, He Saw, He Conquered

***Cortés: The Life of the Conqueror,** by his secretary, Francisco López de Gómara, translated and edited by Lesley Byrd Simpson (California. 425 pp. $8.50), is a sympathetic portrait of the Conquistador by the man who became his amanuensis after his return to Spain. Leonardo de Morelos is an associate professor of Spanish at Columbia University and author of "Luis Gonzales Obregón, Chronicler of Mexico City."*

By LEONARDO C. DE MORELOS

IN 1518 Hernán Cortés stole away from Cuba determined to conquer the unknown but alluring mainland of the New World, and from that date to the present his personality and exploits have been subject to controversy and dispute. For some, he is the bloodthirsty Spaniard of the period, capable of limitless cruelty and perfidy. For others, he has become the stern apostle of a higher culture, a more humane religion, and the founder of modern Mexico.

Francisco López de Gómara's *Historia de la conquista de Mexico,* previously translated into English in 1578, is one of the two basic accounts of the expedition against the Mexican empire. The other source, Bernal Díaz del Castillo's *Historia verdadera de la conquista de la Nueva España,* a much more human document, has long been available in translation.

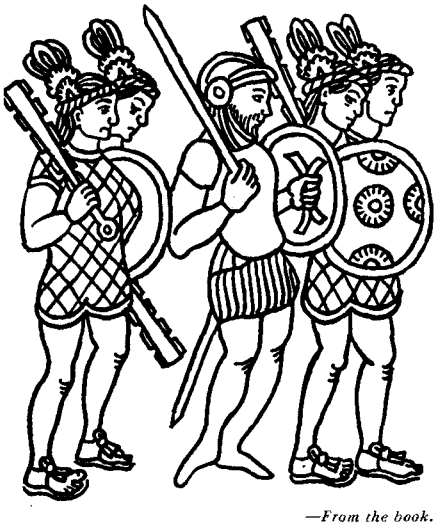
Gómara's view of history is that of Thucydides: the grand sweep where only the leaders count and the soldier is submerged in mass movements. Cortés appears as the sole motivating power, surreptitiously gathering a band of more than 300 adventurers, and, guided by his golden mirage, sailing from Cuba in defiance of its fumbling governor, Diego Velázquez. For Cortés it was a saga of no return: he was either to conquer or perish. This explains the resolute quality of his acts—the scuttling of his ships at Vera Cruz, his relentless march to Mexico City in spite of Moctezuma's entreaties to withdraw, and his astounding courage in the face of formidable Mexican opposition and an abrupt and inhospitable terrain.

And yet, Cortés was not merely the ruthless conqueror, for he was endowed with consummate cunning and intuition. He was quick to apprehend and take advantage of the disunity and factionalism among the Mexican Indians, to appease and cajole them when force was useless, and he managed to explain away blandly his repeated disobedience to royal commands so successfully that he ultimately gained recognition at the Spanish court.

Gómara's account of the conquest of Mexico has been under fire and purposeful neglect since its appearance in 1552, when it was suppressed by Prince Philip, later King Philip II. Explanations have been given for this hostility. It has been alleged that the account is extremely partial to Cortés, since Gómara was the private secretary of the Conquistador upon his return to Spain. Another tainted source adduced is the letters of exculpation which Cortés sent from Mexico to Charles V. This may all be true; but it is quite evident that the main reason for the suppression is the fact that Gómara has carried the onus attached to the name of Cortés in Spain and in Mexico.

In spite of Gómara's concern with Cortés, his history throws considerable light on the life and habits of the Mexican aborigines: their bravery in battle, religious practices, social customs, and, above all, the splendors and magnificence of Moctezuma's palace and entourage.

Lesley Byrd Simpson's English version, admirable in its own way, is not a literal translation. The text has been simplified and modernized, and forty-nine chapters have been omitted as irrelevant to the life of the hero. The result is a lucid and highly readable narrative. Of great help also are the occasional footnotes explaining obscure points, the splendid illustrations, and the appended glossary and bibliography.



—*From the book.*

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"How Beautiful Is the Revolution"

The Trials of a Respectable Family *and* ***The Underdogs: Two Novels of the Mexican Revolution,*** *by Mariano Azuela, translated from the Spanish by Frances Kellam Hendricks and Beatrice Berler (Principia Press of Trinity University. 267 pp. $6), and* ***The Villagers: Huasipungo,*** *by Jorge Icaza, translated from the Spanish by Bernard M. Dulsey (Southern Illinois. 233 pp. $5.95), recreate respectively the early twentieth-century social upheavals in Mexico and Ecuador. Donald A. Yates, general editor of Macmillan's Modern Spanish American Literature series, teaches Spanish at Michigan State University.*

By DONALD A. YATES

MARIANO AZUELA and Jorge Icaza are two names widely recognized and respected in the field of Spanish American literature. Azuela, from Mexico, and Icaza, from Ecuador, have written novels about the social upheavals of their respective countries which are now considered twentieth-century classics.

Icaza's work is thematically linked to the large body of Spanish American *indianista* literature fundamentally committed to exposing the socio-economic prejudices and inequalities borne by the indigenous peoples of the Latin republics. And it is possible that nowhere in the world is the unbridgeable chasm between wealth and poverty broader or more outwardly evident than in several of the southern nations of this hemisphere.

Azuela, by contrast, devoted himself to documenting something unique: one of the most chaotic, glorious, genuinely popular social movements our part of the world has seen—the Mexican Revolution. Around the novels of Azuela, the initiator, has evolved what could almost be termed a national sub-genre: the literature of the Revolution.

The Underdogs is Azuela's best-known novel. First published serially in an El Paso, Texas, newspaper in 1915, it describes a sequence of historical events that occurred during 1914-15. The author was serving as a doctor at that time with the troops of Julián Medina, a follower of Pancho Villa. But in April 1915 the Villistas were defeated by Obregón, and Azuela moved north with the retreating forces all the way to El Paso. When he arrived at the border he already had two-thirds of his novel done; its hero was Medina, but Azuela chose to call him Demetrio Macias.

Written in a realistic style inspired by Azuela's close readings of his literary hero, Zola, *The Underdogs* relates in episodic form the rise and fall of Macias, a poor Indian from Jalisco, who, because he is a village leader, finds himself drawn into the vortex of the Revolution and pushed rapidly through the ranks until he reaches that of general—a brief, dizzying journey that has nothing to do with personal convictions or political objectives. Macias's small role in the holocaust seems no less pointless for being, in a sense, circular. He dies in the same ravine where two years before he and his band of twenty had won their first victory.

Azuela's characters speak always as understandable human beings, and one even feels inclined to believe in the ability of these humble people to see beyond the peril or the glory of tomorrow's battle—as when the author has the idealistic soldier, Solis, say: "How beautiful is the Revolution, even in its very barbarity . . . What a pity that what remains is not equally beautiful."

Trials of a Respectable Family, published in 1918, covers roughly the same period as *The Underdogs*. It deals with the Vásquez Prado family of Zacatecas, which is obliged by the approach of Villa's forces to abandon their ranch and extensive land holdings to the Indian farmhands and flee to Mexico City. Against the backdrop of a metropolis morally undermined by the ravages of the Revolution, the family experiences a spiritual trial that eventually defines the true natures of its members. Divided into two thematically and artistically unmatched parts (the first narrated by the young son, the second from the omniscient point of view), the book is nonetheless both an illuminating social document and a memorable prose portrait that suggests something of the individuality as well as the universality of the Mexican character.

Icaza's *The Villagers: Huasipungo*, published in 1934, is a naturalistic account of the life of the Ecuadorian Indian, which carries a powerful statement of social protest against the capitalistic forces that exploit and perpetuate the misery of the rural *huasipunguero*. (The latter's only hold on the land he is condemned to cultivate is his *huasipungo*, the small plot of ground granted him by the hacienda owner in return for his labor.)

One of the novel's two main characters is Alfonso Pereira, a landowner who lives in Quito enjoying the income from his mountain estates. Since he has fallen deeply into debt, his uncle suggests that he put in a road to a remote section of his Andean timberland in order to attract the capital of Mr. Chapy, an American promoter who is buying up lands with the purpose of looking for oil. Pereira moves his family to the mountains and, through the

Major Rodolfo Fierro (center) and Pancho Villa—"something unique." —*Culver.*

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offices of a corrupt village priest, arranges to have the Indians of the area contribute their unpaid services to the building of the road over difficult territory and in the worst imaginable weather.

Andrés Chiliquinga is the Indian worker through whose tragic experiences the author depicts the hunger, humiliation, and desperation that comprise the *huasipunguero's* existence. When the Indians' eventual rebellion breaks out, they are massacred by government soldiers. This defeat, too, is accepted because, Icaza proposes, the Indians never had a chance.

Bernard Dulsey's translation of *The Villagers* delivers all the impact of the original Spanish version. However, his pages do not read quite so smoothly as those of the Azuela volume, which have been superbly rendered into English. This may be because in Icaza's novel, style—which is more often friend than foe to the translator—was secondary to polemic intent.

But both books offer absorbing reading. And, if any justification of purposes were needed, Icaza might well be granted it. There were, after all, lyric aspects to the struggle Azuela described, a struggle that resulted in the formation of the most stable government in Latin America. However, the fate of the *huasipunguero* was a wretched, deplorable condition, calling for attention. And it still is. Professor Dulsey states that in Ecuador the human situation described in the novel "still largely obtains"; peons are still sold along with the land on which they live, and in certain parts of the country the infant mortality rate still stands at 50 per cent.

Stranger Than Space Flight

Russian Science Fiction: Eleven Short Stories, *edited by Robert Magidoff, translated by Doris Johnson and Leonid Kolesnikov (New York. 272 pp. $5), like their American counterparts, speculate on life as we have not known it. Groff Conklin is the editor of "Great Science Fiction by Scientists."*

By GROFF CONKLIN

AMONG the science fictions in this collection are several that will fascinate American readers, once they get past Robert Magidoff's rather patronizing introduction. Five of the stories seem to be of pre-World War II vintage; and what probably is the oldest is "On the Moon," by the famous Russian scientist Konstantin Tsiolkovsky (1857-1935), who in 1903 published a book containing some of the basic theories of rocket flight as we know it today, several years before the first airplane took wing. Although the exploration of the moon Tsiolkovsky envisages is done without benefit of rockets, the scientist breaks through in his bed-ridden narrator's descriptions of what life might be like under lunar gravity and temperatures. Most of the story is sheer fantasy, but there is a surprising amount of detail on vividly real aspects of living and moving on the lunar surface.

Included with other old-fashioned tales is one that concerns a mad doctor who makes a blind man "see" electric phenomena; another describes everlasting shoes made from epiphytes.

More modern are two stories by Ivan Yefremov. One tells how to photograph real scenes from the Carboniferous Era (without a Time Machine, too); the other is the already well-known deep space tale, "Heart of the Serpent," which was published two years ago in a Collier Book anthology.

Three of the later stories in the book were translated in the USSR by Leonid Kolesnikov, in an English far more idiomatic and easy than Doris Johnson's rather stiff and awkward renderings. Among the three is a grotesquely vivid picture of the misuse of mathematical genius by a group of Nazi scientists. In the story called "The Maxwell Equations," by the well-known Soviet physicist Anatoly Dnieprov, the villains are running a cybernetic computer laboratory, in which the "computers" are men.

The last tale (except for Tsiolkovsky's "On the Moon," which the editor unaccountably chose to put in an appendix) is by Vladimir Dudintsev, whose "Not By Bread Alone" was a 1957 Soviet sensation. His "A New Year's Fairy Tale" is just that—an almost mystical piece of fantasy about a magic owl, time, solar energy research, a "very beautiful stranger, with sloping shoulders," a reincarnation of sorts, a cure-all for humanity's ills, and other oddments. Perhaps it is the bumpy translation that makes the story difficult to penetrate. Or maybe it is intentionally Aesopian and pretentious? At this distance from the Soviet scene, it is hard to say.

This book is a "must" for science fiction completists. For the general reader—well, it can only be remarked that university presses are surely doing some strange books these days!

"Same here—I wouldn't live in it if you paid me."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 9, 3, 11, **12, 2,** 10, 4, 1, 8, 7, 6, 5. Titles: *Sense and Sensibility,* 4, 11. *Pride and Prejudice,* 1, 6. *Mansfield Park,* 2, 8. *Emma,* 3, 10, *Northanger Abbey,* 7, 12. *Persuasion,* 5, 9.

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A Dixieland Reverie

The Mind of the Old South, *by Clement Eaton (Louisiana State. 271 pp. $6), and* ***The Idea of the South: Pursuit of a Central Theme,*** *edited by Frank Vandiver (Chicago. 82 pp. $3.95), mirror a society that seems to be saying, "We who are about to die salute ourselves." Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., is an editorial writer for the Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.*

By EDWIN M. YODER, JR.

IF ERNEST HEMINGWAY dared trace the modern U. S. novel to "one book by Mark Twain," one could with less risk and greater accuracy call most books on the Southern mentality, present and past, a series of footnotes to Wilbur Cash's magisterial *The Mind of the South*, now a quarter-century old. Clement Eaton's debt to Cash is implicit in his title—if not repaid in the index's single reference to "Cash, Wilbur I."

Wilbur J. Cash, a drowsy country journalist by pretense, had a mind of his own that could "prance," in Dr. Johnson's sense. Professor Eaton is not out to prance, but for the most part he does not plod either. "The current style of historical writing is faceless," he states, rather comprehensively, and so he sketches for us nine sentient Southerners who reached their prime in the 1820-60 era, "when the Southern people blundered into the great tragedy of the Civil War." Alas, for all the individualism implicit in his theme, the author concludes reluctantly that his subjects too often were "bent and warped by powerful political and economic forces" and so not masters of their fate.

Who are these representative men? One or two, like John Hartwell Cocke of Virginia, were children of the eighteenth century by heritage and had fully matured by 1820. Others, like Hinton R. Helper of North Carolina, matured (if that is the word) on the very eve of secession and knew firsthand only the turbulent years that followed 1828. They remembered little of the post-Revolutionary decades when the South, with Virginians succeeding each other in the Presidency, shared the "good feeling" of the period.

It is noteworthy that six of Professor Eaton's nine Southerners appear and several are quoted in Cash, who seems to have read everybody. But Eaton does an excellent job, on the whole, of fleshing out what to modern readers of Cash are ghostly names, and of clothing with minute documentation the atmosphere of ideas which they reflected and to an extent shaped. Professor Eaton is most at home (as befits a fellow Kentuckian) with Cassius Marcellus Clay, cousin of the great Henry, crusading antislavery editor who with his punctilious sense of honor had frequent recourse to the bowie knife when words failed. Eaton's sketch of Hinton Helper—complementing Edmund Wilson's recent profile—traces that petty agitator's postwar career; and, by revealing in its later stages the Negrophobia and obsessive class hatred latent in Helper's *The Impending Crisis*, puts in perspective a book which, like Thomas Paine's, fed the fury it rode upon.

ONE feels, however, that Professor Eaton is less successful on occasion, for instance in writing of John H. Cocke—surely an extremely dull man!—as an Old South "liberal." The category is itself of questionable value when one is considering a member of an entirely pre-industrial society. It becomes strained when that man is John Hartwell Cocke, who thought a friendly drink anti-Christian, who resisted Mr. Jefferson's importation of foreign scholars (they might be infidels) to Charlottesville, and whose most liberal impulses were quite possibly merely the customary self-restraints of a man of manners and breeding.

In other profiles Mr. Eaton occasionally bypasses the fascinating fact to dwell on more rarefied points that are of less interest. He tells us only in passing that his Old South "Hamlet," Congressman James H. Hammond of South Carolina, consulted spiritualists and was forced to remove from his plantation on the lower Savannah because of a sex scandal involving him with the daughters of his neighbor, Wade Hampton. The possible connection between these foibles and Hammond's fire-eating politics is such as to prick even the dullest speculative faculties. But Professor Eaton, with regrettable self-discipline, presses grimly on with Hammond's political thought.

ALL in all, though, Mr. Eaton has written a good book and a valuable one which indicates that the South's identifying peculiarities—its cult of the gentleman, its excitable but unimaginative religious orthodoxy, its clannishness, its political conservatism, its spasms of violence—all have deep roots, old roots as Americans go.

The Idea of the South, many of whose contributors owe a like debt to the trail-blazing analysis of Cash, originated as a fiftieth anniversary symposium at Rice University. Its "pursuit of a central theme" of Southern identity seems a characteristic wild-goose chase: what scholarly and critical game is

—Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection, Williamsburg, Virginia.

"... increasingly homogenized with Main Street, USA"

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bagged has little plumage in common.

The themes of several essays are helpful, if familiar, to students of the South. In that class are George B. Tindall's argument—inconclusive, alas—that mythology is of the Southern essence; Louis Rubin's skilful demonstration of the pertinence of Faulkner's fiction in what he calls "a rear-guard action" against the invading consequences of industrialization, and Walter Prescott Webb's buoyant belief that the South is different because it is poor, and poor because it neglects its natural resources.

Some of the other performances in this slender volume are less impressive. T. Harry Williams's potentially interesting brief for Huey P. Long is not so much argued, since Mr. Williams avoids specifics, as asserted with a strange aggressiveness, as if he expects no one to listen.

Together, these volumes suggest that whether or not the South is rising again, Southern self-scrutiny is in fine fettle. Far less "Uncle Sam's Other Province" today than when Wilbur Cash wrote, the South of 1964 is, by a familiar effect, far more critically self-conscious—at least among its scholars and journalists. Increasingly homogenized with Main St., USA, Dixie gropes for and fondles its fading distinctions. Dying, it salutes itself. And that, one supposes, is the best way to go.

A Majority of Minorities

Equality in America: Religion, Race, and the Urban Majority, *by Alan P. Grimes (Oxford. 136 pp. $4), and* ***Assimilation in American Life: The Role of Race, Religion, and National Origins,*** *by Milton M. Gordon (Oxford. 276 pp. $5.25), examine the ingredients of the nation's melting pot. Milton R. Konvitz of Cornell University has written on immigration, civil rights and civil liberties.*

By MILTON R. KONVITZ

THERE are men, Emerson said, who let facts encumber them, tyrannize over them; while there are other men who refuse to give dominion to facts but see principles under which "the facts fall aptly and supple into their places." The latter, said Emerson, belong to a "higher race." When tested against this standard, Milton M. Gordon, professor of sociology at the University of Massachusetts, and Alan P. Grimes, professor of political science at Michigan State University, eminently belong to the "higher race." Each of the books before us is based solidly on facts, but the facts are used not only to describe but also to explain what has happened in American civilization and history.

In his compact book Grimes has brought together the most essential facts that relate the history of religious and racial minorities in the United States, and describes the factors that tended toward the development of religious and racial equality as an ideal and its approximation as a fact. He points up the role of immigration from abroad and internal mobility, and especially the importance of the fact that Roman Catholics and Jews tended toward urban areas, thus making religion and religious diversity a part of the complex problems of city government.

When he turns to the racial questions, Grimes finds essentially the same principles at work: the shift of Negroes from Southern rural areas to the cities of the South and the North goes far to explain the movement for equal rights. This migration has given political significance to Negroes.

The result of these movements of peoples has been to make religious and racial equality national and urban problems; and the present conflict sees Protestant, white, rural America striving to maintain "its superiorities of the past," while "urban America, with its diversity of religions and races," pulls in the direction of equality.

This is a persuasive analysis but I find it not quite convincing. It is becoming the fashion to see many of our complex social problems as a consequence of a contest between city and country. The implication is that if only our population were made up solely of city folk, all our values would be beyond reproach and our conflicts resolved. But as one looks at Little Rock, Dallas, and New Orleans, and then at Detroit, Chicago, and Cleveland, it does not appear that men in these cities are equally devoted to the ideal of equality, and that their conflict is with their benighted cousins whom they have left behind on the farms. Urbanism may throw some light on the problems but it is hardly the principle under which all the facts can be neatly organized.

Milton Gordon's book deals with essentially the same facts but they get translated into a sociologist's technical language. Once, however, the reader has learned patiently to make the necessary translation, he will find the author's insights—like those of Grimes—provocative, if not altogether acceptable. According to Gordon, rural-urban factors may have played significant roles in the past, but these factors are of decreasing importance. He sees American society composed of subsocieties based on ethnic identity: Catholic, Protestant, Jew; Negro, Indian, white man; and the "core" society made up of the white Protestant Anglo-Saxons, with a middle-class culture. There has been no cultural melting pot but, rather, assimilation to the Anglo-Saxon, white, Protestant pattern; yet the subsocieties remain, each with its own network of organizations and institutions, within which individuals carry out their "meaningful life activities from the cradle to the grave." Individuals belonging to the different subcommunities have many contacts with each other, but they are all impersonal; the intimate relationships are reserved for members of their own group. The only exceptions to this rule are the intellectuals, who constitute their own, unique subsociety, in which members of different racial and religious groups may have intimate as well as impersonal relations.

In formulating his theories of assimilation, Gordon discusses the contributions of Horace M. Kallen, Will Herberg, Isaac Berkson, and others who have dealt with this complex and vexing problem; but he has his own insights and formulations. He is less concerned than Grimes with cause-effect relations, with the result that his book is a study of "social statics," while Grimes's is one of "social dynamics." There is value in reading them together, for while they are concerned substantially with the same facts, they see them from different angles of vision.

The "Great Pacificator": Henry Clay, (1777-1852) was one of the most famous Americans of his generation. Eleven years ago the University of Kentucky in Lexington, Clay's home city, began to assemble his papers under the direction of Professor James F. Hopkins, assisted by Dr. Mary W. M. Hargreaves, for the first publication since a prosaic collection over a century ago.

The subtitle of *Presidential Candidate, 1821-1824* (Kentucky, $15) for this volume, third in the projected ten-volume *Papers of Henry Clay*, is extremely apt. Clay's lifelong ambition was the Presidency. This massive book covers the four years of his dramatic career from the Second Session of the sixteenth Congress, where he engineered the second Missouri Compromise, to his elimination as Presidential

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candidate in the first of his three tries.

Here is the expected mass of letters, bills, reports, and marginalia, private and public, of a pragmatic politician and an active lawyer, recording Clay's thoughts concerning Latin America, the Monroe Doctrine, Transylvania University, his family and his ever-optimistic dreams of the Presidency.

Scrupulously edited, this volume maintains the high standards that characterized the first two. Each individual volume contains a personal-name index only, but a full general index is promised for the final volume.

—William C. Kiessel.

1776 and All That: Piers Mackesy, an Englishman who studied at both Harvard and Princeton, states that his purpose in *The War for America 1775-1783* (Harvard, $10) is to examine the making and execution of English strategy and to judge a war ministry in the light of circumstances rather than results. The British defeat is attributed to control of the seas by a coalition of maritime enemies, inefficient army staffing, lengthy communications, inadequate logistics, timidity of commanders, weak ministry, and the fact that England was too busy putting out "brush fires" within the Empire to concentrate on the American colonies. The author writes, pontifically at times, of England's loss, not America's victory. However, he does concede that had England triumphed it would have been only temporary; the colonists would have achieved independence at a later date.

This copiously documented book took almost ten years to research and is jam-packed with information, maps, charts, and about the finest, most comprehensive index I have ever seen. It is primarily a political, not a military history. And, despite my seeming carping, it will certainly challenge historians to re-examine old concepts and make room for new in the complexities of the revolutionary ordeal. Perhaps I am overly chauvinistic; but I am uncomfortable with the Harvard Press for letting the author apply the opprobrium "rebel" to those who earned us our freedom. —W.C.K.

"New Man" and His Society: The year 1815 marked a turning point in American civilization, according to Charles L. Sanford, who is a professor of language and literature, not a historian. The so-called "American Dream" had its inception then because 1) unified agrarian society began to break up, 2) restlessness and insecurity appeared, 3) bumptious nationalism ended.

In attempting to prove his thesis in *Quest for America, 1810-1824* (NYU, $7.50), the author has taken representative selections of essays, poems, songs, and speeches which, in his opinion, depict a changing American society. These documents are schematized in three main divisions, from which is developed a theory of the search for self-expression: that an American was a new man in a new world with a special destiny to fulfill. This new man evolved a "vernacular" art that drew its inspiration from nature rather than from civilization of the old world.

Frankly, Professor Sanford's brow is a little higher than mine. I found most interesting his simple account of the composition of *Woodman, Spare That Tree.*

Quest for America, the second volume in the Documents in American Civilization series, is liberally illustrated, but the plates are grouped in two separate sections removed from the related text.

There is a brief list of suggested readings, but no notes and no index.

—W.C.K.

"Savior of Mexico": Dr. Daniel Cosio Villegas, author of *The United States versus Porfirio Díaz* (Nebraska, $5), is Mexico's outstanding historian and editor of the multi-volume *Historia Moderna de Mexico.* He chides Professors J. Fred Rippy and James M. Callahan, from whom Americans are accustomed to learning their Mexican history, for their inadequate use of Mexican archives and documents in researching Mexican-U.S. diplomatic relations.

Porfirio Díaz was sole dictator of his country, with the exception of four years, from the revolt of Tuxtepec in 1876 until 1911, the beginning of contemporary Mexico. Long tenure of absolute power is normally synonymous with suppression and widespread corruption. Yet. Dr. Villegas, with the same unilateral approach of which he accuses American historians, states that Díaz's dictatorship was recognized for its order, stability, and financial soundness. With Latin liveliness, reinforced by documentation, the author proclaims that the popular view of Díaz as an exponent of doctrinaire anti-imperialism is stereotyped and completely misleading.

Díaz is here hailed as the savior of Mexico. In an excellent example of case studies in foreign affairs, the author attempts to show how the United States was outmaneuvered in its big-stick diplomacy of threat and compulsion. Few Americans realize how close the United States came to a second war with Mexico, which would have been as unnecessary as was the first in 1848.

The specialist will be particularly interested in the behind-the-scenes diplomatic machinations between John W. Foster and Ignacio Luis Vallarta, involving recognition, claims, and counter-claims, border raids, treatment of foreign investors, and a host of other touchy problems.

This relatively small book is as explosive as the crucial, exciting period it describes because of its new assertions concerning Mexican-United States affairs during the Díaz regime.

Dr. Nettie Lee Benson's reputation as a Mexicanist and as director of the Latin American Collection at the University of Texas should relieve us of concern over the accuracy of her translation. —W.C.K.

Gentleman Rebel: Don R. Gerlach's *Philip Schuyler and the American Revolution in New York, 1733-1777* (Nebra-

(Continued on page 77)

"Irma! You're smoking again!"

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Rhyme from Academe

By CHARLES SIMMONS, *co-editor of "The Creative Present," whose first novel, "Powdered Eggs," will be published in August*

ENGAGING a book of poetry in translation, I tend to feel as I do on going into a neighborhood restaurant when my wife is away: I expect to get all the calories I need, but I do not expect a treat.

Eugene M. Kayden's *Boris Pasternak: Poems* (Antioch, $5.50) confirms expectation. This revised and enlarged edition of the translations Mr. Kayden brought out a few years ago contains more than 150 poems from eight of Pasternak's books; included are the *Dr. Zhivago* poems. Reading the 300-page collection is like looking at a succession of black-and-white photographs of famous stained-glass windows: one senses the original beauty but cannot enjoy it. A good way to use the book, I think, is to look at the words and not listen to them. One can thus best pass through the English to the thought and imagery of the original. Mr. Kayden's translations have been noted for their literal fidelity; but he is not a poet and his diction has no delights. He skis on snowshoes. Until a creative writer—like, say, Vladimir Nabokov, although he seems an unlikely possibility—translates Pasternak, his greatness as a poet must remain a matter of faith to most Americans.

M. L. Rosenthal is best known as a critic and teacher. His comments on poetry have been clear, exact, and human. The first collection of his own poems, *Blue Boy on Skates* (Oxford, $3.75), shows the caution of a sophisticated critic. It is scrupulous, cool, knowing, and quick. There are only thirty-five poems, a few of them shorter than limericks; but all are so diverse and each is so secure in its manner that one has the impression of a much larger book.

The scenes of Mr. Rosenthal's poems, when not his head or heart, are mainly metropolitan—that is, enclosed or narrow. "A message from Helen of Troy!—'Mack, I want you!/Come to 88 East 88 Street at once!/ I love you! I need you!'" "A man came from a certain far place (downstairs),/Saying that the people there were dying." "In a hotel bed, the shower-thing dripping,/Black devils bumping outside the panes softly . . ." "The enemy's a little pale guy, squats/Behind the breadbox outside the corner grocery . . ." "This is a kind of sentimentality: to gaze from a window on a late winter afternoon . . ." Being a metropolitan reader, I felt I knew the places, and was full of admiration for Mr. Rosenthal's dark achievements. Occasionally, too, he exercises his voice in the open air, and the sounds are sweet:

> He twirled a gay guitar.
> He smoked the sweetest cigar.
> He lay on the grass
> With the head of the class
> And left her all ajar.

In some ways an opposite of Mr. Rosenthal is Richard Eberhart—exuberant, rural, prolific, denotive, repetitive—and, reading the first gathering of his work since *Collected Poems, 1930-1960*, one might add, undertalented. I do not think *The Quarry: New Poems* (Oxford, $4.75) is adequate to sustain Mr. Eberhart's considerable reputation in contemporary American letters. Much more than a novelist, and somewhat more than a playwright, a poet must be his own editor. It is—or at least it has become—as much what one resists saying as what one says that makes the statement. Mr. Eberhart says everything, even to telling the reader—*Time*-wise, with directive words—how to feel about what he is saying. Although I found many magical postures in these poems, I found little magic.

A. R. Ammons, from the evidence of his second book of poetry, *Expressions of Sea Level* (Ohio State, $4), has a rare and beautiful genius. His mind makes precise and yet organic things:

> I said I will find what is lowly
> and put the roots of my identity
> down there:
> each day I'll wake up
> and find the lowly nearby,
> a handy focus and reminder,
> a ready measure of my significance,
> the voice by which I would be heard,
> the wills, the kinds of selfishness
> I could
> freely adopt as my own:
>
> but though I have looked everywhere,
> I can find nothing
> to give myself to:
> everything is
>
> magnificent with existence . . .

and now, as I stop copying the poem on the typewriter, I feel as if I had turned off a record in the middle of a melody or shut the window against a bird's song. This poem, *Still*, describes as well as exemplifies Mr. Ammons's poetic methods. He seeks the lowly, the "moss, beggar, weed, tick, pine, self," and finds them "magnificent with being." How has he managed to learn the discipline of good speech without being alienated from nature? Even Gerard Manley Hopkins had to hack his way back to God's creations. I don't think Mr. Ammons was ever separated from them. I could understand an uncultivated farmer crushing the cultivated earth between his fingers in a kind of subdued ecstasy, but Mr. Ammons is no farmer: his diction is exquisitely plain, his punctuation and line formation subtle and sophisticated. There is something of St. Francis in this young poet. "Nelly Myers," about a hired woman who worked on the farm in the poet's childhood, is one of the loveliest love poems I have ever read.

New Negro Poets: U. S. A. (Indiana, $4.95), edited by Langston Hughes with a foreword by Gwendolyn Brooks, is a mistake in conception and a failure in execution. There are Negro poems—that is, poems that deal with the experience of being a Negro. And there are Negro poets—that is, poets who write Negro poems. But otherwise, what concern can and should the reader have with the poet's color? Only a minority of the some seventy poems and thirty-seven poets included in this collection are Negro poems and Negro poets. These, however, are the most interesting. I do not say the best, because the general quality is too low for a superlative to mean anything. All the faults of adolescent poetry are here: trite sentiment, fake simplicity, self-pity, punch lines. High-school teachers will recognize them sinkingly. Only once in the book did I hear the real thing. I'm glad to say it was a Negro poem, by Ray Durem, called *Award: A Gold Watch to the FBI Man Who Has Followed Me for Twenty-five Years:*

> Well, old spy
> looks like I
> led you down some pretty blind alleys,
> took you on several trips to Mexico,
> fishing in the high Sierras,
> jazz at the Philharmonic.
> You've watched me all your life,
> I've clothed your wife,
> put your two sons through college.

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What good has it done?
the sun keeps rising every morning.
ever see me buy an Assistant President?
or close a school?
or lend money to Trujillo?
ever catch me rigging airplane prices?
I bought some after-hours whiskey
in L. A.
but the Chief got his pay.
I ain't killed no Koreans
or fourteen-year-old boys in Mississippi.
neither did I bomb Guatemala,
or lend guns to shoot Algerians.
I admit I took a Negro child
to a white rest room in Texas,
but she was my daughter, only three,
who had to pee.

The Enemy Joy (Chicago, $3.95) is made up of selections from Ben Belitt's two previous volumes, *The Fivefold Mesh* (1938) and *Wilderness Stair* (1955), as well as a number of new poems. The new ones deal mainly with humble organisms like the wasp and tomato, Spanish scenes, and death and sickness. Does it mean anything to say that I did not feel in friendly hands when reading them? The extremeness of Mr. Belitt's metaphors, the density of his images, the uncompromising quality of his poetic associations, progressions, and arguments made me think that I was being written at rather than for. I am long out of school and have reverted to the innocent conviction that the writer's function is to give me pleasure.

Jaime Torres Bodet is minister of education in his native Mexico, a former diplomat and director general of UNESCO. He is the author of nineteen volumes of verse published in Mexico and France between 1918 and 1961. Sonja Karsen, chairman of Romance languages at Skidmore, has translated about forty pieces in *Selected Poems of Jaime Torres Bodet* (Indiana, $5.75). The physical presentation is attractive—Spanish on the left, Miss Karsen's English on the right. I had the sense, however, that the translations were written with a piece of cotton. Not that they were inexact; they were close to the original, line matching line; but they were mellifluous prose broken up like verse. The effect in translation of poems that deal primarily with love and the loneliness of the human situation is at first mollifying and then stupefying.

"How Dreary to Be Somebody": Almost as though in penance for earlier neglect, a large and annually increasing procession of critical studies today pays homage to Emily Dickinson. With so much now available on the subject, Clark Griffith in *The Long Shadow: Emily Dickinson's Tragic Poetry* (Princeton, $6) chooses to depend almost entirely on his own insights, his own perceptive reading of what he believes to be her most important poems.

For Griffith, Dickinson has become best known for her "most trifling poems," as a result of critical "failure to come to terms with her true intellectual position." He compares her with Melville as an opponent of transcendental optimisim and in her tragic vision. He explores the jungles of terror in her Freudian world. Indeed, he argues reasonably for a psychological explanation of her creative process, linking art and neurosis. Like Marvin Mudrick's analysis of Jane Austen, Griffith's study of Dickinson's technique focuses upon her use of "irony as defense"; but Griffith sees it as collapsing before "problems . . . too knotty and too terrifying to be turned aside" and forcing her into an unqualified sense of commitment.

If Dickinson, in these terms, seems too often a modern existentialist, and if Griffith's critical claustrophobia, ignoring the contributions of Whicher and Anderson, among others, gives his thesis an undeserved sense of originality at the expense of distorting the contemporary assessment of the poet, this book nevertheless contributes to an understanding of the depth of her work in a way that too many arguments for her mysticism and eccentricity do not.

—Robert D. Spector.

Abstractions and Indemnities: Whatever the enigma of Wallace Stevens's dual life as insurance executive and poet, it is no more complex and intriguingly mystifying than his poetry, which Henry Wells aptly describes in *Introduction to Wallace Stevens* (Indiana, $6) as "forever bent on symbolism, on overtones, and an effort to reach toward the broadest possible abstractions." It is a poetry that requires, as both Wells and John J. Enck (*Wallace Stevens: Images and Judgments*, Southern Illinois, $4.50) admit, a special effort for understanding. Its vocabulary, its structure are peculiarly his own; his art and originality—though falsely identified with Imagism and other modern movements—defy convenient classification. The amount of criticism devoted to Stevens's poetry, during his life and since his death, itself attests to the need for some helpful critical commentary.

These two new studies provide considerable enlightenment, but only for a sophisticated reader. Although both are "introductions" to the world of Wallace Stevens—its characteristic values, its vision of imaginative reality, and its technical construction—neither is, nor attempts to be, a kind of "reader's guide" to his poetry.

Wells delights in Stevens's abstractions; but his own method, striving for an over-all view of the poetry, leads frequently to further abstractions. He is clear enough when describing the poet's art as a "blending of new and old," or its reliance upon musical analogies, or its "compulsion to explore the relations of esthetics and reality." He is correct when he—like Enck—asserts that previous criticism has too often gone to the extreme of dismissing Stevens's work as either "fastidious obfuscation" or the trifling of a sophisticated comedian. And yet there is nothing in Wells's book that enables the reader to confront with greater confidence a particular poem by Wallace Stevens.

Enck's study is more meaningful. Its chronological approach—in contrast to Wells's topical one—permits a better appreciation of Stevens's genuine achievements by showing the artist's struggle to overcome the difficulties of his craft. Less inclined than Wells to general superlatives, and more willing to accept Stevens's statements about his own poetry, Enck moreover understands how the poet's business life gave him sufficient balance to keep him from slipping into the affectations of the esthete. Enck studies the poetry itself more closely than Wells does. Yet his disparagement of explication, like Wells's dismissal of the method, seems to rule out the very kind of criticism that most readers need to approach Stevens's work.

—R.D.S.

Ishmael in Rhyme: Too much of Melville's poetry reads like second-rate Poe ("O the clammy cold November,/ And the winter white and dead,/And the terror dumb with stupor,/And the sky a sheet of lead;") or rhymed Whitman at its most affected ("O, the sailors—O, the sails!/O, the lost crews never heard of!/Well the harp of Ariel wails/Thoughts that tongue can tell no word of!") to allow claims for him as "an important poet."

Yet, as Hennig Cohen says, his *Selected Poems* of Herman Melville (Southern Illinois, $7) give evidence of "the power of his imagination" together with a sense of his intellectual integrity and human compassion. Despite artificialities of style and rhetorical posturing, they reveal, like his prose, Melville's continual struggle to comprehend relationships between good and evil. Indeed, whatever the inherent values of these journalistic war poems, reflective verses on his seafaring life and travels, and excerpts from the 20,000 lines of *Clarel*, they constantly offer—as Cohen's informative and interpretive comments illustrate—interesting parallels with his fiction.

—R.D.S.

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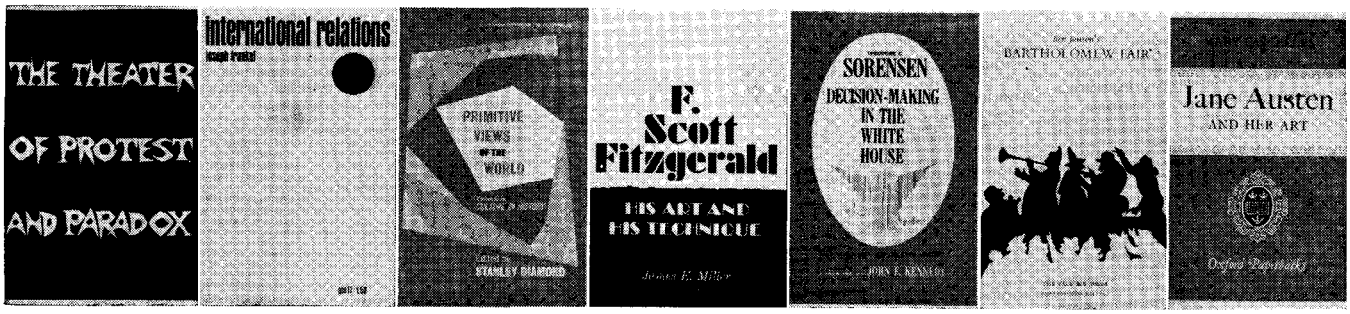

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

USA

University press publications are not only concerned with affairs strictly academic. Indeed, some of the most forceful new books deal with stirring issues of our time. *Integrating the Urban School* (Teachers College, Columbia University $1.95), edited by Gordon J. Klopf and Israel A. Laster, reports on a vast wasteland of youthful talent—Negro students whose abilities are never developed. Last year the Conference on Integration in the New York City Public Schools met with representatives of some twenty agencies; this book is the summation of their views. A classic in the field of race relations is Melville J. Herskovits's *The American Negro* (Indiana, $1.65), in which an anthropologist studies the Negro, USA, as distinct from his African counterpart.

A sociological survey of today's students, *The Reasonable Adventurer* (Pittsburgh, $1), by Roy Heath, examines the attitudes of some Princeton undergraduates through their four-year school career, and catalogues them as Noncomitters, Hustlers, and Plungers. In his foreword David Riesman writes that "colleges on the whole have been very backward as compared with industry or the Army in their curiosity about their own inner processes." This, then, is an interior view of a contemporary college community.

The American Federal Executive (Yale, $1.95), the joint work of Lloyd Warner, Paul P. Van Riper, Norman H. Martin, and Orvis F. Collins, analyzes the highest level of government and, in fascinating detail, the bureaucracy that composes top-drawer administration.

Robert M. Hutchins, former chancellor of the University of Chicago, has something to say about specialization and group conformity in his provocative *The University of Utopia* (Phoenix-Chicago, $1.50).

The Stage

Some of the liveliest interpretations of contemporary drama have appeared in university press publications. New York University's paperback Gotham Library, for instance, offers George Wellwarth's *The Theater of Protest and Paradox* ($2.25), which includes not only such established playwrights as Friedrich Duerrenmatt and Samuel Beckett, but younger experimenters like Harold Pinter, Edward Albee, and John Osborne. *Avant-Garde* (California, $1.50), by Leonard Cabell Pronko, narrows its gaze to the experimental theater of France, where playwrights Adamov, Genet, and Ionesco seem to be less anti-art than a belligerent public might suppose.

Peter D. Arnott's translation of *Three Greek Plays for the Theater* (Midland-Indiana, $1.95), presents *Medea, The Cyclops,* and *The Frogs* in forms playable before modern audiences. Yale has already offered many Eugene O'Neill plays; the most recent is *More Stately Mansions* ($1.95) [See page 46.] Set in nineteenth-century Massachusetts, this sober drama was intended as the fourth (following *A Touch of the Poet*) in a projected nine-drama cycle. Newly released and the latest in Yale's soon-to-be completed edition of Ben Johnson's plays is *Bartholomew Fair,* edited by Eugene M. Waith (95c). Columbia has gone as far afield as Japan for *Four Major Plays of Chikamatsu* ($1.95). Translated by Donald Keene, these are highly human dramas about ordinary people, by an eighteenth-century dramatist who wrote prolifically for the stylized puppet theater.

Other Worlds

One thing university presses don't see much of is a runaway best-seller. Yet California has been happily coping with hundreds of reorders for *Ishi* ($1.95), Theodora Kroeber's touching and simple story about the last wild Indian in North America. Ishi, a survivor of the now extinct West Coast Yahi Indians, is a real hero, a vestige of the Stone Age who endured modern man. When at last he succumbed, with him went the final, true primitive on the continent. A good corollary to Ishi's tale is *Primitive Views of the World* (Columbia, $1.75), edited by Stanley Diamond, in which such scholars as Clyde Kluckhohn and Joseph Campbell discuss cultural development from cavemen to the Navahos.

Two well-written accounts of self-contained societies are Oscar Lewis's *Life in a Mexican Village: Tepoztlán Restudied* (Illini Press, $2.95), and Charlotte and William Wiser's *Behind Mud Walls: 1930-1960* (California, $1.95), a missionaries' record of the Indian village of Karimpur and how changing colonial status altered the people's goals. The Oscar Lewis volume, a classic sociological study of shifting community values, is based on the Robert Redfield project, which Lewis visited in 1946, twenty years after the original research.

Joseph W. Eaton's *Prisons in Israel* (Pittsburgh, $2.50) reviews the humanitarian rather than strictly punitive approach practiced in Israel's penal system. Rehabilitation is more often than not the result.

Literary Lives

From D. H. Lawrence to Kingsley Amis, British writers are getting the lion's share of attention this year from U.S. university press paperbacks. Eliseo Vivas's *D. H. Lawrence: The Failure and the Triumph of Art* (Midland, $2.25), deftly explores the major novels in an analysis of Lawrence's "philosophy of the blood." Wisely, Mr. Vivas disregards much of what Lawrence himself has to say of his writings and goes straight to the heart of the matter, the work itself. Alan Wilde's *Art and Order:*

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A Study of E. M. Forster (Gotham-New York University, $1.95) appreciates the novels, stories, and criticism of that master of prose and genteel wit. Robert S. Ryf's *A New Approach to Joyce* (California, $1.95) concentrates on the *Portrait of the Artist* as a key to the themes and symbols used in far more complex fashion in Joyce's other works.

In *Jane Austen and Her Art* (Oxford, $1.65) Mary Lascelles has written a controlled but highly enthusiastic critical study, with attention to such bulwarks of Miss Austen's genius as character creation and narrative power. A later look at English writers is *Postwar British Fiction* (California, $1.95), by James Gindin, which includes, in a highly colorful roster, such delights as Kingsley Amis *(Lucky Jim),* Keith Waterhouse *(Billy Liar),* William Golding, and Lawrence Durrell.

Also noted: *The Journals of Jean Cocteau* (Midland, $1.95), translated by Wallace Fowlie, in which the *enfant terrible* appears as a man consumed with concern for morality and mortality. Sixteen drawings by Cocteau. James E. Miller's *F. Scott Fitzgerald: His Art and His Technique* (Gotham-New York University, $1.95) follows a checkered literary career, from faltering if brilliant passages in *This Side of Paradise* to the finale of *The Last Tycoon.*

Power

Joseph Frankel's *International Relations* (Galaxy-Oxford, $1.50) focuses upon the years before World War I to 1962 in a cogent discussion of diplomacy. The problems explored range from such general order of business as the power-state relationship to specific matters like nuclear control and colonial rule.

One of the most impressive glimpses into the inner circle of power is Theodore C. Sorenson's *Decision-Making in the White House* (Columbia, $1.25), aptly subtitled "The Olive Branch or the Arrows." In his foreword the late President Kennedy calls the American Presidency "a formidable, exposed, and somewhat mysterious institution." Mr. Sorenson does a remarkable job of illuminating some of the imponderables of our country's highest office.

Sidney Fine's *Laissez-Faire and the General-Welfare State* (Ann Arbor, $2.95) explicates a prevalent conflict in nineteenth-century American thought, when society was steering its way between two political extremes. Carl Becker's *Modern Democracy* (Yale $1.25) sees the central problem of modern political life as the need to preserve individual liberties while at the same time allowing freedom of economic opportunity to all peoples.

Verse

The university presses take a properly paternal attitude toward poetry, and some of the most significant verse has been published in university press paperbacks. The Yale Series of Younger Poets is certainly distinguished; latest editions include Alan Dugan's *Poems 2* ($1.45), fifty-two poems by a Pulitzer Prize-winner; and Peter Davison's lyrical *The Breaking of the Day* ($1.25). ("I shall never know myself/Enough to know what things I half believe/And, half believing, only half deny.")

The Wesleyan Poetry Program, now in its fifth year, offers what it considers the best in modern poetry. Its newest books are James Dickey's *Helmets* and Donald Petersen's *The Spectral Boy* ($1.85 each). Though Wesleyan publishes only four paperback poetry books each year, its editorial offices receive roughly 175 manuscripts annually, or about one every other day.

Among the many critiques of poetry is John F. Lynen's *The Pastoral Art of Robert Frost* (Yale, $1.45), which depicts the New England versemaker as essentially ironic and sturdily anti-Romantic. Radcliffe Squires's *The Loyalties of Robinson Jeffers* (Ann Arbor, $1.85) is a warm appreciation of the poet who has been called many things, from a "great tragic poet" to a "flannel-mouthed charlatan." Mr. Squires is at all times moderate, cerebral, and exceedingly just. *Letters on Poetry from W. B. Yeats to Dorothy Wellesley* (Oxford, $2.25) provides an interesting sidelight on the last three years (1935-38) of the poet's life, when his intellectual powers had by no means begun to wane, though his reputation had.

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Paperbacks not obtainable from local bookstores may be ordered directly from the publishers, whose addresses follow. Please allow four weeks for delivery and add to price 20¢ for packaging and handling.

Ann Arbor, Univ. of Michigan Press, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Columbia Univ. Press, 2960 Broadway, NYC 27.
Galaxy, Oxford Univ. Press, 417 Fifth Ave., NYC 16.
Gotham, New York Univ. Press, 32 Washington Pl., NYC 3.
Illini, Univ. of Illinois Press, Urbana, Ill.
Midland, Indiana Univ. Press, 10th & Morton Sts., Bloomington, Ind.
Phoenix, Univ. of Chicago Press, 5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.
Teachers College, Bureau of Publications, Columbia Univ., NYC 27.
Univ. of California Press, Berkeley 4, Calif.
Univ. of Pittsburgh Press, 3309 Cathedral of Learning, Pittsburgh 13, Pa.
Wesleyan Univ. Press, 55 High St., Middletown, Conn.
Yale Univ. Press, 149 York St., New Haven, Conn.

The lyrical poetry of a Greek who lived seven centuries B.C. is beautifully presented in Guy Davenport's translation of *Carmina Archilochi: The Fragments of Archilochos* (California, $1.50). It can only make us regret that no more than these tantalizing scraps remain.

The young with blue javelins
For the games, young leaves
In coronets over young ears,
Have yet to see battle spears
Thick as chaff in the air.

What breaks me,
Young friend,
Is tasteless desire,
Dead iambics,
Boring dinners.

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Caught Between Two Furies

More Stately Mansions, *by Eugene O'Neill, shortened from the author's partly revised script by Karl Ragnar Gierow and edited by Donald Gallup (Yale. 194 pp. $7.50), sequel to "A Touch of the Poet," tells of a man maddened by his wife and his mother. George Oppenheimer edited "The Passionate Playgoer."*

By GEORGE OPPENHEIMER

UNDER the general title *A Tale of Possessors Dispossessed*, Eugene O'Neill planned to write a cycle of eleven plays tracing the history of an American family from its earliest beginnings. Although he did not live to accomplish this vast project, rough drafts were made of some of the plays, *A Touch of the Poet* was completed, and *More Stately Mansions* came to light after his death in a lengthy, unrevised form.

In their comprehensive biography, *O'Neill*, Arthur and Barbara Gelb tell how in the early part of 1953 O'Neill, aware of his approaching death and sick of life, told Carlotta, his wife, that he was going to destroy the unfinished plays in his cycle. There and then, before the living-room fire, according to Carlotta, "we tore up all the manuscripts together bit by bit. It took hours. After a pile of torn pages had collected, I'd throw it into the fire. It was awful. It was like tearing up children."

Somehow in this literary holocaust a draft of *More Stately Mansions* was overlooked, and sent to Yale University along with other papers and manuscripts for the O'Neill collection. In 1957, four years after O'Neill's death, Karl Ragnar Gierow of the Swedish Royal Dramatic Theater, which had produced O'Neill with signal success, learned of the play and secured the consent of Mrs. O'Neill to translate it into Swedish, shorten it considerably without altering the words, and produce it in Sweden. The performance took place in November 1962, with the stipulation that it was not to be repeated anywhere else. However, Mrs. O'Neill did agree to let Donald Gallup of the Yale Rare Book and Manuscript Library prepare an English version from the Swedish acting script and O'Neill's original, which is more than twice the length of the published play.

More Stately Mansions, which opens in 1832, was intended to be the fourth play in the cycle, following *A Touch of the Poet* and containing three of the same characters – Sara Melody, now married to Simon Harford, who in the earlier play lay sick in an upper room of the Melody tavern and never appeared on stage; Deborah Harford, Simon's mother, and Nicholas Gadsby, the Harford lawyer. When *A Touch of the Poet* was produced here in 1958, Harold Clurman, its director, said that it might have been called "the making of an American" and felt that it expressed eloquently O'Neill's credo "that America can only fulfill its promise when its inherited idealism becomes truly one with its genius for the practical."

After reading *More Stately Mansions* I believe that it might have been called "the unmaking of an American," for it tells the tale of a man driven to madness by two women, his wife and his mother, each one trying to possess him wholly. The man is Simon, who, like Orin in O'Neill's finest play, *Mourning Becomes Electra*, is hunted and haunted by furies. Unlike Orin, Simon is ill-defined, more symbol than man, at one moment siding with mother against wife, at another with wife against mother. At the start there is still in him the touch of the poet that he had in common with Cornelius Mel-

—American-Swedish News Exchange—Beata Bergström.

Tord Stal, as Nicholas Gadsby, and Inga Tidblad, as Deborah Harford, in Scene Two of *More Stately Mansions.*

ody, his wife's father, in the earlier play. As the action goes on the touch becomes that of a ruthless Midas, as crass a materialist as Marco, the supersalesman of O'Neill's *Marco Millions*, or as his wife Sara, who is similarly affected by the lust for possession.

According to that astute critic Henry Hewes, in his review for *SR* (Dec. 1, 1962) and in *The Best Plays*, which he edits annually, *More Stately Mansions* is O'Neill's most challenging play. Mr. Hewes has had the advantage of seeing the Stockholm production, and O'Neill's plays act far better than they read. Unhappily, I found *More Stately Mansions* in the reading to be one of his less rewarding dramas, written in some of his baldest dialogue, and deteriorating at times into lurid and exaggerated melodrama.

The story concerns Simon's capitulation to materialism and his relationship with his competitive wife and mother. Deborah, the mother, is by far the most vital of the three principal characters. Deserted by her son and detesting his wife, she lives in an implausible past where French monarchs court her favor. There is also her retreat, a garden with a mysterious summer house, whose mystery is never satisfactorily solved. Sara, the wife, on the other hand, has lost some of the color and reality that were hers in *A Touch of the Poet*. Like Simon and like Deborah, she switches her unholy alliances from one to another. She alternately plays the wife-mistress to Simon—even allowing him to pay for their intimacies —and the generous, considerate daughter-in-law to Deborah, sharing with her her husband and children; and then she abruptly dissolves both alliances to reveal, in *Strange Interlude*-like asides, her lack of trust in anyone but herself. In minor roles are Joel Harford, the feckless and unloved brother of Simon; Gadsby, the lawyer, and a banker whom Simon ruins with a cruelty more reminiscent of Dion Boucicault than of Eugene O' Neill. In the end Deborah finds solace in sacrifice, and Sara becomes mother and wife to Simon.

There are apparent here the influences that have molded so much of O'Neill's work—the influence of Strindberg, especially in the flaying of the two women; the anodyne of illusion, the antipathy toward materialism. Present too is the recurring Oedipus theme.

In an early scene Simon confesses that he has burned the book on which he was working. Maybe O'Neill, as he was writing this play, presaged his death and the destruction of his own work. Despite strong reservations, one must be grateful that the play survived the conflagration, since it gives added insight into although no additional confirmation of O'Neill's art.

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Shades of Shangri-la

The Sherpas of Nepal: Buddhist Highlanders, *by Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf (California. 298 pp. $6.50), explores the life of a unique community of Himalayan hillmen whose society is as democratic as any to be found in the West. James Ramsey Ullman was co-author of Norgay Tenzing's autobiography, "Tiger of the Snows."*

By JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

SHERPAS usually come to the attention of Western readers as participants in Himalayan mountaineering expeditions, and as a consequence there are not a few of us who are under the illusion that the word *Sherpa* means mountaineer, guide, porter, or something akin to these. Such, of course, is not the case. The Sherpas are a people, an ethnic subgroup of Tibetan stock, resident principally in Nepal and to a lesser extent, by emigration, in the Darjeeling area of northeastern India. They are no more exclusively mountain climbers than Americans are exclusively movie stars or professional athletes.

Indeed, in *The Sherpas of Nepal*—subtitled *Buddhist Highlanders*—Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf makes only the most casual references to the Sherpas in the role in which they have won world fame. A professor of Asian anthropology in the University of London, he is concerned with them as an anthropologist, and his book, the first of its kind about them, is the fruit of twenty-five months he and his wife have spent in Sherpa country on successive visits between 1953 and 1962.

In common with all who have been lucky enough to know them, Professor Haimendorf is entranced by this small (there are only a few thousand) but unique community of hillmen whose homeland is the wild and remote Himalayan country to the south of Mount Everest. Time and again in his pages he refers not only to the Sherpas' strength and hardihood—which is renowned and self-evident—but to their intelligence and reasonableness, their affability and humor, their humanness and humaneness. Above all, he notes and notes again that here in Sherpadom, locked in the heart of ancient Asia, is a self-developed open society that is as democratic as anything known in the Western world.

Beginning with the Sherpas' general environment and economy, the book moves on to discussions of their pattern of family life (women and children have a status almost unknown elsewhere in the East), their sexual mores (free, easy, and permissive; a cuckolded husband can usually be appeased by a free beer), and their village organization (sometimes one almost feels one is reading about New England). And the second half of the study is devoted to their religion: a derivative of Tibetan Buddhism with an inextricable blend of primitivism and sophistication. Throughout, there are photographs that do much to illuminate the quality and texture of Sherpa life and Sherpa country.

It would be unfair to the general reader, however, not to say that this is a book by a social anthropologist written primarily for other anthropologists, or at least for serious students of Asian folkways. The research and documentation are formidable. There is a plethora of minutiae and itemization. And, particularly in the sections on religion, the going is slow and deep for one whose interest in the subject is less than professional.

Further, this reader found himself disappointed that there was little or no discussion of the Sherpa *vis-à-vis* the outer twentieth-century world; for there has been so much of this confrontation in recent years—largely through mountaineering expeditions—that it is affecting the whole pattern of the people's lives. In Professor Haimendorf's treatment the Sherpas live in a hermetic world of their own, and the perspective throughout is historical rather than contemporary.

—*From "The Sherpas of Nepal."*

The hermit of Nagarjung.

Before Confucius Say

The Book of Lord Shang: A Classic of the Chinese School of Law, *translated from the Chinese with introduction and notes by J. J. L. Duyvendak (Chicago. 346 pp. $6.50), and* ***In Search of Wealth and Power: Yen Fu and the West,*** *by Benjamin Schwartz (Belknap-Harvard. xx + 298 pp. $5.95), though two millenia apart, both plot how to make China a rich and forceful state. C. T. Hu is a professor of education at Teachers College, Columbia University.*

By C. T. HU

PRIOR to the elevation of Confucianism by imperial edict to the position of preeminence in the second century B.C., there had existed "a hundred schools of thought" which contended for supremacy, and the Legalist school was one of the major contenders. In later years, under the weight of traditional Confucianism, the person of Wei Yang or Lord Shang, the fourth-century B.C. statesman-philosopher, had been so execrated that it was thought that "speaking about him befouls the mouth and writing about him sullies the paper." In order to stress the Confucian concept of "benevolence and righteousness" of the state, the Legalist aspect of imperial China had been woefully neglected. However, in both ideology and institutions, the long history of imperial China, from the emergence of the Ch'in empire in third century B.C. to the founding of the Republic in 1911, was in some essential respects characterized by one school of social and political thought that was unmistakably Legalist. One may go so far as to suggest that the very concept of Chinese law, with all its ramifications, and the despotic character of

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Chinese autocracy, with all its impact, could not be properly studied and appreciated without an appropriate understanding of the legacy of the Legalist school.

It is in this respect that the publication, in 1928, of *The Book of Lord Shang,* translated and with introduction and notes by the late Professor Jans J. L. Duyvendak of Leiden, was hailed as a major event in the field of Sinology. A Sinologue with a wide range of scholarly interests and prodigious accomplishments, Duyvendak is perhaps best remembered for having subjected the entire Legalist school to thorough reexamination through a meticulous study of the life and work of Lord Shang, one of the foremost exponents of Legalism. In addition to placing the Legalist school in its proper historical perspective, Duyvendak has given the Western world a complete translation of a classic which, though vilified by the Confucianists, formed the very basis upon which "wealth and power" were achieved by the state of Ch'in, paving the way for the creation of the first unified empire in China and shaping the polity of China for more than 2,000 years.

As a blueprint for organizing, regimenting, and coercing the populace, *The Book of Lord Shang* has few parallels in its single-minded devotion to the concept of law as an instrument of state power. Its immediate object was to enforce the acquisition of wealth through development of agriculture and of power through universal military training, with the ultimate goal the glorification of the prince, who alone remained above the law. Forceful application of his laws enabled Lord Shang to establish the hegemony of Ch'in, but in the end the law giver fell victim to his own handiwork.

More than two millenia later, Chinese scholar-officials were still concerned with the search for wealth and power. Whereas Lord Shang had succeeded in doing this by legalistic means, the late nineteenth-century scholar-official Yen Fu sought in vain the same goals by advocating emulation of the modern West. Benjamin Schwartz's book on Yen Fu, however, goes far beyond the mere analysis of the factors responsible for his failure. Essentially the Schwartz volume is a study of modern Chinese intellectual history through the painstaking examination of one important thinker who devoted his life to introducing to China those dominant aspects of Western thought that he believed to be the key to Western wealth and power. The introduction by Professor Louis Hartz provides the stimulating insight for appreciating the significance of this

(*Continued on page 77*)

Reaching for the Ends of Being

The Mortal No: Death and the Modern Imagination, *by Frederick J. Hoffman (Princeton. 520 pp. $8.50), and* ***The Lost Image of Man,*** *by Julian N. Hartt (Louisiana State University. 131 pp. $4), are concerned with "the iconography of death and desiccation in modern literature." Robert L. Stilwell teaches English and comparative literature at Ohio State University.*

By ROBERT L. STILWELL

CRITICISM, Irving Howe has recently suggested, is at present moving toward the condition of humanistic meditation. Surely this diagnosis is correct, for good or for ill; and its accuracy is witnessed with abundant authority by the two critical studies here at hand. Both of them are concerned, in divergent but mutually illuminating ways, with the iconography of death and desiccation in modern literature. Both acknowledge the importance of a rigorous analysis of verbal structure. Yet neither of these volumes is exclusively formalist in persuasion. Neither would sever language from all exterior reference and freeze it hermetically into its own sphere. Rather, they have been designed to yield up reflections on the human predicament amid the blackness of our time, through freeing the contemplative power inherent in the literary texts that they discuss.

Frederick J. Hoffman's *The Mortal No* (a title drawn from the poetry of Wallace Stevens) seeks to define certain of those creative strategies with which, at its extremities of grace and nihilism, the recent literary imagination has encompassed the factuality of human death. However, as Professor Hoffman makes evident in his magisterial and slightly top-lofty opening chapters, his abiding subject is not solely mortality and the metaphors—the *thanatologies*—that respond to it. He is interested also in how modern literature has mediated such death-related matters as despair, secular martyrdom, the New Violence, redemption, immortality, selfhood, the collapse of meaning, the burden of history, and the immutable paradoxes of time. Clearly these are mean topics; and one mark of his book's distinction is that it nearly succeeds in focusing on all of them and in according them at least a degree of critical justice.

To pursue his complicated nexus of argument he considers a whole pantheon of twentieth-century writers (Dreiser, Kafka, Eliot, Malraux, Virginia Woolf, Sartre, Ernst Juenger, Silone, Beckett, and Norman Mailer, among scores of others), together with a number of nineteenth-century writers (such as Stendhal, Baudelaire, and Zola) who retain a particular relevance for our present dark ages. Ultimately *The Mortal No* remains less an essay in precise exegesis than an essay in theory and in intellectual history. Conceptually and semantically, its richest parts occur in its long concluding section, which undertakes to trace and annotate versions of personal identity throughout the literature and philosophy of the past hundred years or so. Still, the book does press many explorations into individual works. And these explorations—penetrating with fiction, ill at ease with poetry—often go far toward showing how these works have separately posed, or failed to pose, a final *Yes* to mortal *No's.*

Vulnerable points have been allowed to stand in the architecture and substance of this ambitious study. Again and again its eschatology threatens to dissolve into metaphysical gas, and many of its assessments of specific works seem problematical. For instance, I am unable to understand how anyone can nominate Conrad's *The Secret Agent* (1907) as "our first novel of violence" and then go on to confront the nervous furies of *Moby-Dick* and *The Possessed.* In addition, there are several disfiguring omissions. Professor Hoffman's usage of Freudian insights, especially those in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* and *Civilization and Its Discontents,* strikes me as overly cautious. The sum of his attention to twentieth-century European poetry is scandalously meager; nor does he give evidence of knowing those stark parables of dying—such as *Ivan Ilyich, Master and Man,* and *Hadji Murad*—that Tolstoy wrote late in life. Too, his dialectic might have been strengthened, or shotgunned, had he fastened more exactingly on Proust and Mann (*Doctor Faustus* does not even get mentioned).

Nevertheless, at its best *The Mortal No* possesses a sophisticated care and toughness, a reach and density, that are far from common. For readers who wish to adventure some searching looks into modern writing, this is a statement to be reckoned with.

The business of Julian N. Hartt's *The*

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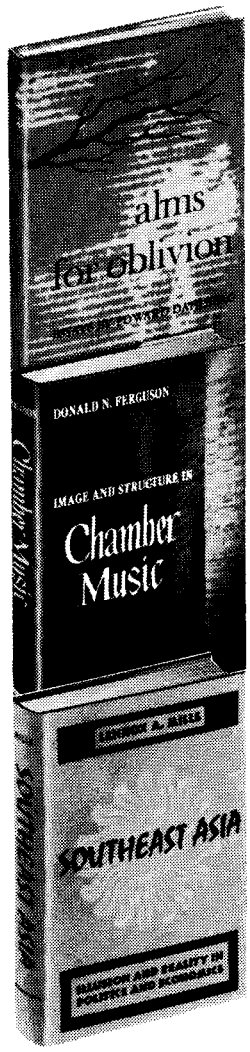
Lost Image of Man is to examine, through a few representative novels, that intransigent shriveling of the human dimension in twentieth-century literature which Ortega y Gasset famously named "The Dehumanization of Art." In its six loosely-constellated chapters, originally delivered as Rockwell Lectures at Rice University, the book sets itself to survey how contemporary fiction has dealt with some of the master "images" by which, traditionally, man has struggled to discover—or to invent—himself. A member of the Yale Divinity School faculty, Professor Hartt speaks primarily as a humanistic theologian and only secondarily as a critic. Indeed, he warns us that his propositions will constitute mere "timorous forays into the grand preserves of literature."

I take no pleasure in reporting that, whatever its amateur or professional credentials, I found this slender volume a rather embarrassing performance. Its most fundamental weakness, perhaps, is that it says little about modern man, and almost nothing about modern fiction, that has not been recited countless times before. By an "image" (the usage, here, remains at once simplistic and vague) Professor Hartt appears to mean any one of those clusters of assumptions about man's spiritual worth that collectively have formed part of the Judaic-Christian heritage. His thesis, if I interpret it rightly, is that the contemporary world has blurred these images and that much recent fiction comes close to repudiating them outright.

BUT at this late hour haven't both these notions become the thinnest sort of commonplaces? As regards the first, anyone who thinks at all must have recognized that the crises of our century—cultural, psychological, theological, existential—have hurled punishing doubts against the received idea, even the very possibility, of man. As regards the second, it should have been unnecessary to produce still another book-length reprise of what the contemporary novel has done with such themes as the failure of eros, the disintegration of myth, the fall from Adamic innocence, or the withering of epic possibility. Critics have been poking through these ashes for the last twenty of thirty years; and I do not believe that any fresh revelations emerge from Professor Hartt's somewhat watery generalizations on a handful of passages from Joyce, Hemingway, Camus, Steinbeck, Moravia, Durrell, Koestler, and William Styron.

Moreover, *The Lost Image of Man* contains further roughnesses. It seems to me that Professor Hartt's sequence of chosen fictions is simply too narrow a sampling to prove much of anything. For another thing, despite some glances

Stimulating New Books from Minnesota



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at Marxism and at "the Freudian jungle," he does not really pry deeply into the knotted energies, the convention-destroying pressures, that have riven the twentieth century and helped to shape its literature. And because of this shortcoming he occasionally refuses to concede that within many contemporary novels his traditional "images" might be not so much lost as transmuted into new and radical configurations.

AGAIN, his prose is so slapdash and imprecise, so peppered with exclamation marks, gauche metaphors, arch asides, and one-sentence paragraphs, that by comparison the usual M.A. thesis begins to look like a stylistic masterpiece. At one place, while commenting on *Light in August*, this prose lapses into the cornpone syntax befitting a Faulknerian character: "In a house on this road the victim is caught in the deadly human machinery of fate, name of Joanna Burden."

Finally, the volume does not appear to have been proofread very scrupulously. On page 115 a statement about D. H. Lawrence's *The Man Who Died* has been turned into nonsense through the dropping of a single word; Faulkner published *A Fable* in 1954, not in 1950; and there are several other uneven spots of this order.

SR's Check List of Scholarly Books

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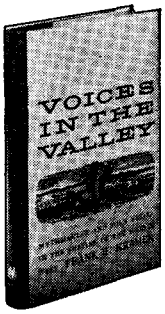
FAITH AND FICTION: Creative Process in Greene and Mauriac. By Philip Stratford. Notre Dame. $4.95.



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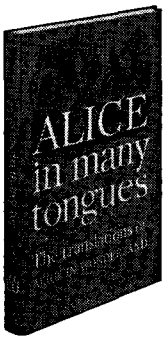

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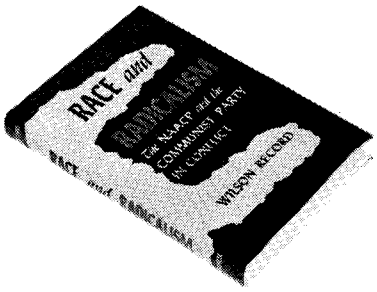

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Literary Horizons

Continued from Page 27

the poet's reputation. Her public career did not begin until 1890, four years after her death, when Thomas Wentworth Higginson published the first volume of her poetry. Higginson, of course, had been acquainted with her poems for some twenty years, and wrote an appreciative piece about her work. William Dean Howells also came somewhere near recognition of her distinction; but most of the early critics were blindly derisive. Thomas Bailey Aldrich even went so far as to rewrite one of her best poems, just to show what a sound knowledge of rhyme and meter could do.

Miss Dickinson's reputation grew slowly in the first two decades of the century, but in the Twenties the Emily Dickinson boom began, reaching its peak in 1930, her centennial year. Since then there has been a certain cooling down, and her work has been subjected to more careful analysis instead of being hailed by a cult; but most of the recent critics take her stature for granted.

Harry T. Moore, editor of the Crosscurrents series, has brought out a new edition of *After the Genteel Tradition* (University of Southern Illinois, $4.50), which first appeared in 1937. Malcolm Cowley, then literary editor of the *New Republic*, had solicited the essays as a series for that magazine, and he wrote an introduction and postscript for the book. Cowley has made some changes in preparing the new edition, and has added an essay of his own on Edwin Arlington Robinson.

It is a good book to be in print. Although some of the essays seem dated, many stand up very well. Lionel Trilling wrote on Willa Cather and Eugene O'Neill, Robert Cantwell on Upton Sinclair, John Chamberlain on Dreiser, Newton Arvin on Sandburg, John Peale Bishop on Hemingway, and so forth. The revolt against gentility now seems far in the past, but it was real and important, and this volume will help younger readers to understand what all the shooting was about.

Alms for Oblivion (University of Minnesota, $4.50) is a collection of essays by Edward Dahlberg, a novelist and critic highly esteemed by a small circle of admirers, among whom I am not to be numbered. Included here are a certain number of personal reminiscences, most of them dripping with venom; it appears that nearly all of the writers Dahlberg has known have been full of envy and malice, vices that he deplores—at least in other persons. Among the older writers on whom he expends his powers of vituperation is Herman Melville.

An uncommonly interesting book is William E. Wilson's *The Angel and the Serpent* (Indiana University, $6.95), an account of the New Harmony colony in Indiana. The colony was founded early in the nineteenth century by George Rapp, a pious German who was convinced of the imminence of the end of the world and sought to prepare his followers for that event. The colony prospered, but for various reasons Rapp decided in 1824 to move to Pennsylvania and to sell the property to Robert Owen. Owen, who was born in poverty and became a wealthy cotton manufacturer, had made himself a kind of universal reformer, with schemes for the improvement of practically everything, and he proposed to develop New Harmony according to his principles.

The ironic fact, as Wilson brings out, is that Rapp, whose eyes were fixed on the world to come, had a considerable worldly success at New Harmony, whereas Owen, whose aim was to build a paradise on earth, made rather a mess of things. There were schisms and scandals, and finally Owen returned to Great Britain. But if it failed as a demonstration of utopian society, New Harmony continued to function in one fashion or another, and Wilson presents a lively chronicle of its later years.

—Granville Hicks.

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On the Fringe

Continued from page 31

Lance Kirkpatrick Canon, Jon R. Davidson, Jon Jecker, Sarah B. Kiesler, and Elaine Walster. What have these eight good people been collaborating on? "What is a person doing during the time it takes to make a decision which both enables him to make the decision and determines what the decision is? What is his reaction after the decision is made? What is the relation between pre-decision and post-decision behavior?"

I'm following the publishing figures very closely on *Aging in Minnesota*, edited by Arnold M. Rose, (Minnesota, $6.75). If this "comprehensive survey of the elderly in one state" makes it to the best-seller list, I've got forty-nine great sequels in mind which should put me permanently on Easy Street.

Some university press books play it sneaky, just the way commercial publishers do. I think it unfair to put a spicy title on a spice-free book. I ordered a copy of *Continuous Model Theory*, by Chen-chung Chang and H. Jerome Keisler (Princeton, $2.75), absolutely certain that it was a history of *Playboy* magazine. Uh-uh—mathematics.

And guess what *The Theory of Sheaves*, by Richard G. Swan (Chicago, no price available), is about. An agricultural study? No. A monograph on Ruth? Wrong again. It's concerned with "a fundamental advance in a branch of algebraic pology."

Two upcoming books for fall, both to be published by the University of Chicago Press, have a nice "set" feeling about them: *The Decline of Hell* and *Gravitational Collapse*. It's a shame they have nothing in common. The first, by Daniel Pickering Walker, is about eternal torment in the seventeenth century; the second, edited by Messrs. Robinson, Schucking, and Schild, grew out of a Texas conference on relativity. No matter; they would still look wonderful on a bookshelf side by side, say between Dante's *Inferno* and *Paradise Lost*.

I can think of no better way to end this column than with a quote from Thomas Fuller which I gleaned from a letter Christopher Morley sent to Charles G. Proffitt, president and director of Columbia University Press, on January 30, 1932: "Learning hath gained most by those books by which the Printers have lost. Whereas Foolish Pamphlets prove most beneficial to the Printers."

The first sentence is a proper tribute to the university presses. The second, with "Printers" changed to "Columnist," will do nicely for yours truly. . . .

—Haskel Frankel.

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White Southerner

Continued from page 21

ter, in turn, had told him to "take care of it." He was too ashamed of the situation and of his role in it. I understand this, and I'm sorry for him. Yet I cannot help but think of what it would have meant to me had he been a man of different persuasion. He could have made this a fundamental learning experience for me. He could have taught me something profoundly useful about the realities of the environment in which I was going to have to live and work. He could have taught me something about guilt and responsibility, those two tangled threads in the emotional fabric of the white majority that explain so much of what is both good and bad about the South. He could have taught me something about the precarious role of leadership there. Above all, if only he had been honest with me, he could have helped me understand my own feelings. He could have helped me grow up a little faster.

Second, I realize now that the only sensible attitude I can have about the Southern Methodist Church is one of appreciation. I shall always, in particular, be grateful for that week at Junaluska. It was there that I first began to realize the power and excitement of an ennobling idea. However I may now be thought of as a person, Junaluska is clearly responsible for much of what I've become.

Finally, I've since come to know many Negroes as friends. This is not to say that I am entirely emancipated. Every now and again I have cause to be reminded just how enslaved I still am. Several years ago, for instance, I went back to Atlanta after a long absence. While there I went by the offices of the Southern Regional Council, an organization the Methodist Church helped found, an interracial organization that has done perhaps more than any in the South to ease the strain of desegregation. There I saw—unexpectedly, for I'd not known she'd gone to work for the council—a brilliant, charming Negro woman whom I'd met shortly after the war when she was director of the Atlanta Urban League. She saw me coming through her office door and rose spontaneously, giving a little cry of surprise. She came toward me as I went toward her, smiling, our arms outstretched, and, I believe sincerely, full of mutual affection. Then—involuntarily, without thinking, I pulled back. Something strong and terrible—the regional taboo I'd been fed with my Pablum—came between us. I could not bring myself to hug her or to kiss her, as I would have done instinctively on being reunited with any comparable white friend. She caught herself and pulled back, too. We shook hands and talked awkwardly a few minutes. That was that.

But even though I am not yet emancipated, I do know what it means to have a Negro as a friend. It means, for one thing, that I can never again think of the "Negro problem" as an "economic problem" or as a "social problem," which is the way even the most liberal professors in the South were teaching it in the Thirties and Forties. Once you've come to know a Negro as an individual, the race problem becomes purely a human problem; you can never again see an act of discrimination without reacting as if to a personal hurt. The inevitable result is the humanization of one's own awareness. Thus sensitized, you can never again make a decision—especially a business decision—without automatically considering its effects on the lives of individuals, whatever their race or creed.

So now that I'm thirty years older, I know enough to be grateful to the Negroes of this country. They have put things so clearly that I find myself obliged to act more rationally and with more emotional honesty. They are making me come to terms with myself—to integrate, if you please, my behavior with my principles, or otherwise to know myself for a hypocrite.

Indeed, I think they're forcing this kind of reconciliation on our whole white culture. For what else are Negroes saying but: "You taught us the Golden Rule. Whatever we know about democracy is what we've read in the United States Constitution, which you wrote. All that we ask is that you believe what you say and act as you believe." In our own words they are thus describing our job for us, spelling it out more plainly than we ourselves have heretofore had the courage to do. Now, believe me, I do understand. That job is for us, as individuals, to pull ourselves together, no less than it is for us, as citizens, to pull our society together.

But though it is the Negro who is forcing the question, it is not to the Negro that we owe an answer. It is to ourselves, to us of the white majority. Nor is it only the Negro who will gain by our answer. In the act of pulling ourselves together, we will have found a new freedom. In effect, we will have written a new Emancipation Proclamation—this one for ourselves.

So, at last, now that I'm older, I think I've learned what was wrong with that advice Polonius gave Laertes. He should have said, "First, know thyself." Then: "This above all—to thine own self be true. And it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." Then it might have made sense, even to a fourteen-year-old.

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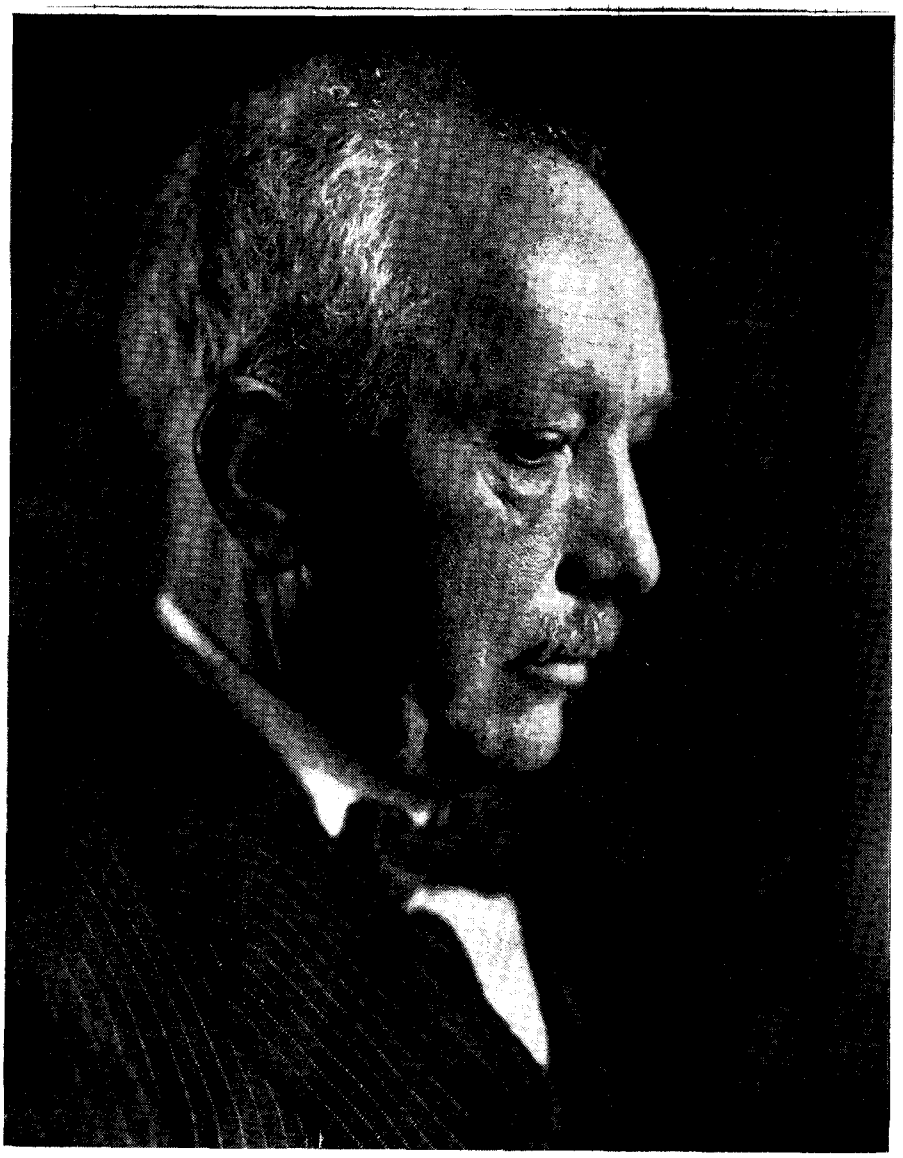

Portrait of Strauss taken by George Kossuth of Wheeling, West Virginia, during the composer's second visit to America in 1922.

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BOUQUET FOR STRAUSS

By IRVING KOLODIN

WITH the hundredth anniversary of Richard Strauss's birthdate only days away (June 11,) one thing may be predicted with relative certainty: all the eulogies and the appreciations will be written by music-lovers, few by contemporary musicians, least of all composers. For if there is any single subject on which a cross-section of contemporary composers would agree it is, probably, their restrained opinion of Strauss. For all the fact that he died forty years before Strauss and is thus a far more remote figure, Gustav Mahler, somehow, is an "in" composer; the titanic Richard, through whose influence Mahler received some vital performances at crucial times, is not even "out": he is "un."

Doubtless there are some sound reasons for this disaffection, but it is difficult to separate them wholly from the suspicion that the memory of Strauss is a kind of unpleasant presence at any foregathering of compositional fraternity brothers in this era. He was, for one thing, the last composer to cope successfully with almost every major compositional problem: orchestral, theatrical, vocal. His tone poems could no more be spared from the symphonic literature than his operas could from the theatrical repertory. I suppose one could imagine the song literature without *Zueignung* or *Beim Schlafengehen* — I mention these two from his nearly 150 songs because the first was written in 1882, and the second *sixty-six* years later, and both are masterpieces —but that is only because Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Wolf had created an abundance beyond the capacity of any performer to absorb. True, he wrote no piano concerto, but he did write a violin concerto, two for horn, and *Don Quixote*, in which cello and viola form a partnership unparalleled before or since.

Such versatility is, of itself, hard to explain away, even more difficult to denigrate. Fertility is, perhaps, more enviable, but when it is combined with the quality of production that typified Strauss even on his off-days, it may become downright infuriating. Secretly, though, I think that what irks many composers most profoundly about Strauss is that he was not only a versatile composer, a man of great fertility, and of enviably high standards: he was also greatly rewarded by the world, one who earned perhaps more from his music than any other composer in history.

This, one suspects, is the least forgivable of all his accomplishments. Why this should be so may be, for some, difficult to comprehend; certainly it was not held against Bernard Shaw by his fellow playwrights that he became even wealthier from his creative work than his great contemporary, Strauss. But the current of resentment runs deep if not too true. It is, I think, a matter of emphasis. With Shaw, the earnings are revelation to others of what they, too, might garner were they sufficiently clever. With Strauss, the earnings are an unpleasant reminder to others that their lack of similar acceptance is, somehow, a symbol of a shortcoming.

So, for purposes of purely personal aggrandizement, a double myth has been invented: one, that Strauss was really a very commercial fellow, who would do almost anything for money (the only thing he ever really did ex-

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Seven Ages of Strauss

For most of Richard Strauss's eighty-five years, there was hardly a time when a camera record of his activities was absent. Thus it is possible to present, herewith, a veritable Seven Ages of Man, amended to suit the circumstances of one who was never a soldier, full of strange oaths, but "schoolboy," "lover," "justice" (of his own court of honor), etc. Some of the sources of the pictures are as interesting as the subject matter itself.

Aged three: photo obtained from his sister (still living in Munich, aged 90, a few years ago).

Super schoolboy: young composer of the Weimar period (c.1884, aged 20).

—*Culver.*

First years of mastery, mid-Nineties, when first tone poems were being performed worldwide.

With his wife, Pauline de Ahna, whom he married in 1894, and their son, "Bubi."

Photo taken at Rodaun, near Vienna, country home of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, with whom he began to collaborate in 1908.

—*Culver.*

Legend in his lifetime—aged sixty.

—*Culver.*

The elderly sage of Garmisch, the photo was taken by a G.I. in 1945 (four years before Strauss's death), and given as a souvenir to Irving Kolodin, who visited the composer in that year.

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clusively for money was to conduct the same music in a department store that he conducted in a concert hall); the other, that such success could not possibly accrue to any composer who wrote high-minded music and did not pander to the public.

The only flaw in this kind of reasoning is that it simply isn't so. In his early years, Strauss was perhaps the most abused composer in history – certainly more so than Wagner. Not only his subject matter – from *Don Juan to Zarathustra* – was denounced as offensive, egotistical, and inacceptable: his musical treatments of them were rated, each in turn, as over-written, unplayable, and bombastic. He had few friends in the press in those early days: his friends were primarily among music lovers, professional and lay, who responded to what they heard. As for being high-minded, it was the commonest of complaints that Strauss's writings were so high-minded they were over the heads of most of those who listened to them. There is nothing in the least musically simple, even today, in the intertwined allusions to his own themes in *Ein Heldenleben* or the fugue in the section of *Zarathustra* entitled "Of Science." And, to the last, his mental powers served him unfailingly in the late oboe concerto, the duet concertino, the two sonatinas for wind instruments, and, of course, the *Metamorphosen*.

Thus, there must have been some other element in Strauss than writing down, or pandering, or otherwise compromising his standards, that enabled him to be not merely prolific and versatile and high-minded, but also enormously successful. I would state this as something more even than talent (rated by some as genius): I would attribute it to his roots deep in the soil of German music, to which he remained inextricably attached all his life, and from which he derived a sustenance unmatched by any contemporary, and now beyond recapture by any successor. Like Prokofiev and Poulenc—who, in their lesser ways, each strove for a kind of Straussian inclusiveness in their output—he was the end product of an abundant development (Hindemith was, perhaps, the echo of its dying fall), fulfilling the role for which destiny had cast him. "A minor player with a bit part in the last act," he is reputed to have said late in life about his relationship to those who had preceded him. But to be worthy of the company of such major "players" as Beethoven and Schumann, Mozart, Brahms, Schubert, Haydn, Bach, and Wagner, even a "bit player" would have to be a star.

How such a "bit player" (or "star") emerged from the background of his time is worth a moment's consideration. Richard Strauss was not only born at a time of intellectual division and esthetic conflict but, literally, into it. The son of the Munich Opera's most distinguished virtuoso of the French horn, Richard Strauss heard it said of his father Franz, by no less a sage than Richard Wagner, "Old Strauss is an unbearable fellow, but when he plays his horn, one cannot be cross with him."

What made Franz Strauss, by the measure of Wagner, a crusty dissident, made him, in the interests of a musical son, an ideal paterfamilias. Quick to recognize and encourage his son's extraordinary talents, Franz Strauss knew where and how to see to their furtherance. From the start he applied the level and the T-square of a high professional standard as his frame of reference. Within it there was no place for the slipshod, the meretricious, or the merely prodigious—qualities he would not indulge, after all, in the one to whom he referred scornfully as "the swindler of Bayreuth."

It has become customary to speak of Strauss's "life-long devotion to Mozart." Doubtless such a disposition was latent in him, but the more accessible model, in such a work as the Serenade for Thirteen Winds of 1881, was unquestionably Mendelssohn. In turn, in a matter of not much more than months, there came a trend to Brahms, a phase of Strauss that is recalled as often as one hears his early *Burleske* for piano and orchestra. Inevitably, however, Strauss was magnetized to Wagner, even if it meant "wolfing the score of *Tristan*" as he described it, without father Strauss finding out.

STRAUSS profited from these composers not only in what he learned about them from absorbing their impulses and examples, but also in what he learned about himself. He was soon clear in his own mind that he was no symphonist, that he would have to create "for every new work a correspondingly new form," a prescription he systematically proceeded to do in *Till Eulenspiegel* (a rondo), *Don Quixote* (a theme and variations), *Ein Heldenleben* (something like a total symphonic sequence in one movement), *Zarathustra* (a kind of gigantic suite), etc.

When he had exploited his command of the orchestra through the sequence of works that ended with the *Symphonia Domestica*, Strauss turned to the challenge of the stage, where success had eluded him in such early works as *Feuersnot* and *Guntram*. When he had completed *Salome, Elektra,* and *Rosenkavalier,* there was no doubt of his capacity to deal with any subject to which he addressed himself—orchestral or operatic, high tragedy or low comedy, grandiose or intimate. Nor that he had evolved a language suitable for the exposition of *any* problem to which he addressed himself.

The perplexing question to us music-lovers—as compared with the professionals who consider all such issues settled, and all the answers known (in part, because they have stopped asking such perplexing questions) – is: What has become of the Strauss vocabulary (Glenn Gould deals with this in his own fashion, on page 58) It was, when it was new, sufficient to impel Bela Bartók to a desire for a musical career (*Zarathustra* was the work, to judge from a statement in Serge Moreux's *Bartók*); it absorbed Arnold Schönberg in several early works, especially his *Pelléas und Mélisande*; and it earned the respect of Gustav Mahler, who said: "Strauss and I tunnel from opposite sides of the mountain: someday we shall meet." Stravinsky paid him the compliment (in *Expositions and Developments*) of describing the effect of *Heldenleben* on him as "an emetic."

Bartók and Schönberg each digressed —for better or worse—on ways of their own: and Mahler did not live long enough after that observation in 1908 (he died three years later) to extend his probe as far as it might have gone. With Strauss, the tunnel only inched forward slowly thereafter. And now, it seems, it is fated to remain a kind of deserted mine shaft, holding a prospect of riches still to be revealed, if anyone can ever resume its forward progress.

Or, in another image, sink roots far enough into the same soil to reach the depth of Strauss and Mahler. How promising a prospect this is can be judged from the clear evidence that even those who sought, at an earlier time, to absorb and perpetuate Strauss's substance only attained a loose command of his mannerisms (as in the case of Korngold). And there don't seem to be many now who can even deal with the mannerisms.

It is all too obvious that a return to the conditions of Strauss's youth, even to the mere thoroughness of his education and development under father Franz, is a hopeless unreality. So then, it would seem, would be the assumption of anything like a similar command of the musical language. It all reminds one almost too graphically of the broken pieces of Nothung bequeathed to Sieglinde from Siegmund. Try as he might, it could not be forged anew by Mime, artful smith—for ordinary purposes—that he was. It could, in the final outcome, only be fused anew by one with the giant strength of those who had created it in the first place.

The trouble with music today, for many of us, is that there are too many Mimes and not even one Siegfried.

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Strauss and the Electronic Future

By GLENN GOULD

ONE of the certain effects of the electronic age is that it will forever change the values that we attach to art. In fact, the vocabulary of esthetic criteria that has been developed since the Renaissance is mostly concerned with terms that are proving to have little validity for the examination of electronic culture. I refer to such terms as "imitation," "invention," and above all "originality," which in recent times have implicitly conveyed varying degrees of approval or censure, in accordance with the peculiarly distorted sense of historical progression that our age has accepted, but which are no longer capable of conveying the precise analytical concepts that they once represented.

Electronic transmission has already inspired a new concept of multiple-authorship responsibility in which the specific functions of the composer, the performer, and indeed the consumer, overlap. We need only think for a moment of the manner in which the formerly separate roles of composer and performer are now automatically combined in electronic tape construction or, to give an example more topical than potential, the way in which the home listener is now able to exercise limited technical and, for that matter, critical judgments, courtesy of the modestly resourceful controls of his hifi. It will not, it seems to me, be very much longer before a more self-assertive streak is detected in the listener's participation, before, to give but one example, a "do-it-yourself" tape editing is the prerogative of every reasonably conscientious consumer of recorded music (the *Hausmusik* activity of the future perhaps!). And I would be most surprised if the consumer involvement were to terminate at that level. In fact, implicit in electronic culture is an acceptance of the idea of multi-level participation in the creative process.

If we think for a moment about the way in which our concept of history has influenced our use of such words as "originality," some conventional judgments about artistic figures are placed in a very curious light indeed. For instance, we are forever being told that although Bach was a great man he was decidedly retrogressive in his own musical tastes—the implication being that had he been a little less of a genius, his remoteness from contemporary fashion would have quite done in his inspiration. Mendelssohn, after some violent fluctuations of the approval meter, is pretty much out of favor once again, not due to any lack of musical ability but largely for the reason that he was less innovation-prone than some of his colleagues, that his music is therefore less "original" and, one somehow is left to assume, less valuable. As a matter of fact, Mendelssohn provides a rather interesting case because the question of identification in our historical concept is quite often left to the observation of what you might call the quirk-quotient, the discovery at reasonably frequent intervals of some tell-tale response to a particular constructive problem for which a certain composer becomes noted. For instance, César Franck becomes noted for verbatim sequential transpositions: he thereby becomes easier to identify and the satisfaction of confirming the identification holds, for the uniquely illogical processes of the Western mind, the implication of unity within the particular work. But Mendelssohn, on the other hand, is inclined to spurn positive identity-factors of this kind and to draw instead upon what one could call negative factors. His work is more notable for those situations that he prefers to avoid than for the stylistic gestures that he attempts to indulge, and this is what infects his music with such a moving, puritanical quality. Since, however, the negative considerations of unity are out of fashion at the moment, so, unfortunately, is he.

Most of these ideas about the validity or lack of validity in a particular artistic procedure stem from an idea of history that has encouraged us to conceive of historical action in terms of a series of climaxes and to determine the virtues of artists according to the manner in which they participated in, or better still anticipated, the nearest climax. We tend to visualize a greatly exaggerated concept of historical transformation and, for reasons that seem expedient in helping us make history approachable and teachable (in order to make history captive is perhaps closer to the point), we tend to prefer antithetical descriptions of historical point and denial, and to these we assign descriptions, terms that are consequently infected with all sorts of extraneous notions about progress and retrogression.

The absurdity of these assumptions about progressivism could perhaps be illustrated if I were to suggest the various judgments that might be applied to the same artistic experiment if it happened to be labeled in a variety of ways. Let's assume that someone were to improvise at the piano a sonata in the style of Haydn and to pass it off, at first, as a genuine work of that composer. The value that the unsuspecting listener would assign to this opus (let's assume it was brilliantly done and most admirably Haydnesque) would very much depend upon the degree of chicanery of which the improviser was capable. So long as he was able to convince the audience that this work was indeed that of Haydn it would be accorded a value commensurate with Haydn's reputation.

But now let us imagine that the improviser decided to inform the listener that this was not in fact a work of Haydn, though it very much resembled Haydn, but was in fact a work by Mendelssohn. The reaction to this bit of news would run something along the lines of—"Well, a pleasant trifle—obviously old-fashioned but certainly shows a good command of an earlier style"—in other words, bottom-drawer Mendelssohn.

But one last examination of this hypothetical piece: let us assume that instead of attributing it to Haydn or to any later composer, the improviser were to insist that it was a long-forgotten and newly discovered work of none other than Antonio Vivaldi, a composer who was by seventy-five years Haydn's senior. I venture to say that, with that condition in mind, this work would be greeted as one of the true revelations of musical history—a work that would be accepted as proof of the farsightedness of this great master, who managed in this one incredible leap to bridge the years that separate the Italian baroque from the Austrian rococo, and our poor piece would be deemed worthy of the most august programs. In other words, the determination of most of our esthetic criteria, despite all our proud claims about the integrity of artistic judgment, derives from nothing remotely like an "art-for-art's-sake" approach. What they really derive from is what we could only call an "art-for-what-its-society-was-once-like" sake.

When you begin to examine terms like "originality" with reference to those constructive situations to which they do in fact analytically apply, the nature of the description that they provide tends to reduce the imitation-

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Recently, the brilliant Canadian musician, Glenn Gould has devoted less time to concertizing, more to writing, composing, and recording. Devotion to Strauss has been manifest in many ways, with a first performance of his variations on a motive from *Metamorphosen* scheduled for midsummer.

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invention ratio in a work of art quite properly to a simple matter of statistic. Within this statistic no work of art is ever genuinely "original"—if it were, it would in fact be unrecognizable. All art is really variation upon some other art, and the more we divorce the application of terms like "originality" from those analytical observations to which they can profitably apply, the more uncertain is the ground upon which we erect our evaluations of art.

NO artist of recent times has suffered more from the strange presumptions of this artistic-chronological parallel than has Richard Strauss. Very few of his critics are honestly able to deny that he was one of the consummate masters of the musical craft, but nevertheless he has become a thoroughly unfashionable and greatly misunderstood artist. The case against Strauss rests usually on the argument that:

a) He drew no artistic sustenance from the inspiration of twentieth century life;
b) His later works were in a somewhat less chromatic and hence "advanced" style than in fact were his early works; and
c) He simply lived too long and, as a composer, "dried up."

It is not uncommon to find analyses of his work that even attempt to identify the specific instant beyond which he is supposed to have run counter to the times. In recent years we have often been told that the great and truly inspired works of Strauss were all written prior to the first World War, and that thereafter the pressures of his own eminence, the unchallenged facility with which he wrote, the immediate access to the means of production that were at his disposal, that all of these took their toll, and that the post-World War I works are but a pallid reflection of his earlier achievements. One of the most startling verdicts of this kind comes not from a present-day writer aiming to put this doddering reactionary in his place, but from a 1920 essay by the American critic Paul Rosenfeld, who published a profile of the composer that states:

"Strauss was never the fine, the perfect artist. Even in the first flair of youth, even at the time when he was the meteoric, dazzling figure flaunting over all the bald pates of the universe the standard of the musical future, it was apparent that there were serious flaws in his spirit . . . in those days Strauss was unmistakably the genius, the original and bitingly expressive musician and one forgave his shortcomings because of the radiance of his figure, or remained only half conscious of them . . . today it is difficult to realize that Richard Strauss ever inspired such high hopes, that there was a time when he made Nietzsche's 'mad dream of a modern music,' appear realizable and that for a while the nimbus of Dionysius burned around his figure."

Rosenfeld goes on to pinpoint the moment at which Strauss, in his view, deserts the Nietzschean orbit. It happened, he seems to feel, with *Rosenkavalier* and *Ariadne*, of which he says, "he [Strauss] has become increasingly facile and unoriginal, has taken to quoting unblushingly Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky, Wagner, himself even . . . . Something in him has bent and been fouled."

Somewhat later in his portrait of Strauss, Rosenfeld drops the rather significant comment that he finds Strauss at his best when at his most brutal and that he notes a disturbing tendency in all his works (*Elektra* included!) to a certain "lascivious prettiness." It is here I think that, right or wrong, he reveals the bias of his particular argument against Strauss, because this comment is quite representative of that large body of opinion that holds that the early works, *Macbeth* through *Elektra*, let us say, hold quality in direct proportion to their motific muscularity, to the growth of that intense and angularly declamatory music which particularly marks the transition from the tone-poems to the earlier operas. To put it another way, the definitions of history are satisfied by the degree to which Strauss's earlier works progress in complexity, dissonance ratio, and rhythmic sophistication. But when the musical embodiment of that "lascivious prettyness" becomes dominant and the post-*Rosenkavalier* works reveal an increasing preoccupation with the retention of tonal formulae, supplemental as opposed to organic dissonance and rhythmic sobriety, Strauss is accused of deserting the historical movement in which it was assumed he had long coveted a niche.

The deficiencies of this argument arise from the fact that its proponents simply cannot tolerate the idea that the participation in a certain historical movement does not necessarily impose upon the participant the duty to accept the logical consequences of that movement. One of the irresistibly lovable facts about most human beings is that they are very seldom willing to accept the consequences of their own thinking. The fact that Strauss deserts the general movement of German expressionism (presumably in Rosenfeld's terms the embodiment of "Nietzsche's modernism") should not be more disturbing than the fact that that unquestioned innovator Arnold Schönberg found it extremely difficult in his later years to fulfill the rhythmic extenuations of his own motific theories. The fact is that above and beyond the questions of age and endurance, art is not created by rational animals and in the long run is better for not being so created.

Through all of Strauss's works there runs one prevalent ambition, the desire to find new ways in which the vocabulary of key-signature tonality can be augmented without at the same time being allowed to deteriorate into a state of chromatic immobility. When you examine the condition of the tonal language at the time when Strauss was a young man, and then summon the image of that tonality as it existed in his middle period (*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*), let us say, or in his late years (*Capriccio*) the contrast is striking. He inherited, after all, the diffuse improvisatory chromaticism of Wagner, the fascinating but never quite workable sequential-variation technique of Bruckner, and yet Strauss's work, while being involved with just as high a ratio of non-diatonic harmonic material as was that of Bruckner or Wagner, does not begin to approach that condition of satiety through which their structures more than occasionally became top-heavy. What Strauss did was to provide a method by which the chromatic language of late-Romantic tonality could be erected upon a more stable keel than that which Bruckner or Wagner laid.

The harmonic sense that enabled Strauss to do this was absolutely unique within the annals of tonality. From his earliest works, teenage amusements like the Violin Sonata or the Wind Serenade, it is immediately apparent that whatever else this composer lacks or possesses, no surer ear for the centrifugal implications of the tonal cadence ever existed. The achievement of Strauss's harmonic development becomes really significant when you consider that he assimilated the vocabulary of Wagnerian chromaticism, put it to work within the extraordinary vertical organization that he developed, and made it supplement the particular expressive purposes that belonged to Strauss alone. In doing this, he developed an infallible instinct for the har-

(*Continued on page* 72)

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Kahn, Morgan, and "Salome"

—*Pach Bros.*

Otto H. Kahn in 1910.

GIVEN sufficient patience, almost any historical sepculation may, by documentary evidence, eventually be proven true or untrue. In the case of the banishment of Strauss's *Salome* from the Metropolitan Opera more than fifty years ago (after a single public performance on January 22, 1907), it was as much as daring permitted for the press of the time to trace the objection to "the family of one of the most influential and powerful of the box-holders." In the speculative, off-the-record, word of mouth, this could be translated as J. P. Morgan.

In this previously unpublished letter to Strauss from the late Otto H. Kahn (written after the latter had taken over larger responsibilities in the running of the company at the Metropolitan in 1908), the speculation is proven unmistakably sound. As well as rejecting Morgan's offer to pay the composer the royalties for which they were liable over a period of years, the Kahn-led group did everything possible to secure the premiere of *Elektra* for the Metropolitan. The records show, however, that it was first performed at the rival Manhattan Opera (Hammerstein's theater) on February 1, 1910. It was not until December 9, 1913, that another Strauss opera was done at the Metropolitan, when *Der Rosenkavalier* had its American premiere. *Salome* had to wait until January, 1933.

KUHN, LOEB & CO.

William and Pine Streets,
New York, Den 29. Mai, 1910 8

Persönlich.

Sehr geehrter Herr Doctor:-

Many thanks for your friendly lines of the 16th, from which I am most happy to learn that you have regained your health completely.

Your frank comments are most appreciated. I can understand completely your "lust for revenge" against those responsible for the unfortunate *Salome* episode in New York. It is also quite understandable that you should regard "Orestes" Hammerstein as a ready tool for atonement; but permit me to point out that you are looking for Clytemnestra and her paramour in the wrong place.

The responsibility for the *Salome* veto must be shared by the clumsiness of Conried and the honestly-felt, but, in this case, totally inappropriate religiosity of Morgan. Conried tactlessly called the dress rehearsal for Sunday at eleven—the hour for church services—and invited "tout New York," thus attracting the attention and anger of churchmen, who stirred Morgan into action. Neither Morgan nor Conried have the slightest thing to do with the present Metropolitan Opera Company. As you know, Conried is no longer in our service. As for Morgan, I should like to explain that there are two Metropolitan Opera companies: the Metropolitan *Real Estate Company*, which owns the house, and the Metropolitan *Opera Company*, which as of the first of May, has rented it for a number of years and maintains independent rights. Mr. Morgan is connected only with the first-named company, and does not have the slightest interest in management or the results of managerial activities. The Metropolitan Opera Company, that is, the producing company, of which I am the chairman, is solely and totally responsible for the administration and its artistic and financial results. Whether these are good or bad can be neither beneficial nor detrimental to Mr. Morgan and his company. However, our own company, the Metropolitan Opera, is made up predominantly of "rare birds" [white crows], who, together with myself, have campaigned most energetically for *Salome*. The only black—or at least gray—crow among us was James Speyer, who is no longer connected with the company.

You ask who is in charge here. Gatti-Casazza, an excellent man who admires you very much, is General Manager. Dippel is Administrative Director. I am Chairman of the Board of Directors.

Whether or not we produce *Salome*, against which the Metropolitan Real Estate Company protested to our predecessor, the Conried-Metropolitan Opera Company (whose legal responsibilities have been taken over by our new organization), whether or not we produce *Elektra*, is of absolutely no concern to the wallet or emotions of Mr. Morgan and his company. Their protest, however, remains effective until, sooner or later, your hoped-for and inevitable retraction is forthcoming. Ergo, since you aim your just wrath at us, you affect Mr. Morgan not at all; instead you harm *us* first of all, and second, yourself, financially at least (for if you make punitive conditions for us but not for Hammerstein, the unavoidable result will be that your works will be done only by Hammerstein and not in both houses—not to mention the fact that our troupe tours a great portion of the country, while Hammerstein plays only in New York and Philadelphia). The only one who can profit is "Orestes" Hammerstein, the "tertius gaudens duobus litigantibus."

So, you see the guilty ones are not in our house. You are on the wrong track, and I hope most sincerely that you will call a halt so that the "horrible being of the night" will no longer haunt our guiltless steps.

I was very happy to hear of the tremendous success of the Berlin Philharmonic under your direction. I should very much like to have the opportunity sometime to admire you as a concert conductor; perhaps that pleasure awaits me when I visit Europe next year. It is a shame that you are not coming here, but it is not surprising that you have no desire to do so.

Mit besten Grüssen,

Ihr aufrichtig ergebener,

Otto H. Kahn

Viel Glück im neuen Hause
und meine ergebensten Empfehlungen
an Ihre Frau Gemalin

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—*Culver.*

ith Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera enter) and Alfred Hertz (right), who conducted the first performance of *er Rosenkavalier* at the Metropolitan.

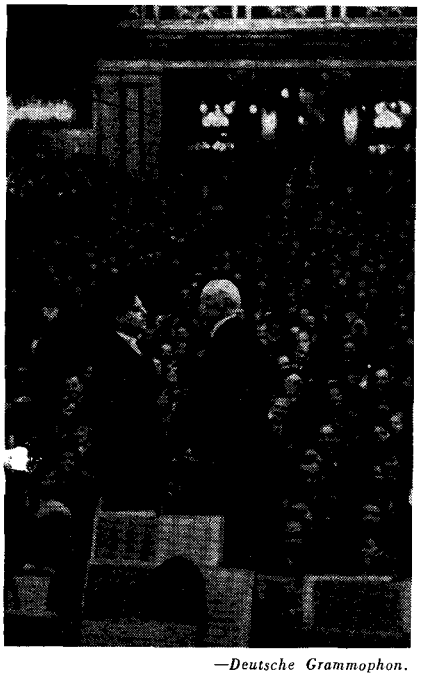
With Leopold Stokowski (left) during Strauss's American tour of 1922. The photo was taken in Philadelphia.

Strauss and His Interpreters

In the long perspective of his career, Richard Strauss's collaborators ranged wide among the leading conductors, instrumentalists, and vocalists of three generations. These samples were selected from the chance possibilities of a photo collection and give an aleatoric touch to the Straussian theme.

—*Culver.*

With soprano Elisabeth Schumann, one of his favorite song interpreters. He accompanied her at the piano in the tour mentioned above.



—*Deutsche Grammophon.*

: a concert celebrating his eightieth birth-.y in war-time Vienna (1944). The nductor is Karl Böhm. Note the :gely uniformed audience (in the Musik-reinssaal).

On his last visit to London in 1947, with Sir Thomas Beecham, who presented a Strauss festival on his behalf. It was during this time that Strauss attended Beecham's recording sessions of scenes from *Elektra*.

—*Culver.*

With soprano Maria Jeritza, after the Vienna premiere of *Die ägyptische Helena*, in which she sang the title role. (1928)

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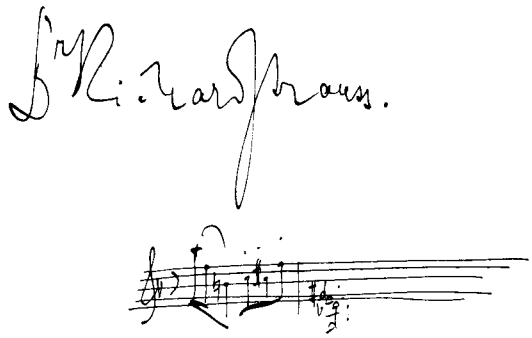
Richard Strauss:

A Centennial Discography



This autograph of the first measure of *Till* is dated Berlin, 1905

STRAUSS'S music has long been abundantly represented in the record catalogues, from a dim-sounding *Till Eulenspiegel* on four faces of an early Polydor shellac (the composer conducting) to the latest monthly supplement of Schwann. These have ranged from the most familiar tone poems in countless duplications to the more recondite esoterica. In the following listing are preserved references to works in which Strauss is his own conductor as well as reproductions of his playing from piano rolls. Discontinued items are contained within brackets. Individual songs have been excluded, for their abundance would require another discography of equal length.

STRAUSS AS INTERPRETER

None of the orchestral or vocal recordings listed in this section is being produced in this country at present. Many of these items have appeared on more than one label and at more than one playing speed; in each case, the edition listed here is the one most recently available. All Polydor numbers are 78-rpm; Decca "DL" numbers are LP.

Strauss Conducts Strauss

EINE ALPENSYMPHONIE, OPUS 64. *Bavarian State Opera Orch.*, HMV DB-5662-5667S (78, not issued USA).

ARIADNE AUF NAXOS: OVERTURE. *Berlin State Opera Orch.*, Electrola 040869 (acoustical 78).

DER BUERGER ALS EDELMANN SUITE, OPUS 60. (a) *Berlin State Opera Orch.*, Decca DL-9576; (b) *Vienna Philharmonic*, Urania URRS7-8.

DON JUAN, OPUS 20. *Berlin State Opera Orch.*, Polydor 66902/903.

DON QUIXOTE, OPUS 35. (a) *Berlin State Opera Orch., with Enrico Mainardi, cello*, Polydor 27320/324; (b) *Bavarian State Orch., with O. Uhl, cello*, Decca DL-9539.

FESTMUSIK (for the 2,600th Anniversary of the Japanese Empire, 1940). Bavarian State Opera Orch. Polydor 67599/67600.

EIN HELDENLEBEN, OPUS 40 (a) *Berlin State Opera Orch.*, Polydor 69840/844; (b) *Bavarian State Orch.*, Decca DL-9602.

INTERMEZZO—ENTR'ACTE & WALTZ SCENE. *Berlin State Opera Orch.*, Polydor 69867 & 69868.

DER ROSENKAVALIER—SUITE (arranged 1926 for a film, not the "standard" suite). *Augmented Tivoli Orch.*, Victor 9280/9283 (78).

DER ROSENKAVALIER—WALTZES FROM ACT II. *Berlin State Opera Orch.*, Polydor 69854.

DER ROSENKAVALIER—"WALZERFOLGE," ACT III. *Bavarian State Orch.* (coupled with *Salome* selection, below).

SALOME—SALOME'S DANCE. *Berlin Philharmonic* (coupled with item immediately above), Deutsche Grammophon EPL-30538 (45-rpm, available in Europe, not issued USA).

TILL EULENSPIEGEL'S LUSTIGE STREICHE, OPUS 28. *Berlin State Opera Orch.*, Deutsche Grammophon EPL-30431 (45-rpm, available now in Europe, not issued USA).

TOD UND VERKLAERUNG, OPUS 24. *Berlin State Opera Orch.*, Polydor 69849/851.

Strauss Conducts Other Music

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 5. *Berlin State Opera Orch.*, Polydor 66814/817.

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 7. *Berlin State Opera Orch.*, Polydor 69836/839.

CORNELIUS-LISZT: Der Barbier von Bagdad: Overture. *Berlin Philharmonic*, Polydor 66936.

GLUCK: Iphigénie en Aulide: Overture. *Berlin Philharmonic*, Polydor 66829.

MOZART: Symphony No. 39. *Berlin State Opera Orch.*, Polydor 69833/835.

MOZART: Symphony No. 40 (original version, without clarinets). *Berlin State Opera Orch.*, Brunswick set M-22 or Polydor 95442/445.

MOZART: Symphony No. 41 ("Jupiter"). *Berlin State Opera Orch.*, Brunswick set M-5 or Polydor 69845/848.

MOZART: Die Zauberflöte: Overture. *Berlin State Opera Orch.*, Polydor 66826.

WAGNER: Der fliegende Holländer: Overture. *Berlin Philharmonic*, Polydor 66830.

WAGNER: Tristan und Isolde: Prelude to Act I. *Berlin Philharmonic*, Polydor 66832.

Strauss at the Piano

Accompaniments to Strauss songs (all acoustical 78s) GEHEIMNIS and DIE NACHT. Schlusnus, Polydor 62366. HEIMKEHR and ICH LIEBE DICH. *Schlusnus*, Polydor 62364. RUHE, MEINE SEELE. *Schlusnus*, Polydor 62365. MORGEN and BREIT UBER MEIN HAUPT. *Hutt*, Polydor 62363. TRAUM DURCH DIE DAEMMERUNG and FREUNDLICHE VISION. *Tauber*, Odeon (no number).

From Welte-Mignon piano rolls, recorded 1906: *Salome*—"Dance of the Seven Veils" and other fragments; *Ein Heldenleben*—"Love Scene"; *Feuersnot*—"Love Scene"; *Stimmungsbilder* (piano suite), Op. 9—No. 2, "An einsamer Quelle," No. 3, Intermezzo, & No. 4, "Reverie," Welte Legacy 673, 673-S (to be released in October). *Salome* and *Heldenleben* material also on Telefunken 97013 (though not taped from same player mechanism). *Salome* fragments only also in "Legendary Masters of the Piano," a three-disc "sampler" from the new Welte Legacy series issued last year by Book-of-the-Month Club.

OTHER NOTABLE RECORDINGS OF STRAUSS'S MUSIC, PAST AND PRESENT

This list of recordings in which the composer himself did not *participate includes both current and discontinued items, most chosen for their outstanding qualities, a few included as "only versions" of the respective titles on discs. The discontinued recordings are shown in brackets, following current listings. In the case of a recording that has been issued in more than one format (e.g., 78-rpm item transferred to LP), only the more recent edition is listed. All numbers LP unless otherwise indicated, and stereo numbers are given in italics.*

ORCHESTRAL (including excerpts from operas)

EINE ALPENSYMPHONIE, OPUS 64. [*Karl Böhm, Saxon State Orch.*, Decca DL-9970] (N.B.: Still available in Europe as DGG DGM-18476).

ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA, OPUS 30. *Reiner, Chicago Sympony*, RCA Victor LM-2609, *LSC-2609; Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch.*, Columbia ML-5947, *MS-6547*; [*Koussevitzky, Boston Symphony*, Camden, CAL-173; *Krauss, Vienna Philharmonic*, London LL-232].

AUS ITALIEN. OPUS 16. [*Clemens Krauss, Vienna Philharmonic*, London LL-969].

DER BUERGER ALS EDELMANN SUITE, OPUS 60. *Victor Desarzens, Lausanne Chamber*

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Orch., Westminster XWN-19026, *WST-17026*; [*Krauss, Vienna Philharmonic*, London LL-684; *Ferdinand Leitner*, Berlin Philharmonic, Decca DL-9903].

BURLESKE FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA. *Rudolf Serkin, with Ormandy cond. Philadelphia Orch.*, Columbia ML-5168; [*Friedrich Gulda, with Collins cond. London Symphony*, London LL-1158; *Byron Janis, with Reiner cond. Chicago Symphony*, RCA Victor LM-2127].

HORN CONCERTOS NOS. 1 & 2. *Dennis Brian, with Sawallisch cond. Philharmonia Orch.*, Angel 35496; *Myron Bloom with Szell cond. Cleveland Orch.* (No. 1 only), Epic LC-3841, *BC-1241*.

OBOE CONCERTO. [*Leon Goossens, with Galliera cond. Philharmonia Orch.*, Columbia ML-4775]. (N.B.: Just reissued in England as HMV CLP- 1698; no word from EMI regarding release in USA).

VIOLIN CONCERTO. [*Siegfried Borries, with Arthur Rother cond. Berlin Radio Orch.*, Urania URLP-7032].

DANCE SUITE AFTER COUPERIN. *Erich Kloss, Frankenland State Orch.*, Lyrichord LLP-58; [*Rodzinski, Royal Philharmonic* (omitting second movement), Capitol G-7147, *SG-7147*].

DIVERTIMENTO AFTER COUPERIN. *Arthur Rother, Berlin Radio Orch.*, Urania UR-7042, *US-57042*.

DON JUAN, OPUS 20. *Karajan, Vienna Philharmonic*, London CM-9278, *CS-6209*; *Krauss, Vienna Philharmonic*, Richmond B-19043; *Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch.*, Columbia ML-5724, *MS-6324*; *Reiner, Chicago Symphony*, RCA Victor LM-2462, *LSC-2462*; *Stokowski, New York Stadium Symphony Orch.*, Everest LPBR-6023, *SDBR-3023*; *Szell, Cleveland Orch.*, Epic LC-3439, *BC-1011*; *Bruno Walter, New York Philharmonic*, Columbia ML-5338; [*Fritz Busch, London Philharmonic*, Victor DM-351 (78); *Mengelberg, Concertgebouw Orch.*, Mercury MG-15000; *Toscanini, NBC Symphony*, RCA Victor LM-1157].

DON QUIXOTE, OPUS 35. *Szell, Cleveland Orch., with Pierre Fournier*, Epic LC-3786, *BC-1135*; *Reiner, Chicago Symphony, with Antonio Janigro*, RCA Victor LS-2384, *LSS-2384*; [*Beecham, New York Philharmonic, with Alfred Wallenstein, cello*, Victor M-144 (78); *Beecham, Royal Philharmonic, with Paul Tortelier*, HMV DB-6796/6800 (78); *Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch., with Emanuel Feuermann*, Camden CAL-202; *Krauss, Vienna Philharmonic, with P. Fournier*, London LL-855; *Toscanini, NBC Symphony, with Frank Miller*, RCA Victor LM-2026; *Reiner, Pittsburgh Symphony, with Gregor Piatigorsky*. Entre RL-3027].

DUET CONCERTINO [*George Caylor, clarinet, & Don Christlieb, bassoon, with Harold Byrns cond. Los Angeles Chamber Orch.*, Capitol P-8115].

FANFARE DER STADT WIEN (1934) & FEIERLICHER EINZUG DER RITTER DES JOHANNITERORDENS (1909). *Trompetenchor der Stadt Wien*. English Decca *SEC-5014* (45-rpm stereo, not available USA).

FESTIVAL PRELUDE, OPUS 61. *Bernstein, New York Philharmonic, with E. Power Biggs, organ*, Columbia ML-5798; *MS-6398*; *Böhm, Berlin Philharmonic, with Wolfgang Meyer, organ*, DGG LPM-18866, *SLPM-138866*.

FEUERSNOT—LOVE SCENE. *Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch.*, Columbia ML-5177; [*Beecham, Royal Philharmonic*, RCA Victor 12-0289 (78)].

DIE FRAU OHNE SCHATTEN — SYMPHONIC FRAGMENTS. *Leinsdorf, Philharmonia Orch.*, Capitol P-8548, *SP-8548*; *Ormandy, Philadelphia*, Columbia ML-5333.

EIN HELDENLEBEN, OPUS 40. *Beecham, Royal Philharmonic*, Capitol G-7250, *SG-7250*, *Karajan, Berlin Philharmonic*, DGG LPM-18550, *SLPM-138025*; *Reiner, Chicago Symphony*, Victrola VIC-1042, *VICS-1042*; *Leinsdorf, Boston Symphony*, RCA Victor LM-2641, *LSC-2641*; *Leopold Ludwig, London Symphony Orch.*, Everest LPBR-6038, *SDBR-3038*; *Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch.*, Columbia ML-5649, *MS-6249*; [*Mengelberg, Concertgebouw Orch.*, Capitol P-8013; *Mengelberg, New York Philharmonic*, Camden CAL-337; *Krauss, Vienna Philharmonic*, London LL-659].

JOSEPHSLEGENDE, BALLET, OPUS 63. *Kurt Eichhorn, Munich State Opera Orch.*, Urania UR-244/2, *US-5244/2*.

DIE LIEBE DER DANAE—SYMPHONIC FRAGMENTS. [*Barbirolli, Halle Orch.*, HMV ALP-1335, not issued USA].

MACBETH, OPUS 23. [*Swoboda, Vienna Symphony Orch.*, Westminster XWN- 18078].

METAMORPHOSEN. *Klemperer, Philharmonia Orch.*, Angel 35976, *S-35976*.

PARERGON TO THE SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA, OPUS 73. *Paul Wittgenstein, piano, with Eric Simon cond.* Boston B-412, *B-1011*.

ROSENKAVALIER SUITE. *Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch.*, Columbia ML-5333.

ROSENKAVALIER WALTZES. *Reiner, Chicago Symphony* (arr. Reiner), RCA Victor LM-2112, *LSC-2112*; [*Jochum, Concertgebouw Orch.* (first and second sequences). Epic LC-3769, *BC-1127*].

SALOME'S DANCE. *Karajan, Vienna Philharmonic*, London CM-9280, *CS-6211*; *Stokowski, New York Stadium Orch.*, Everest LPBR-6023, *SDBR-3023*; [*Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch.*, Columbia AL-12; *Reiner, Chicago Symphony*, RCA Victor LM-1806].

SCHLAGOBERS, BALLET, OPUS 70. *Erich Kloss, Frankenland State Orch.*, Lyrichord LLP-41 (2 discs).

SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA, OPUS 53. *Szell, Cleveland Orch.* (to be released by Epic this year, mono and stereo); [*Krauss, Vienna Philharmonic*, London LL-483; *Reiner, Chicago Symphony*, RCA Victor LM-2103].

SYMPHONY IN F MINOR, OPUS 12. *Herbert Häfner, Vienna Orch.*, SPA 17.

SYMPHONY FOR WINDS, OPUS POSTH. *Izler Solomon, M-G-M Orch.*, M-G-M E-3097; [*Karl Haas, London Baroque Ensemble*, Decca DL-9761].

(*Continued on page 69*)

"A memento of Niagara Falls and the Buffalo Orpheus" is the German caption for the photograph above, taken during Strauss's first American tour of 1904. The composer is the central figure in the rear row. All indications are that the "falls" and splashing water are a backdrop in a photographer's studio.

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Strauss and His Contemporaries

By ROBERT BREUER

IN A statement Richard Strauss made in Vienna during the summer of 1942, he recast the familiar definition of "a contemporary" as "merely a person living in the same generation." Instead, Strauss said, "in such epochs as ours, more or less everyone, be he friend or foe, is our companion in fate."

Walter Thomas, a German-born journalist and critic, is the author of a recently published book dealing with Richard Strauss and his contemporaries (*Richard Strauss und seine Zeitgenossen*, Langen-Müller, Munich-Vienna). While serving as an administrative officer in the Vienna State Opera during the Nazi years (a position from which he was dismissed in 1944), Thomas wrote about cultural events and outstanding musical personalities whom he came to know personally. He was in close contact with Strauss for many years and continued that friendship throughout the immediate postwar era.

His treatise is interesting and novel for several reasons. First of all, although it centers on Strauss, it is neither a biographical nor a critical account. It avoids worshipping Strauss as the sole and unique hero of his era; at the same time, it does not unduly detract from his position *sub specie aeternitatis*—a position later generations will be much better equipped to judge. The new and refreshing thing about this well-documented book is that it is the first attempt we know of to explore Strauss's life and personality, as well as his *oeuvre*, in terms of the powerful personalities who influenced, guided, and attracted him.

Although he borrows freely from the Strauss literature and quotes many passages from the composer's correspondence with his text-writers, Thomas makes impartial observations, spiced with many heretofore unpublished statements found in letters and documents kept in the Garmisch-Partenkirchen Strauss Archives. In addition, the author draws upon a wealth of candid utterances made by Strauss himself and by several of his friends and adversaries.

It is not surprising that the material proved too voluminous to be presented in a single book, for Strauss's life span of over eighty-five years began in the second half of the nineteenth century and reached into the beginning of the nuclear and space age. Thomas therefore wisely decided to deal in a separate volume with Strauss's relations to the performing artists of his time.

The book's three sections are devoted to: (a) Strauss's European contemporaries in the field of music, literature, fine arts, and philosophy; (b) the composer's most faithful and congenial friends (his "Dioscuri"), and his outspoken adversaries and enemies (his "Antipodes"); and (c) his helpers "in the workshop," *i.e.*, the authors of the *Lieder* texts and the librettists of the stage works.

Inevitably, much of Thomas's material is familiar, however interestingly presented. Strauss connoisseurs may know, for instance, the views the composer of *Rosenkavalier* and *Arabella* had about such craftsmen as Puccini, Mascagni, d'Albert, and Lehár. Similarly, Strauss's rifts with such "potentates" as Emperor Wilhelm II, Cosima and Siegfried Wagner, Franz Schalk, and Felix Weingartner, and—in his defense of Stefan Zweig—with some of the Nazi bigwigs, have been dealt with before. And from his "artistic testament," handed to Karl Böhm, his general verdicts on opera composers could be seen previously; however, chapters on the Ernest Newman-Bernard Shaw controversy, on Strauss's long and unimpaired friendship with Romain Rolland, and on the antagonism existing between Strauss and his greatest rival, Hans Pfitzner, contain much that is new and of special importance.

The Newman-Shaw controversy stemmed from the publication in the British journal, *The Nation*, of an adverse criticism by Ernest Newman of the Beecham-conducted London premiere of *Elektra*. It led to a series of angry exchanges in print between Newman and Shaw. Although today the issues of their debate are moot, the affair has never before been discussed in the German Strauss literature. Thomas takes great pains to prove the similarities existing between the anti-religious Strauss (the only composer of rank who never wrote a mass, requiem, or oratorio) and the Irish poet, scoffing at any form of traditionalism.

With neither a German nor an English translation existing of the Samazeuilh-edited correspondence between Strauss and Rolland, the inclusion of noteworthy parts of this fruitful exchange is highly valuable. It confirms anew Strauss's position as a citizen of the world, the same outstanding quality of character that Stefan Zweig, a one-time Mahler disciple, was later to admire. It reveals Strauss as a creative artist far above political currents, a thinker whose independent spirit transcended the boundaries of nationality, its only object being the enrichment of that Western culture which Strauss and the French writer-pacifist knew to be their common heritage.

Both Strauss and Pfitzner died in the same year, Pfitzner having been five years younger than his "competitor," whom he both greatly admired and greatly despised. Their relationship was overshadowed from the beginning by misunderstandings and lost opportunities for a frank interchange between the two men. These can be traced in part not only to the overemphasis on everything Teutonic that Pfitzner displayed from his early youth, but also to the artistic and financial success Strauss was enjoying while the score of Pfitzner's first opera was still going begging. Pfitzner's feeling against Strauss was, later on, cynically exploited and enflamed by a clique of scribes who hailed the composer of *Palestrina* as the sole successor to the great German Romanticists. The continuous struggle between the disadvantaged Pfitzner and the towering figure of Strauss brought about the creation of two hostile camps. One, siding with Pfitzner, included Max Schillings, Bruno Walter, and (astonishingly) Thomas Mann. The other faction, faithful to Strauss, was led by Hofmannsthal, Humperdinck, Gerhart Hauptmann, etc. Alma Mahler-Werfel, who in her memoirs displayed a marked partiality for Pfitzner, is here repeatedly called to account for some of her rather vague and one-sided statements.

Strauss's life was marred by countless hours of utter despair and loneliness and by a meandering search for meaning in an existence blessed with success, fame, and material goods. This aspect of his complex personality distinctly comes to the fore in the rich and rewarding exchanges of letters with Hofmannsthal, Zweig, Gregor, and Clemens Krauss. The composer's handwriting remained amazingly unchanged from the earliest memos of postcards addressed to his parents until his final communications to such friends as Rudolf Hartmann and Willi Schuh; it shows him to have been a man of set principles and of a determined mind. Yet, as Thomas concludes, his earnestness and

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stoic temperament were but one side of a medal; the other side showed the sparkle and witticism of an unashamed and unabated Eulenspiegel, rogue, and, sometimes, *advocatus diaboli*. How could it have otherwise been possible, that Strauss, a lifelong believer in Schopenhauer's theory that music is the highest achievement in art, and a subscriber to Nietzsche's thesis (as envisaged by Wagner) that everything tragic must have its roots in "the spirit of music," should at the end of his career again turn in *Capriccio* to comedy?

Thomas's vividly written account abounds with countless episodes depicting the humor and the trivialities, the greatness and importance, of a bygone era. Aside from minor inaccuracies, there are three mistakes that should be corrected. When Strauss was presenting Puccini's *Il Trittico* (during his term as co-director of the Vienna State Opera), *Il Tabarro* and *Gianni Schicchi*—were certainly not followed by *Fra Angelico* (*Suor Angelica* completes the *trittico*). And Shaw, ending an article in his dispute with Newman, did not cite a "German Wagner line" when he sarcastically barked: "And now, Ernest—*triff noch einmal!*" For "strike, strike again!" are Elektra's words to Orestes. To find *Schlagobers* ("Whipped Cream," the title of Strauss's Viennese ballet) used as plural and, in addition, of feminine gender (*'Die Schlagobers'*) is both shocking and bewildering considering the author's, the editor's and the proofreaders' nationality. But, perhaps, Strauss, the Bavarian, felt more at home in a Vienna whose glorious whipped-cream, past is merely a dream for today's generation.

"The Hero's Adversary" (1898), from Ernst Krause's *Richard Strauss: Gestalt und Werk.*

The Strauss Bookshelf

A Selective Bibliography

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—Compiled by Martin Bernheimer.

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Recordings in Review

Hérold—". . . confident melodist, tasteful harmonist."

By the composer of *Zampa*

HEROLD: *Le Pré aux Clercs. Jesus Etcheverry conducting, with Renée Doria, Michel Sénéchal, Pierre Giannotti, Michèle Le Bris, etc.* Westminster WST 19062, $4.98; stereo 17062, $4.98.

For most music lovers, Louis Joseph Ferdinand Hérold composed one work, and that an overture to an otherwise unknown opera titled *Zampa*. If the music lover is also an enthusiast for the ballet, it is possible that he knows *La Fille mal gardée*, especially as it has been recently included in the repertory of England's Royal Ballet. But what kind of vocal composer it was who had a dozen and a half works produced at the Opéra Comique and another two at the Paris Opéra is likely to have eluded him altogether.

This venture (derived from a release sponsored in France by Vega) contains some of the answers for *Le Pré aux Clercs* (Scholar's Meadow), or as many as can be compressed into forty-three minutes of a three-act work. Together they convey the impression of a man who was a confident melodist, a tasteful harmonist (by the common standard of 1832 when it was first given at the Opéra-Comique) who looks ahead to Offenbach as well as back to early Auber and Boieldieu. Unfortunately, he did not have the longevity of the former, remarking shortly before his death (only a month after the premiere of *Le Pré aux Clercs*), "I am going too soon; I was just beginning to understand the stage."

According to the commentary of Gustave Chouquet in the latest *Grove's Dictionary*, *Le Pré aux Clercs* outranked all other works of Hérold in the favor of the French, though *Zampa* was preferred in Germany. In it, by the estimate of Chouquet, "Hérold not only did much to elevate the tone of French opéra-comique, but had the satisfaction of treating a historical subject." If historical, the subject is hardly unique, for it concerns a member of the Queen's court (Marguerite of Navarre) who is commanded by the King to marry an elderly count she does not love. Eventually the young lord for whom she pines shows up from the country, fights a duel with the count, and thus earns the wedding for which they both yearn.

The music Hérold has written for this purpose is, not surprisingly, more than kin to *La Fille mal gardée*. It is lively, rhythmic, and characterized by a pastoral charm that well suits the subject (as the ballet does its own pastoral theme). Best of the singers are Renée Doria, who is not distressed by the occasional flights of fioritura for Isabelle, and Michel Sénéchal, who sings well the part of Mergy, her childhood sweetheart from the country. The others (Michèle Le Bris as the Queen and Pierre Giannotti as the intermediary who brings the lovers together) are able enough for their requirements, and conductor Jesus Etcheverry makes a diverting experience of the whole. This will hardly cause a stampede to record the other score or so of Hérold's works, but it will be sought out and prized by those who welcome the opportunity to fill in a missing chapter in the history of French opera.

Reiner and "his" Orchestra

HAYDN: *Symphonies No. 95 in C minor and 101 in D ("Clock"). Fritz Reiner conducting.* RCA Victor LM 2742, $4.98; stereo LSC 2742, $5.98.

Whatever the great conductors of our time may have disagreed about—and the number of such differences is incalculable—they took a stand on one common ground: the symphonies of Joseph Haydn. Whether Toscanini or Furtwängler, Walter or Van Beinum, Beecham or Koussevitzky (to mention only those now dead), they shared an interest that can only point to one conclusion: a belief that the culture of an orchestra can be more graphically demonstrated in the performance of Haydn than by anything else.

Fritz Reiner's final recordings are proof of the same point, but with a difference. The orchestra with which he spent the last recording sessions of his life in September, 1964, had no identity before, nor since. It was, for all the fact that the label designates it as "his," an *ad hoc* improvisation, handpicked to be sure, but still, in Mark Twain's description of the Missouri mule, without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity.

The more remarkable, then, that in a few short hours it became something more than even a Reiner orchestra: it became a Haydn orchestra, with the fluency of strings, the punctuating proficiency of woodwinds, brass, and percussion to execute his phrases, sentences, and periods as if they had been doing it together for years. Such refinement of style, such grace of execution as may be heard in the great slow movements of the two favored works—No. 95 in C minor and No. 101 in D, known as the *Clock*—can only emanate from one source: peerless leadership, molding the human material at his disposal to the shape in his mind as a master sculptor forms clay.

When those who have been unfortunate enough not to experience the abilities of Reiner at first hand undertake to reconstruct them from his recordings, they will give rightful importance to the great and smooth functioning machine he made of the Chicago Symphony. But they should also give weight to what he did, in less than twelve hours of September, 1963, to make this last act of his career worthy of all that went before.

Thinking Man's Mozart

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 5 in C minor.* MOZART: *Symphony No. 41 in C. George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra.* Epic 3882, $4.98; stereo BC 1282, $5.98.

A new recording of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony may not be just what the recorded literature needs: by the latest count, the Schwann total runs to nearly two dozen. But when such a new version provides second-side space for George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra to convey their current views on the *Jupiter*, then objection must be muted if not stifled.

Substantially this is the *Jupiter* performance that gave cause to endorse Szell as the thinking man's conductor when it was heard in Carnegie Hall in February. The new opportunity for appraisal provided by the recording heightens rather than lessens esteem for the order of effort expended. What was, in the actual experience, a constant revelation in accomplishment becomes, in the closer scrutiny possible with a recording, an illuminating commentary

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on the means employed to realize that accomplishment.

In effect, Szell has decided that, in scoring this work as he has, Mozart meant his trumpets and drums to be heard. He has, accordingly, arranged the sonorous values of strings and woodwinds (French horns in this category rather than brass) so that all the parts have equal value. This promotes a total sonority of much greater scope than in any other Mozart symphony—one most conductors are loath to provide for this composer. But there is every reason to believe that this is exactly what Mozart had in mind, for it gives much stronger impact to the thematic material of the work, especially the fugal finale.

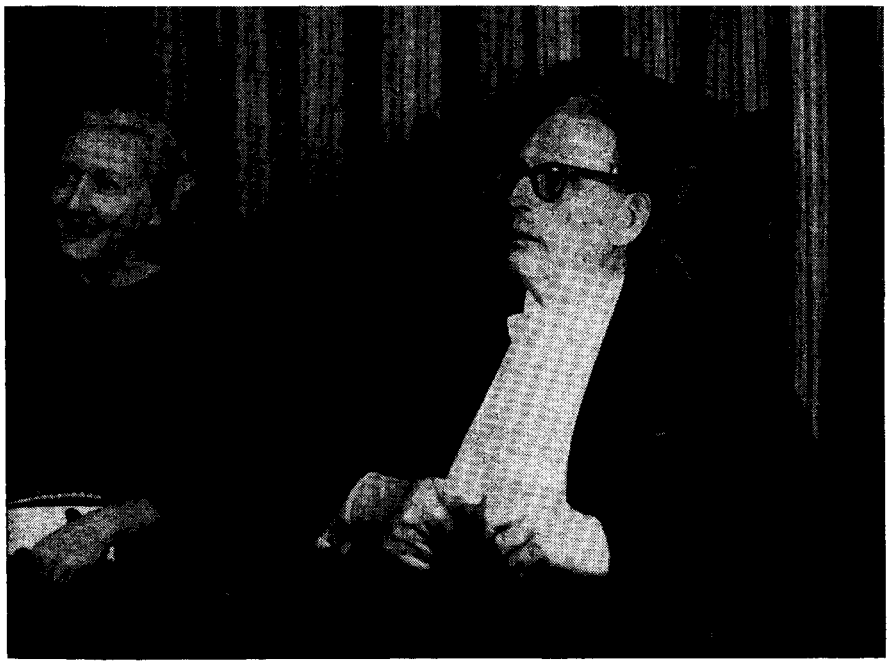
The same high level of execution characterizes the Beethoven symphony, but there are some other factors to be considered here. One is that every aspect of this work has been so thoroughly investigated over so long a time that the only "fresh approach" would probably result in distortion. The other is that Szell's sense of responsibility rules out anything in the least eccentric, with the result that the clean, meticulous performance tends to understatement. It is also questionable that the first movement gains by omission of the repeat.

Klemperer's Wagner

WAGNER: *Preludes to "Lohengrin" (Acts I and III), "Die Meistersinger" (also "Entrance of the Guilds"), and "Tristan" (also "Liebestod"); Overtures to "Rienzi," "Flying Dutchman," and "Tannhäuser"; "Siegfried's Funeral March" (from "Götterdämmerung"). Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* Angel 36188-9, $9.96; stereo S36188-9, $11.96.

There is little but good, and some great, performing by Klemperer and the Philharmonia on these two discs. The recent accumulation of evidence makes it evident that this ensemble of players, which has served many fine conductors well, has become more closely attuned to its "conductor for life" than to any predecessor. Pious hopes from this side of the Atlantic are not apt to have much influence on the future of the Philharmonia, which has now been cut adrift by Walter Legge, who brought it into existence. But if there is any way in which it can be sustained, the sentiment for its continuance is emphatic among music lovers here.

As suggested by some prior Wagner performances and unequivocally confirmed in these, Klemperer shares with Knappertsbusch a disposition to the broadly spacious tempi and the unhurried accents that were, for years, denied this composer. In addition, Klemperer has a more active sense of theater than his eminent contemporary in dealing with such an all-out theatrical work as the *Rienzi* overture, which is animated by one of the greatest interpretations it has had on records—likewise in the *Lohengrin* and *Tristan* excerpts. However, where something more of lightness and volatility are required, as in the *Meistersinger* and *Tannhäuser* excerpts, Klemperer's deliberation weighs heavily. It is no favor, either, to the purchaser, that the *Meistersinger* excerpts are separated not merely by a side but by a record and can in no way be reproduced sequentially. The wrongs could be righted if the *Rienzi, Lohengrin,* and *Tristan* material were combined on one disc, and the purchaser permitted his choice of this or the other. The "twin pack" in this case is both arbitrary and unattractive. —IRVING KOLODIN.



Otto Klemperer (with Wagner's granddaughter, Friedelind)—"a disposition to spacious tempi and unhurried accents . . ."

Guglielmo Restored

MOZART: *"Così fan tutte" highlights. Irmgard Seefried, Nan Merriman, Erika Köth, Ernst Häfliger, Hermann Prey, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Eugen Jochum conducting the Berlin Philharmonic.* Deutsche Grammophon 196-278, $5.98; stereo 136278, $6.98.

What at first glance seems but a sampler of the Jochum-Berlin *Così* [*SR*, Sept. 28, 1963] turns out to be something more. Without fanfare or explanation, DGG has included in the highlights set an aria omitted not only in their own complete *Così* but also in those of Angel, London, Columbia, Electrola, *et al.*

The aria in question, "Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo" (K.584), has a curious history. Written for Benucci, the first Guglielmo, nearly a year before the opera's premiere in Vienna, it was eventually replaced by the simpler "Non siate ritrosi." The words of the "original" Guglielmo aria remained in the first libretto, but they were not sung in the premiere performance. Nor, to this writer's knowledge, has the aria been included in many *Così* productions since then.

It would seem that Mozart decided there were enough bravura arias in the opera without Guglielmo's, that the straightforward buffo-lover should not be permitted to rival Fiordiligi in virtuosity. There can be little doubt that Mozartean baritones have an easier time of it without "Rivolgete"; the loss, then, is ours, not theirs.

Hermann Prey, who manages the familiar "Non siate ritrosi" with suavity and charm, is a bit flustered by its more complex counterpart: he copes explosively with the florid lines and finds the top extreme (high G) no more comfortable than the aria's lower depths. Nevertheless, one is grateful both to Prey and DGG for letting us hear a few more minutes of prime Mozart than is usually the case.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta.* Hindemith: *Concert Music for Strings and Brass*, Op. 50. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia ML 5979, $4.98; stereo MS 6579, $5.98.	Bernstein's affinity for the Bartók masterpiece is of long standing and even greater productivity. It thus ranks high in the top category of versions by Karajan, Reiner, and Ansermet; tonally, it is second to none, especially in the differentiation of the subtle colors that account for so many of the values in the writing. Equally remarkable as an intellectual achievement and even more impressive as a musical one (if only for its lesser familiarity) is the performance of the Hindemith *Concert Music*. Composed for the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony in 1930, it moves with a propulsion and rhythmic animation that are all but irresistible. It strikes me as superior to the composer's prior version (on Angel) and the older Ormandy (on Columbia), both now withdrawn. Altogether, a recording highly creditable to all.
Bartók: *The Miraculous Mandarin*. János Ferencsik conducting the Budapest Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus; *Cantata Profana*. György Lehel conducting the chorus and orchestra of the Hungarian Radio with József Réti, tenor, and András Faragó, bass. Deutsche Grammophon 18873, $5.98; stereo 138873, $6.98.	Acceptable as it may be in the theater, with the action of a ballet to share the attention, the score of *The Miraculous Mandarin* doesn't contain enough of the better grade Bartók to reward listening on its own. Ferencsik applies himself to the problem with all diligence, but there are too many unabsorbed elements of others—Stravinsky in particular—to be reconciled by any conductor, no matter how adroit. The *Cantata Profana* of a dozen years later (1930) is quite another thing: a choral work of power and originality in which the inclinations Bartók had demonstrated in *Bluebeard's Castle* are carried forward. The two vocalists are members of the Budapest Opera, apt enough for their mostly declamatory duties. The place of the recording is not identified, but it yields a spacious, well-balanced sound for the cantata.
Glazounov: Concerto in A minor. Jascha Heifetz, violin; Walter Hendl conducting orchestra. Mozart: Symphonie Concertante in E flat (K. 364). Izler Solomon conducting orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2734, $4.98; stereo LSC 2734, $5.98.	If one must listen to the Glazounov concerto—and to some it is a secret vice, as salted peanuts or potato chips are to others—this is, on the whole, the preferable way to do it. As in the recent recording of Bruch's *Scottish Fantasy*, Heifetz combines ease of manner with a feeling for substance that are brilliantly complementary in such literature. Others, Oistrakh or Milstein, may come close, but Heifetz's facility is such that any pattern of difficulty can be comprehended at an ideal tempo for its musical significance. Hendl provides an appropriate orchestral background, alert without being aggressive, wholly in keeping with the soloist's stylistic requirements. The Mozart is a recoupling of a performance much admired when first issued and still equal in quality to any available issue. None, indeed, equal its sophistication in passages where the two instruments perform together, for the simple reason that no other viola player has yet equaled Primrose at his best, as he is consistently here. Solomon's participation as well as the reproduction are altogether satisfactory.
Handel: Water Music (complete). Rafael Kubelik conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Deutsche Grammophon 18799, $5.98; stereo 138799, $6.98.	Where Kubelik acquired his feeling for this particular work, no present information discloses (perhaps in the years he spent in England during the 1950s as musical director of Covent Garden). It is, in any case, remarkably right and flavorsome, one of the best performances these wonderful works (Kubelik's sequence, derived from the Arnold edition of the eighteenth century, takes in eighteen pieces, ending with the Coro: Menuet) have ever had on records. Even in competition with such specialists as Boyd Neel, Thurston Dart, and Richard Schulze, Kubelik sustains a rhythmic vitality and melodic zest that give definition and contour to each section. The excellent first chair men of the Berlin Philharmonic make a contribution of their own, as does the orchestra as a whole. Fine sound, too.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 26 in D minor and No. 32 in C major; Overture to *Lo Speziale* (*The Apothecary*). Max Goberman conducting the orchestra of the Vienna State Opera. Haydn Society 14, $4.98.	Neither symphony is currently in the Schwann catalogue, though No. 26 (*Lamentations*) once circulated in a version bearing the label of the Haydn Society. This one is, of course, better reproduced, though not so well favored as one might expect from the recent time of origin. It suffers from the characteristic lack of bass writing in early Haydn, and not enough has been done to offset this in the studio arrangement. However, the most interesting music of the two sides is contained in the overture, written for an opera produced at Esterházy in 1768, which pleased his patron greatly, leading to many others. The special interest of this is that the slow section bears a marked resemblance to some of the "pleading" music in the later *Farewell* Symphony and may have then been designed to hint, gently, at Haydn's long devotion to his interests. An ingratiating piece in any case.
Mozart: Serenade No. 7 in D (K. 250), (*Haffner*). Rudolf Koeckert, violin; Rafael Kubelik conducting the orchestra of the Bavarian Radio. Deutsche Grammophon 18869, $5.98; stereo 138869, $6.98.	A new version of the *Haffner* with the physical resources commanded by Kubelik and reproduced according to the DG standard should be well worth having, especially with a violinist of Koeckert's quality collaborating in the inner movements. However, Kubelik's tempi tend to be fast, his sense of the work as a whole lacking the gaiety and playfulness appropriate to it. Koeckert commands a lovely tonal quality, and he phrases the slow movement of his "concerto within a serenade" ideally. In the rondo, however, he is subservient to Kubelik's leadership, which returns us to the rather prosaic, humorless manner that prevails elsewhere. The recording, at least, sustains the highest expectations for it.
Rossini: Overtures to *Barbiere di Siviglia, Scala di Seta, Italiana in Algeri, Semiramide,* and *Gazza Ladra.* Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia ML 5933, $4.98; stereo MS 6533, $5.98.	Rossini's idiom is clearly one for which Bernstein has a sympathetic feeling, as much for its racy play of musical wit as for its flashing patterns of melody and contrast. He also shows, in *L'Italiana in Algeri* and *La Gazza Ladra,* a sure control of the orchestral means for producing the crescendi to which the composer attached so much importance. Here and there some of the climaxes are over produced, and the orchestral sound loses lightness, but it is, altogether, idiomatic Rossini. The label credit for oboist Harold Gomberg is honorably earned.
Schubert: Symphony No. 9 in C. Karl Böhm conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Deutsche Grammophon 18877, $5.98; stereo 138877, $6.98.	The externals of this score are under sure control in Böhm's hands, the tempi mostly just, dynamics and orchestral values well equalized. However, the kind of lilt in the rhythmic relationships, the flexibility and "bend" of the melodic line that make this utterance the personal thing it is, are mostly undervalued in Böhm's treatment. This is all care and devotion so far as the specifics of the writing are concerned, but that leaves the non-specific but indispensable elements that are uniquely Schubertian not merely submerged but inaudible. The finale develops some of the insistence and power written into it by the composer, because the conductor adheres to the text as written. Elsewhere, however, the acts of divination and intermediation necessary to complete Schubert's purpose are withheld. In short, Böhm goes as far as he can with the means at his disposal, but they are insufficient in this instance. —Irving Kolodin.

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Strauss Discography

Continued from page 63

TILL EULENSPIEGELS LUSTIGE STREICHE, OPUS 28. *Karajan, Vienna Philharmonic,* London CM-9280, *CS-6211; Krauss, Vienna Philharmonic,* Richmond B-19043; *Munch, Boston Symphony,* RCA Victor LM-2565, *LSC-2565; Stokowski, New York Stadium Orch.,* Everest LPBR-6023, *SDBR-3023; Szell, Cleveland Orch.,* Epic LC-3439, *BC-1011; Toscanini, NBC Symphony,* RCA Victor LM-1891; *Reiner, Vienna Philharmonic,* Victrola VIC-1004, *VICS-1004;* [*Fritz Busch, BBC Symphony Orch.,* Victor 11724/25 (78); *Furtwängler, Vienna Philharmonic,* RCA Victor LHMV-19; *Koussevitzky, Boston Symphony,* Camden CAL-101].

TOD UND VERKLAERUNG, OPUS 24. *Horenstein, Bamberg Symphony,* Vox PL-9060; *Klemperer, Philharmonia Orch.,* Angel 35976, *S-35976; Reiner, Vienna Philharmonic,* Victrola VIC-1004, *VICS-1004; Szell, Cleveland Orch.,* Epic LC-3439, *BC-1011; Walter, New York Philharmonic,* Columbia ML-5338; [*Furtwängler, Vienna Philharmonic,* RCA Victor LHMV-1023; *Mengelberg, Concertgebouw Orch.,* Telefunken LGX-66032; *Victor de Sabata, Berlin Philharmonic,* DGG DGS-23 (78); *Stokowski, Philadelphia Orch.,* Victor M-217 (78)].

INSTRUMENTAL and CHAMBER MUSIC

ENOCH ARDEN, OPUS 38. *Claude Rains, reader, with Glenn Gould, piano,* Columbia ML-5741, *MS-6341.*

QUARTET IN C MINOR, OPUS 13. [*Bernardo Segall, piano; José Figueroa, violin; Frank Brieff, viola; George Ricci, cello,* New Records NRLP-201].

SERENADE FOR 13 WINDS, OPUS 7. *Fennell cond. Eastman Wind Ensemble,* Mercury MG-50173, *SR-90173;* [*Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. winds,* Columbia ML-5129; *Vienna Philharmonic Wind Group, Westminster* XWN-18173].

CELLO SONATA, OPUS 6. *Joseph Schuster & Friedrich Wührer,* Vox PL-9910; [*Raya Garbousova & Erich Itor Kahn,* Concert Hall C-14 (78); *André Navarra & Ernest Lush,* Capitol P-18045].

PIANO SONATA, OPUS 5. *Alfred Brendel,* SPA 48.

VIOLIN SONATA, OPUS 18. *Leonid Kogan & Andre Mitnik,* MK 1561; [*Jascha Heifetz & Brooks Smith,* RCA Victor LM-2050; *Heifetz & Arpád Sándor,* RCA Victor LCT-1122; *Ruggiero Ricci & Carlo Bussotti,* London LL-770; *Ginette Neveu & G. Beck,* HMV DB-4663/66 (78)].

SONATINA IN F FOR WINDS. *Eric Simon cond. Boston Wind Ensemble,* Boston B-406, *B-1016.*

STIMMUNGSBILDER FOR PIANO, OPUS 9. *Grant Johannesen,* HMV CLP-1243 (not issued USA); [No. 2 only, "An einsamer Quelle," arr. violin *Heifetz & Bay,* Victor 14369 (78)].

(*Continued on page 71*)

RICHARD STRAUSS

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VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra

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Herbert vonKarajan

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Nilsson, Wächter, Stolze—Solti
Stereo OSA-1218 Mono A-4247

ARABELLA
della Casa, London, Gueden—Solti
Stereo OSA-1404 Mono A-4412

Highlights from above
Stereo OS-25243 Mono 5616

DER ROSENKAVALIER
Reining, Jurinac, Gueden, Weber —Kleiber. Mono A-4404

Highlights from above
Mono 5615

DIE FRAU OHNE SCHATTEN
Rysanek, Hopf, Schoeffler, Goltz—Böhm Mono A-4505

DEATH & TRANSFIGURATION
TILL EULENSPIEGEL'S MERRY PRANKS
DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS
von Karajan
Stereo CS-6211 Mono CM-9280

DON JUAN
(with Tchaikovsky's Romeo and Juliet)
— von Karajan
Stereo CS-6209 Mono CM-9278

ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA
von Karajan
Stereo CS-6129 Mono CM-9236

RICHMOND RELEASES

SALOME
Goltz, Patzak—Krauss
Mono RS-62007

TILL EULENSPIEGEL'S MERRY PRANKS
DON JUAN
Krauss Mono B-19043

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: Improvisations, Op. 20; Etudes, Op. 18. Liszt: *Don Juan Fantasy; Sonnetto del Petrarca* (No. 104); Hungarian Rhapsody No. 10. Charles Rosen, piano. Epic LC 3878, $4.98; stereo BC 1278, $4.98.	"Commercial appeal," no doubt, has dictated the designation of the Liszt pieces as side I of this issue, but it would seem to some that there is even greater commercial appeal in the Bartók Etudes, which are rarely heard and even more rarely recorded (the "improvisations" have been circulating in a version by Leonid Hambro for some time). These are works of power and originality that suggest Bartók found his idiom as a piano composer somewhat earlier than he did in, for example, *The Miraculous Mandarin* (noted on page 68). They are products of the same period, but not the same composer (speaking in terms of individuality). Rosen plays them with absorbing authority and a convincing sense of purpose. The Liszt is also well selected, and there is no less musicianship in the performance. What Rosen lacks is a flair for this idiom as strong as he possesses for that of Bartók. One feels from time to time (and especially in the *Don Juan Fantasy*) that his mind may be on the performance but his heart is not in it.
Bach: Overture in the French Manner; Fantasia in C minor; Toccata in C sharp minor; Overture in G (after an unknown master). Rafael Puyana, harpsichord. Mercury MG 50369, $4.98; stereo SR 90369, $5.98.	Save for the C-minor fantasia and, possibly, the French counterpart to the better known "Italian" overture, this literature is among the less familiar areas of Bach's enormous output, which puts that much more of a burden on the performer. It is one that Puyana bears with admirable resource of mind and muscle, in a demonstration of musicianship that is both enlivening and thought-provoking. Puyana's art is most remarkable for its lack of anything like affectation, in its concentration on essentials. In the Concerto in G, which could be an elaboration of a work by Telemann, it tends to penalize the lack of personality in the music; but elsewhere, it makes Bach's rather than Puyana's dominant. Very faithful likeness of the harpsichord in the reproduction.
Debussy: Quartet, Op. 10. Ravel: Quartet in G minor. Stuyvesant Quartet. Nonesuch 1007, $2.50.	Recent praise for the coupling on Artia of these works in a fine performance by the Vlach Quartet makes mention of this reissue mandatory. Reacquaintance with it after a lapse of several years (it was originally circulated on the Philharmonia label) leaves little doubt that it is one of the finest quartet recordings ever made in this country, and a close competitor in total quality to the Vlach versions. Moreover, at the time of issue it was one of the best examples of quartet recording accomplished anywhere, and nothing has happened to alter that judgment since. All of which proves that qualified performance in a suitably resonant surrounding (in this case, the Village Church of Bronxville, N.Y.) still provides the components of a durable experience. At the reissue price it should attract attention not only to the ensemble (Sylvan Shulman and Bernard Robbins, violins; Ralph Hersh, viola; and Alan Shulman, cello) but also to the new label on which it may now be heard.
Schubert: Mass in G. Mozart: Missa Brevis in B flat (K. 275). Herbert Froitzheim conducting the soloists, chorus, and orchestra of the Freiburg (Breisgau) School of Music, with Barbara Wittelsberger, soprano; Dagmar Naaff, alto; Hans Wilbrink, tenor; and August Messthaler, bass. Decca 10091, $4.98; stereo 710091, $5.98.	It is difficult to imagine any pair of composers more suitable for bracketing in this wise than the twenty-one-year-old Mozart and the eighteen-year-old Schubert. Any other composer faced with the melodic abundance displayed by Schubert in G or Mozart in B flat would certainly be judged inferior. Further words would be superfluous, save to say that each side proves the thesis that great musical performance is indivisible—that is, a conductor capable of making a choir sing with such unanimity and balance as Froitzheim does would almost necessarily have a sense of tempo, phrasing, and dynamics to match those he demonstrates here. The identity of the soloists (save for Wilbrink, who performed Pelléas at Glyndebourne last summer) is unknown, but they are all good. The source of the open, resonant recording is not disclosed, either.
Shostakovitch: Preludes and Fugues (Nos. 4, 12, 14, 15, 17, and 23). Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Philips 500048, $4.98; stereo 900-048, $5.98.	At first hearing the interest of these works is not commanding, but they reward closer attention. When the impression of what Shostakovitch is about sinks in, it becomes clear that, rather than trying to emulate the Bachian precepts of the "48," he is utilizing their structural and formal example to augment the literature of Russian piano music going back from his own earlier works through Prokofiev to Moussorgsky's *Pictures*, some of whose characteristics reappear in various of these pieces. As Richter is a pre-eminent interpreter of both Prokofiev and Moussorgsky, his dynamism adds much to the magnetism of the music.
Strauss, J.: *Emperor Waltz* (trans. Pennario). Mendelssohn: Scherzo (trans. Rachmaninoff). Saint-Saëns: *Danse Macabre* (trans. Liszt). Shostakovitch: Polka *(Age of Gold)*. Prokofieff: March (*Love for Three Oranges*). Ravel: *La Valse*. Kreisler: *Liebesleid* (trans. Rachmaninoff). Gounod: Waltz (*Faust*) (trans. Liszt). Leonard Pennario, piano. RCA Victor LM 2714, $4.98; stereo LSC 2714, $5.98.	Where the problems are wholly or primarily mechanical, Pennario combines deftness with entertainment in pleasurable proportions—as in the Kreisler transcription by Rachmaninoff or his own version of Strauss's *Emperor Waltz* or Liszt's recreation of *Danse Macabre*. However, where more specific elements of style intrude, as in the Shostakovitch arrangement of his own polka, or Ravel's *La Valse*, Pennario's tendency to reduce everything to a common denominator of bland non-differentiation is inadequate for more than a surface likeness to the essential work. His sound is always good, likewise the reproduction of it.
Vaughan Williams: Folk Song Suite; Toccata Marziale. Holst: Suites 1 and 2. Grainger: Hill Song No. 2. Frederick Fennell conducting the Eastman Wind Ensemble. Mercury MG 50388, $4.98; stereo SR 90388, $5.98.	At first glance or even at second, it might be reasonably supposed that this is a remake of a disc that was among the best ever made by Fennell at Rochester, even though he has been for several years past associated with Stanislaw Skrowaczewski at Minneapolis. However, it is only on looking closely at the reverse of the "sleeve" that one observes that this is an "electrically created" stereo, from the "original master tape" that was recorded "monaurally only." Certainly there should be something on the face of the album to distinguish this kind of stereo from the authentic. For whatever it is worth, it may be noted that the material is as attractive as it was when the disc was first issued in 1956, the performances no less good. The stereo doesn't strike me as much of an asset in any case.
Wagner: Sonatas in A and B flat major; Fantasia in F sharp minor, *Albumblätter* in E flat, A flat, and C; *Züricher Vielliebhen* and *Ankunft bei den Schwarzen Schwänen*. Martin Galling, piano. VOX VUX 2022, $6.95; stereo SVUX 52022, $6.95.	The contents of this Vox twin parallels those of an issue from the Bayreuth Festival Master Classes in 1961, a pioneering venture on behalf of the scholarship program of that institution to which the Australian pianist Bruce Hungerford made a notable contribution in artistry. Compared to his discreet, musicianly appreciation of the merits and demerits of the very early works of Wagner, Galling seems determined to prove that every derivation was divinely decreed, every repetition as inspired as Bruckner's. The result is an over-insistent laboring of the obvious in a vain attempt to prove that the music is better than it demonstrably is. As for the mature pieces infused with various strains of sentimentality, Galling's effort is closer to the salon than the recording studio. The reproduction is tonally good, but no better than the earlier product of a Munich studio. —I. K.

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(*Continued from page 69*)

SUITE FOR WINDS, OPUS 4. [*Vienna Philharmonic Wind Group,* Westminster XWN-18173].

OPERA
(excluding orchestral excerpts)

DIE AEGYPTISCHE HELENA, OPUS 75—"Bei jener Nacht" & "Zweite Brautnacht!" [*R. Pauly,* Decca 25850 (78)].

ARABELLA, OPUS 79. *Solti cond. Vienna State Opera, with Lisa Della Casa, George London, et al.,* London A-4412, *OSA-1404; Keilberth cond. Bavarian State Opera, with Della Casa, Fischer-Dieskau, et al.* (to be released by Deutsche Grammophon this year); [Excerpts: "Er ist der Richtige" & "So wie sind." *Viorica Ursuleac, Margit Bokor, Alfred Jerger,* DGG EPL-30541 (45-rpm, not issued USA)].

ARIADNE AUF NAXOS, OPUS 60. *Karajan cond. Philharmonia, with Schwarzkopf, Streich & Seefried,* Angel 3532-C/L; *Böhm cond. Vienna State Opera, with Reining, Seefried, et al.* (composer's 80th birthday performance), DGG LPM-18850/52; [Excerpts: "In den schönen Feierkleidern." *Lotte Lehmann,* Decca 25186 (78); "So war es mit Pagliazzo." *Maria Ivogün,* RCA Victor LCT-1115].

CAPRICCIO, OPUS 85. *Sawallisch cond. Philharmonia, with Schwarzkopf, Gedda, Fischer-Dieskau,* Angel 3580-C/L [Final scene. *Viorica Ursuleac, with Krauss*

cond. Bavarian State Opera Orch., Polydor 68125 (78)].

DAPHNE—excerpts. [*Marguerite Teschemacher & Torsten Ralf, with Böhm cond. Saxon State Orch.,* Victor M-660 (78)].

ELEKTRA, OPUS 58. *Böhm cond. Dresden State Opera, with Inge Borkh, Jean Madeira, D. Fischer-Dieskau,* DGG LPM-18690/91, *SLPM-138690/91;* [Final Scene only. *Beecham, Royal Philharmonic, with Schlüter, Welitsch & Schoeffler,* RCA Victor LCT-1135].

DIE FRAU OHNE SCHATTEN, OPUS 65. *Böhm cond. Vienna State Opera, with Rysanek, Goltz, Hopf, et al.,* London A-4505; *Keilberth cond. Bavarian State Opera, with Borkh, Thomas, Fischer-Dieskau, Hotter* (to be released this year by DGG).

DER ROSENKAVALIER, OPUS 59. *Kleiber cond. Vienna State Opera, with Reining, Güden, et al.,* London A-4404; *Karajan cond. Philharmonia, with Schwarzkopf, Seefried, et al.,* Angel 3563-D/L, S-3563-D/L; *Krauss cond. Bavarian State Opera, with Milinkovic, Ursuleac, Kern, Weber,* Vox OPBX-140; *Heger cond. Vienna Philharmonic, with Lehmann, Schumann, Olszewska, Mayr, et al.* (abridged), Angel GRB-4001; [Excerpts—*Lemnitz, Milinkovic, Trötschel, with Leitner cond. Württemberg State Orch.,* Decca DL-9606; Letter Scene & Waltz, *Mayr & Andrassy, Walter cond.,* Columbia 9087-M (78)].

SALOME, OPUS 54. *Krauss cond. Vienna State Opera, with Goltz, Patzak, et al.,* Richmond RS-62007; *Solti cond. Vienna State Opera, with Nilsson, Stolze, et al.,* London A-4247, *OSA-1218;* [Final Scene only: *Ljuba Welitsch, with Reiner cond. Metropolitan Opera Orch.,* Columbia ML-4795; *Marjorie Lawrence (in French), with Coppola cond. Pasdeloup Orch.,* Camden CAL-216].

CHORAL & SONG

OLYMPISCHE HYMNE (1936). [*Bruno Kittel Choir,* Decca 20294 (78)].

OPHELIA'S SONGS, OPUS 67. *Erna Berger,* Urania UR-7060.

TAILLEFER. *Maria Cebotari, Walther Ludwig, Hans Hotter, with Rother cond. Berlin Radio Chorus and Orch.,* Urania UR-7042, *US-57042.*

VIER LETZTE LIEDER. *Lisa della Casa, Böhm cond. Vienna Philharmonic,* in London *Arabella* album, A-4412; *Schwarzkopf, Ackermann cond. Philharmonia,* Angel 35084.

WANDERERS STURMLIED, OPUS 14. *Swoboda cond. Vienna Akademie Kammerchor & Vienna Symphony Orch.* Westminster W-9600.

—RICHARD FREED.

NEW

Angel

HANDEL/The Water Music (complete)
(New edition by N. D. Boyling)
The Bath Festival Orchestra, directed by Yehudi Menuhin **(S)36173**

MOZART/Sinfonia Concertante in E Flat (for violin, viola and orchestra), K. 364
HAYDN/Concerto No. 1 in C (for violin and orchestra)
Yehudi Menuhin (violin), Rudolf Barshai (viola) and the Bath Festival Orchestra, directed by Yehudi Menuhin **(S)36190**

SAINT-SAËNS/Symphony No. 3 in C Minor ("Organ")
The Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, Georges Prêtre conducting, with Maurice Duruflé, organ **(S)35924**

PROKOFIEV/Romeo and Juliet—Ballet Music
The Philharmonia Orchestra, Efrem Kurtz conducting **(S)36174**

MOZART/Concerto in C (for flute, harp and orchestra), K. 299
TELEMANN/Suite in A Minor (for flute and strings)
Elaine Shaffer (flute), Marilyn Costello (harp), the Philharmonia Orchestra, directed by Yehudi Menuhin **(S)36189**

Angel
NEW RELEASES JUNE

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Electronic Future

Continued from Pg. 59

monic pace of his structure, for deciding upon those areas that must be affirmatively diatonic in order to compensate those in which the extravagant passions of the chromatic idiom had been indulged. And he learned to build primary cadences of a uniquely cumulative power and resonance. In part, these derived from his habit of treating the bass lines of his harmony as though they were magnetized to the tonal foundation. In this sense, Strauss is closer than any late-Romantic composer, and for that matter any nineteenth-century composer after Mendelssohn, to the genuinely Baroque technique of preserving a structural autonomy in those lines and motives that comprise the foundation for his vertical structures. There is an almost divisible unity about his bass lines, a kind of independent pride and purpose, that is found nowhere else in late-Romantic music.

Above these privately resonating bass forms the texture may be more or less contrapuntal, depending upon the nature and purpose of the particular work. There will almost certainly exist, whatever the texture, a harmonic language that makes frequent and elaborate use of *double entendre*, just as does the harmonic idiom of most other composers of the period. The short-term effects of the hints and feints of the harmonic progressions are just as clear, or more accurately, just as purposefully unclear as in the vocabulary, let's say, of Mahler's Tenth Symphony, or of Schönberg's First String Quartet—both written in the first decade of this century and both leaning toward that indulgence of chromaticism which was shortly to dissolve the tonal language. But it is in its long-term consequences that this ambiguous harmonic language fulfills a different function in the works of Strauss. In the long term the devices of harmonic ambiguity are not, in Strauss's music, as persistently indulged. To take an easy instance, the kind of sequential variation which sets off some form of non-diatonic or extra-diatonic contrast which Bruckner likes to use as a household motto and to develop for its long-range harmonic consequences as well, and which Schönberg exploits in such music as *Verklärte Nacht* in which it is already preparing for its role as the variative mechanism of "atonality," was apparently indefensible within Strauss's harmonic ethics.

As one observes Strauss's career as a whole, one finds that this sense of mediation that he possessed between the elaborate introduction of dissonant or dissonantly suggestive factors and the cadential formulae necessary to particularize their diatonic or, for that matter, their non-diatonic connection, grows almost consistently more subtle and encompassing. *Metamorphosen*, for example, which one need not praise by noting that its composer was then eighty, is a work in which the harmonic consequences of triads that divide between them the twelve-tone capacity of the chromatic scale—the same triad relationship that Schönberg developed as the basis of the tone row in his, coincidentally, contemporaneous work *Ode to Napoleon, Opus 41*—are mined here not for the significance of their mutually complementary interval relationships (upon which Schönberg develops his structure), but rather for the comparison of those relationships with the casual but never perfunctory sequences of purely diatonic cadence that they resemble and by which they are, at most pivotal moments in the work, quietly supplanted.

ONE may say, then, that for all practical purposes, very genuine dramatic ends are served by those inhibitions that Strauss acknowledged in regard to tonality and that caused him always to regard apprehensively the organic application of dissonance *per se* and to search instead for new ways of employing the ornamental, or the exotic, or, as in Ophelia, the neurotic qualities of non-functional dissonance and of reconciling them within the tonality that he had expanded to accommodate them. The question then is not whether he succeeded, because most everyone agrees that his success as this world knows success was dazzling, nor even whether he contributed something genuinely new, because by any standard other than the blindest assumptions of chronological conformity what he did was new indeed, but simply whether he did right by the historical progression of which we want to make him a part—whether by denying in his music the condition and vocabulary of that ambiguity which has become the stimulus of most art today, he denied himself not a greater achievement, but a more pertinent achievement.

It is important to realize that if the demands and situations of the electronic age change the function and relevance of the composer to society, they will also change the categories of judgment by which we determine the matter of artistic responsibility. By far the most important electronic contribution to the arts is the creation of a new and paradoxical condition of privacy. The great paradox about the electronic transmission of musical sound is that as it makes available to the most enormous audience, either simultaneously or in a delayed encounter, the identical musical experience, it encourages that audience to react not as captives and automatons but as individuals capable of an unprecedented spontaneity of judgment. This is because the most public transmission can be encountered in the most private circumstance, and because the auditor or, if you like, the ultimate composer-performer-critic-consumer hybrid will be exposed to the most astonishing variety of idiom without necessarily having to encounter it in any specific social situation in which the inevitable compromises of multiple audition and of contemporary circumstance are most strongly felt.

IT WOULD be most surprising if the techniques of sound preservation, in addition to influencing the way in which music is composed and performed (which is already taking place) does not also determine the manner in which we respond to it. And there is little doubt that the inherent qualities of illusion in the art of recording—those features that make it not so much a representation of the known exterior world but of the idealized interior world—will eventually undermine that whole area of prejudice that has concerned itself with finding chronological justifications for artistic endeavors and which in the post-Renaissance world has so determinedly argued the case for a chronological originality that it has quite lost touch with the larger purposes of creativity.

Whatever else we would predict about the electronic age, all the symptoms suggest a return to some degree of mythic anonymity within the social-artistic structure. Undoubtedly most of what happens in the future will be concerned with what is being done in the future, but it would also be most surprising if many judgments were not retroactively altered because of the new image of art. If that happens, as I think it must, there will be a number of substantial figures of the past and near past who will undergo major re-evaluation and for whom the verdict will no longer rest upon the narrow and unimaginative concepts of the social-chronological parallel. There is no figure in recent times of whose reputation these prejudices have taken such a toll as Richard Strauss. Whatever the limitations of his personality, whatever the restrictions upon his artistic imagination, he has been victim of the most violent prejudices and has been measured by a yardstick to which it was never his ambition to conform. It is entirely likely that Strauss, a man who seemed remote from the time in which he lived and totally unconcerned about the future will, because of the new orientation of that future, gather a greater admiration than he ever knew.

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Reels, Wheels, and Economics

THE controversy over the possible replacement of the disc record by tape has been a most gentlemanly one, with the proponents of tape modestly proclaiming that they are only the wave of the distant future. But the quiet introduction of the Revere tape cartridge system at last year's New York High Fidelity Music Show, coupled with Bell's recent abandonment of the RCA cartridge system, has cast a good deal of attention upon the question.

Pre-recorded music is now available in three basic forms: the phonograph disc, the reel-to-reel tape, and the tape cartridge. The phonograph disc—whose long supremacy is only now being challenged—owes a good deal of its popularity and convenience to its shape. Because the entire recorded surface is exposed at all times, selections from the middle of a record may be located and played instantaneously, and both recorded surfaces can be quickly inspected by eye for gross defects. Moreover—and this was a prime factor in the cylinder's replacement by the disc—disc recordings can be duplicated easily and economically, with the entire recording copied instantaneously in a single operation of the press.

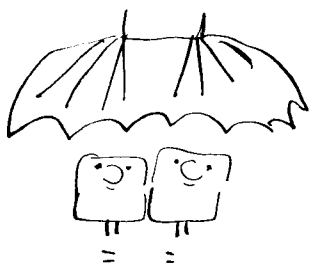
A continuous-band medium, such as tape or wire, has many advantages, too, though not all of them are significant for playback of pre-recorded music. The two most significant of these advantages were shared by the cylinder recording: a constant recording speed (the linear velocity of 33 1/3 rpm phonograph record groove diminishes from twenty-five inches per second at the outer grooves to ten ips at the inner ones, owing to the lesser circumference of the inner grooves), and—since the recording and playback heads maintain the same angle relative to the recording—there is no distortion due to tracking error. Unlike the disc or the cylinder, though, tapes can be edited and portions added, deleted, or re-arranged at will. But for duplication, inspection, and location of specified sections, the entire length of a tape or wire must be run through the recording or playback machine. Here is a serious drawback, indeed, for the cost of dubbing a tape is far higher than the almost insignificant cost of pressing a record.

The phonograph uses a physical recording medium—the tape, a magnetic one. Since electrons are smaller and lighter than any stylus and move considerably faster, tape offers—theoretically—far better high frequency and transient response than discs can hope to. The tape head is a far simpler device than the phonograph pick-up cartridge, and offers potentially far fewer problems than any transducer that must convert physical motion to electricity. In practice, neither tape nor disc reproduction has yet reached its fullest development, but other advantages of magnetic and physical recording media are of great practical consequence to the listener.

Because it is a physical medium, the phonograph record is subject to wear, warp, dust, and damage. Because record wear imposes severe limitations on the tracking pressure of the phonograph pick-up, most record players will repeat or skip grooves if the floor they rest on is jarred. And only a phonographic recording is subject to that eternal bugaboo, the repeating groove.

Tapes can be damaged: under stress they may break or stretch (breaks can be easily repaired, stretched portions cannot), the oxide—which contains the recorded information—may flake off the plastic backing (though this is likely to happen only to some poorly made recording tapes, not to pre-recorded tapes from even half-way reputable manufacturers). Tapes can be spilled or snarled, the signal may print through from one layer to the next, accidental exposure to magnetic fields can increase a tape's noise level, or even erase it entirely. But these are uncommon accidents, and the tape user is spared the record-handling rituals required of the careful phonograph listener.

How, then, has the phonograph survived this heady competition? Easily. The most potent factor in the phonograph's continued popularity is its low cost. Complete stereo phonograph playback systems may be purchased for under sixty dollars, while the least expensive stereo tape players with speakers for both channels would cost over a hundred. The cost per recording is far higher, too: the average pre-recorded tape costs about $2.00 more than its disc equivalent, save for certain longer works, such as operas. Of course, as the problems of slow-speed tape recording and playback are gradually solved, the speed of tapes—already lower than the linear velocity of even the inner grooves of the 33 1/3 rpm record—will fall, and the costs of tape recordings fall accordingly.



Another factor in the disc record's popularity is its convenience. A child can place a disc on a turntable and deposit the stylus in the groove, but threading a wisp-like tape through narrow slots, guides, and rollers is a deterrent to the mechanically timid. Tapes can be made that will run longer than any present disc, but the record-changer allows a longer continuous program than any present-day pre-recorded tape can boast.

Though the cost factor has not yet been affected, the tape cartridge systems now available do operate at low speeds (3¾ inches per second for the RCA cartridge, 1⅞ ips for the Revere) with fidelity nearly comparable to that of the reel-to-reel, 7½ ips tapes, and are virtually as easy as phonograph records to load and play. Moreover, the new Revere system offers the first tape changer, an expensive ($270.00 and up), sluggish (change cycle of 35-55 seconds, *vs.* the record changer's 15) monster that can out-do the disc record-changer in at least one respect: its fifteen-hour, twenty-cartridge capacity can encompass the entire Ring Cycle in one sitting—far more, in fact, than most listeners can take.

Unfortunately, while tape offers a greater potential—and the best pre-recorded tapes are usually better than their disc equivalents—the quality of the average pre-recorded tape is still below that of the average disc, and consistency of tape quality is far below the disc's. With every pre-recorded tape virtually an individual product, the quality of any given batch may run the gamut from superb to horrible in quality; and the only way to check out a tape is to play it through—an expensive procedure on the production line. Many tape reviewers, in fact, specify that such defects as hiss, muddiness, and dynamic constriction were found on "the tape submitted for review"—for the tape copy you buy may be far better, or far worse.

The good tape, however, stays good. Despite modern advances in record care and record playback equipment, disc records do wear. Tapes need not. In the long run, they may even be more economical than discs. Once the problems of cost and quality control are licked, tape—probably in cartridge form—should finally start replacing the disc, as the disc did the cylinder. But it may take a while, yet; it did take the disc about twelve years to overtake the cylinder.

—IVAN BERGER.

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The Other Side

Shakespeare at Home, "New Philharmonia"

LONDON.

IN THE CASE of minor artists or those whom the wheel of fashion has caused us unjustifiably to neglect, special anniversaries can be of value if they prompt us to re-examine and re-evaluate works that we rarely see or hear in the normal course of events. Even so, there is something oddly naïve about the way in which our interest has to be stimulated by "magic numbers" (preferably multiples of 100). And in the case of composers, poets, or painters whose achievements have become an essential part of our everyday existence, commemorations of this kind seem to serve a commercial rather than artistic purpose.

These past few weeks we have been in the grip of the Shakespeare quatercentenary, and the tidal wave of bardolatry that has swept the country must seem slightly nauseating to anyone who needs no special encouragement to concern himself with Stratford-on-Avon's favorite son. We've done our Will proud, we have—even to the extent of putting his face on a few postage stamps alongside of Her Majesty's, thus breaking the hitherto unalterable rule that only the sovereign's head should appear on British stamps! (Admittedly one knavish cartoonist gave us a variation of this design that showed Elizabeth II stifling a yawn at the sight of her vis-à-vis.

Needless to say, the bard's home town has staged a sumptuous exhibition (later to be seen in Edinburgh and London) to attract even greater numbers of tourists than visit this highly commercialized shrine during a normal season. The Memorial Theater is sold out for months ahead, while in London it is almost as difficult to obtain a ticket for Olivier's *Othello* at the National Theatre as for Callas or Sutherland at Covent Garden earlier this year.

The Royal Opera House, too, has taken this opportunity of putting all its Shakespearean eggs into one spring basket: it began a few weeks ago with *Macbeth*, in which Cornell MacNeil made his London debut (opposite Amy Shuard); then followed *Otello* (with McCracken taking over the title role instead of the indisposed del Monaco; and Gobbi and Kabaiwanska providing memorable performances, superbly conducted by Solti), Britten's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and finally, *Falstaff* with Geraint Evans, freshly returned from his triumphant debut at the Metropolitan Opera. Nor did the birthday proper go unobserved at the Royal Festival Hall, where the London Symphony Orchestra put on Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet*, which, since Pierre Monteux had been ordered to rest by his doctors, was brilliantly conducted by his young protégé, David Zinman.

THE fate of the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus continues to be the main talking point in London musical circles. Now that the mists surrounding the breach between Walter Legge and EMI, and his subsequent decision to "suspend" first the orchestra and then the chorus, are beginning to clear, we can adapt the time-honored declaration: "The Philharmonia is dead—Long Live the New Philharmonia!" Time alone will reveal whether Mr. Legge divested himself of his charge or vice versa; the fact is that both orchestra and chorus have re-established themselves without their former mentor under the title of New Philharmonia, and there is even talk of a renewed contract with EMI. Not unnaturally, the way in which this unfortunate affair was handled has given rise to a good deal of bitterness on both sides, culminating in Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's eleventh-hour withdrawal from a performance of the Verdi Requiem under Giulini (though she is one of the soloists in the EMI recording shortly to be released).

Current Decca issues include an impressive collection of Italian baritone arias from Robert Merrill (who is also RCA's admirable Ford to Evans's Falstaff) another Mozart disc—*Linz* Symphony, *Nachtmusik*, and a delightful March—from the Vienna Philharmonic under the lively and meticulous but not ideally stylish Kertész; rather lame performances of Schubert's E-flat and D-minor Quartets from the Boskovsky-led Vienna Philharmonic Quartet; an unexpected foray by Ansermet and the Suisse Romande into the sterner Finnish landscape, resulting in quite unconvincing performances of *Tapiola* and the Fourth Symphony; and an impressive recital of Brahms piano works—Opp. 117, 118, and 119—by Julius Katchen (the first disc of a new series that will embrace Brahms's entire output for solo piano).

LASTLY I should like to recommend two outstanding orchestral recordings that, while offering works that have been committed to discs many times before, are nevertheless of unusual distinction. One is an altogether remarkable performance of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* (plus the Four Etudes for Orchestra) by the French National Orchestra conducted by Pierre Boulez. The noted French composer, who visited London recently and made an indelible impression on all who heard him conduct and especially on the members of the BBC Symphony, here gives a reading of the fifty-year-old masterpiece that for clarity of texture and rhythmic articulation can rarely have been equaled, aided by a sharply etched recording issued in Britain by Concert Hall Record Club. On Philips we have a new Symphonie Fantastique in which the London Symphony is conducted by that ardent champion of Berlioz, Colin Davis; one has, perhaps, heard this fascinating score played with greater panache, but hardly ever with more devotion, understanding, and meticulous attention to the composer's intentions.

Moreover, having just heard the same conductor give an absolutely thrilling performance in the concert hall of *The Trojans at Carthage*, employing professional soloists (with Covent Garden's Josephine Veasey unforgettable as Dido) but, an almost wholly amateur chorus and orchestra, I can think of no recording project more worthy than one that would commit Berlioz's great masterpiece—both parts, and not a bar cut!—to discs under Davis's guidance. Just to think of this heart-stirring music languishing in the wilderness while the fripperies of minor baroque composers fill the catalogue in ever greater profusion is enough to make one's blood boil!

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Galli-Curci on Sutherland

THE VOCALISM OF Joan Sutherland in the new *Puritani* is indeed spectacular, and it is a pity that we cannot become emotionally involved with her. At the risk of sounding ungallant, may I say that as a singer, she is not feminine! In other roles the very timbre of her voice might be an advantage, but for the music of the old Italian school we demand something else from the heroine: let her be delicate, passive, fragile—and dependent upon the *tenore di grazia!* The singer must find a personal way of presenting herself, and in the recordings of such artists as Boronat, Galli-Curci, dal Monte, or Pons we are conscious, as Miss Cecil points out [*SR*, Apr. 25], of their individual impulse working within the general musical framework. As for technique being an end unto itself, these words from Galli-Curci support Miss Cecil well (from a letter of the late soprano at the time of the *Sonnambula* release with Sutherland):

"I had Sutherland's recording of *Lucia* and was very impressed with her flawless technique. But now with this *Sonnambula* I understand your critique and agree with you! Your 'little friend' [Lily Pons] was remarkable in this opera—though she did not possess Joan's resources. Perfect technique should never stand in the way to arrest that marvelous natural flow coming from the 'Great Source!' If we can pass that along in its purity and freshness it's quite an accomplishment. It would produce those two captivating qualities in art: Spontanity and Originality! Work develops technique—BUT IT TAKES HARD WORK TO DEVELOP THE TECHNIQUE TO HIDE IT!"

WILLIAM SEWARD,
Operatic Archives.
New York, N.Y.

Traubel on Tape

TO ASSUAGE Frederick Seinfelt's anxiety [*SR*, Dec. 28] regarding preservation of Metropolitan performances with Traubel, several Hawaiian Island tape-recordists have Traubel in the following:

Tannhäuser, Dec. 19, 1942, with Melchior, Thorborg, Kipnis, and Janssen.
Siegfried, Feb. 10, 1951, with Svanholm, Branzell, and Frantz. (Branzell's last broadcast from the Metropolitan).
Götterdämmerung, Feb. 17, 1951, with Svanholm, Harshaw, and Janssen.
Tristan, Feb. 6, 1943 (Traubel's first broadcast of Isolde) with Melchior, Julius Huehn, and Kipnis.
Tristan, Dec. 17, 1949, with Melchior, Janssen, Thebom, and Szekeley. (Melchior's last broadcast of this role).
Tristan, Mar. 21, 1953, with Svanholm, Thebom, Schöffler, and Hotter.

Traubel is not represented, locally, in *Lohengrin*, preference being given to the Rethberg and Varnay performances (1940, 1943), both with Melchior; likewise *Walküre*, where Flagstad (Feb. 17, 1940) and Marjorie Lawrence (Mar. 30, 1940) sing the Brunhildes, both with Melchior. However, it is certain that some of these, with Traubel, are "safely" on tape among Mainland tapists. Missing is a complete Melchior *Götterdämmerung*—not even the Institute has *that*. The only performance ever broadcast with Melchior was on Jan. 11, 1936. It seems to be non-existent. Also, no complete *Parsifals* exist with Melchior or Flagstad.

Your assumption that because a work is "on tape" it is "safe" is erroneous. I lost about thirty Metropolitan-taped complete operas from between 1948 and 1954 due to total flake-off of oxide. A letter to *SR* (Oct. 1960) bewailing this brought immediate response from a handful of Mainland collectors who cheerfully replaced my missing tapes.

GEOFFREY H. LLOYD.
Waialua, Oahu, Hawaii.

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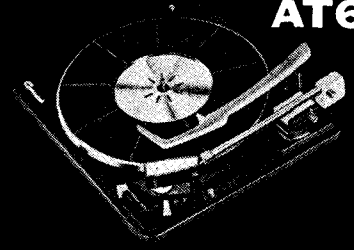

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Why We Can't Wait

Continued from page 20

birthday of the Negro's liberation from bondage. In Washington, a federal commission had been established to mark the event. Governors of states and mayors of cities had utilized the date to enhance their political image by naming commissions, receiving committees, issuing statements, planning state pageants, sponsoring dinners, endorsing social activities. Champagne, this year, would bubble on countless tables. Appropriately attired, over thick cuts of roast beef, legions would listen as luminous phrases were spun to salute the great democratic landmark that 1963 represented.

But alas! All the talk and publicity accompanying the centennial only served to remind the Negro that he still wasn't free, that he still lived a form of slavery disguised by certain niceties of complexity. As the then Vice President, Lyndon B. Johnson, phrased it: "Emancipation was a proclamation but not a fact." The pen of the Great Emancipator had moved the Negro into the sunlight of physical freedom, but actual conditions had left him behind in the shadow of political, psychological, social, economic, and intellectual bondage. In the South, discrimination faced the Negro in its obvious and glaring forms. In the North, it confronted him in hidden and subtle disguise.

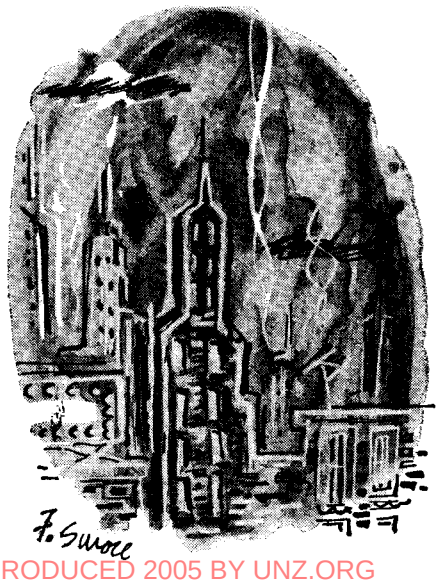
The Negro also had to recognize that 100 years after emancipation he lived on a lonely island of economic insecurity in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. Negroes are still at the bottom of the economic ladder. They live within two concentric circles of segregation. One imprisons them on the basis of color; the other confines them within a separate culture of poverty. The average Negro is born into want and deprivation. His struggle to escape his circumstances is hindered by color discrimination. He is deprived of normal education and normal social and economic opportunities. When he seeks opportunity, he is told in effect to lift himself by his own bootstraps—advice that does not take into account the fact that he is barefoot.

By 1963 most of America's working population had forgotten the Great Depression or had never known it. The slow and steady growth of unemployment had touched some of the white working force, but the proportion was still not more than one in twenty. This was not true for the Negro. There were two and one-half times as many jobless Negroes as whites in 1963, and their median income was half that of the white man. Many white Americans of good will have never connected bigotry with economic exploitation. They have deplored prejudice but tolerated or ignored economic injustice. But the Negro knows that these two evils have a malignant kinship. He knows this because he has worked in shops that employ him exclusively because the pay is below a living standard. He knows it is not an accident of geography that wage rates in the South are significantly lower than those in the North. He knows that the growth in the number of women who work is not a phenomenon in Negro life. The average Negro woman has always had to work to help keep her family in food and clothes.

TO the Negro, as 1963 approached, the economic structure of society appeared to be so ordered that a precise sifting of jobs took place. The lowest-paid employment and the most tentative jobs were reserved for him. If he sought to change his position, he was walled in by the tall barrier of discrimination. As summer came, more than ever the spread of unemployment had visible and tangible dimensions to the colored American. Equality meant dignity, and dignity demanded a job that was secure and a paycheck that lasted throughout the week.

The Negro's economic problem was compounded by the emergence and growth of automation. Since discrimination and lack of education confined him to unskilled and semi-skilled labor, the Negro was and remains the first to suffer in these days of great technological development. The Negro knew all too well that there was not in existence the kind of vigorous retraining program that could really help him to grapple with the magnitude of his problem.

The symbol of the job beyond the great wall was construction work. The Negro whose slave labor helped build a nation was being told by employers on the one hand and unions on the other that there was no place for him in this industry. Billions were being spent on city, state, and national building for which the Negro paid taxes but could draw no paycheck. No one who saw the spanning bridges, the grand mansions, the sturdy docks and stout factories of the South could question the Negro's ability to build if he were given a chance for apprenticeship training. It was plain, hard, raw discrimination that shut him out of decent employment.



In 1963 the Negro, who had realized for many years that he was not truly free, awoke from a stupor of inaction with the cold dash of realization that 1963 meant 100 years had passed since Lincoln gave his autograph to the cause of freedom.

The milestone of the centennial of emancipation gave the Negro a reason to act—a reason so simple and obvious that he almost had to step back to see it.

Simple logic made it painfully clear that if this centennial was to be meaningful, it must be observed not as a celebration, but rather as a commemoration of the one moment in the country's history when a bold, brave *start* had been made, and as a rededication to the obvious fact that urgent business was at hand—the resumption of that noble journey toward the goals reflected in the Preamble to the Constitution, the Constitution itself, the Bill of Rights and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments.

Yet not all of these forces conjoined could have brought about the massive and largely bloodless revolution of 1963 if there had not been at hand a philosophy and a method worthy of its goals. Nonviolent direct action did not originate in America, but it found its natural home in this land, where refusal to cooperate with injustice was an ancient and honorable tradition and where Christian forgiveness was written into the minds and hearts of good men. Tested in Montgomery during the winter of 1955-56 and toughened throughout the South in the eight ensuing years, nonviolent resistance had become, by 1963, the logical force in the greatest mass-action crusade for freedom that has ever occurred in American history.

Nonviolence is a powerful and just weapon. It is a weapon unique in history, which cuts without wounding and ennobles the man who wields it. It is a sword that heals. Both a practical and a moral answer to the Negro's cry for justice, nonviolent direct action proved that it could win victories without losing wars, and so became the triumphant tactic of the Negro Revolution of 1963.

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History

Continued from page 41

ska, $6.50) is a big, impressive-looking book, the result of a doctoral thesis, and the first of a contemplated two-volume study. It is the first biography of Schuyler since Tuckerman's panegyric of sixty years ago, and brings fresh insight and substantially new researches to Schuyler's multisided career as landowner, politician, speculator, and general. Based on Namier's methodology, this is the detailed story of one of the leading men of his time set against the backdrop of eighteenth-century politics and the power struggles of individuals and classes of society. It covers Schuyler's early days up to his defeat as candidate for governor in New York's first state elections and his removal from command of the Northern Army before the Battle of Saratoga.

The appendix contains almost forty pages of helpful information and genealogical chart. An extensive bibliography and a comprehensive index, plus illustrations, make this scholarly biography as useful as one could wish for both layman and professional.

—William C. Kiessel

The Vigorous Virginians: Between 1790 and 1830 Virginia supplied four Presidents, one Chief Justice, and six Secretaries of State to the infant United States. Virginia minds, liberal or conservative, shaped and ruled the nation. Virginia had not only undisputed political primacy, but intellectual, too, with William and Mary College recognized as a leading educational institution.

Richard Beale Davis, a native Virginian, decided to learn the reason for this pre-eminence. In his study in depth, *Intellectual Life in Jefferson's Virginia* (North Carolina, $8.75), he concludes that Virginians developed the "whole" man; that their learning was broad rather than profound; that they had a certain elevated code of conduct under which civic responsibilities were regarded as a privilege, and that they had an exalted sense that Virginians were destined to shape history.

The author concentrates, of course, on Jefferson as the dominant influence, though he physically passed from the scene in 1825. However, there were literally hundreds of outstanding Virginians with particularly distinguished minds. The author infers that the impact of their collective ideas helped to form the national character. His judgments are temperate, agreeably personal, and free from critical clichés.

This solid contribution to a rather limited field of study, winner of the annual award of the American Association for State and Local History, will prove to be of unlimited interest to the social historian.—W.C.K.

A Sense of World Mission: Roger H. Brown's *The Republic in Peril: 1812* (Columbia, $7.50) is another "motivation" book designed for the specialist. Why did the President and Congress declare war on England in 1812? The accepted reasons are the affront to our national honor, the impressment of seamen, and the casuistry of the War Hawks. Definitely not, says Dr. Brown, after researching new and unused manuscript material in archives from Maine to Georgia.

In a strikingly new historical interpretation, the author states that it was fratricidal intraparty division between Jeffersonian Republicans and Federalists that precipitated the decision. He sees the choice of war as part of a continuing American effort to prove the efficacy of republicanism in a skeptical and hostile world—republicanism defined as a sense of world mission, with the fate of mankind tied to that of the United States.

There is nothing here of the diplomatic or military history of the War of 1812. The emphasis is entirely on the domestic political situation. There is a mine of information in this scholarly book, but it is arduous digging through the pedantic prose.—W.C.K.

From Colonists to Americans: Vigorously written and fully recapturing the drama, passion, and the tragedy of a formative era, *The Colonial Wars 1689-1762* (Chicago, $5) by Howard Peckham, vividly describes the conflict that was a peripheral result of the dramatic struggle for empire among England, France, and Spain, of which the colonists were victims. The four wars—the first three named after the reigning British monarchs, William, Anne, and George, and the final and most famous, the "French and Indian War"—had residual consequences far exceeding the number of men involved. Each left new problems and only temporarily solved old ones. However, in these struggles the colonists learned to act in concert, and translated their knowledge into the political philosophy that eventually led to independence. By the time of the Revolution most of the colonists no longer considered themselves "transplanted Englishmen" but "Americans."

This is an excellent work by the director of the Clements Library at the University of Michigan. It depicts a tumultuous new world of real people living through events so real as to seem unreal. It summarizes the best that has been written, adds new research, and presents it in a felicity of style that will attract the layman and satisfy the most discriminating professional.—W.C.K.

Other Lands

Continued from page 48

work, which is in the best tradition of Sinology and historical scholarship.

The introduction to China by Yen Fu of Huxley, Mill, Darwin, and Spender represented the first systematic effort to call to the attention of the Chinese literati that the adoption of Western "techniques" alone could not propel China to a position of wealth and power, and that the final answer to China's problems must be sought in the realm of ideas. Dr. Schwartz offers an exposition of the formulation of Yen Fu's ideas and an analysis of the intellectual climate in those crucial and exasperating years. To Yen Fu, who was convinced that "the reason why England and the other countries of Europe are wealthy and strong is that impartial justice is daily extended." Lord Shang's failure to extend impartial justice to include the prince must have been a question of more than academic interest.

These two studies, dealing with two persons some 2,000 years apart, share the common theme of mankind's constant search for wealth and power. In view of the desperate efforts exerted by the Chinese in that direction today, and bearing in mind the historical continuity of that "oldest living civilization," the reissuance of the Duyvdendak volume and the appearance of the Schwartz are indeed good news to those interested in the history of ideas.

Then

By Sydney Kessler

IN the gray city
At four o'clock November,
A dirt-gray moment
For the gray specks of lives,

Graying children
In a slate schoolyard
Letting the lop-sided ball
Limp to rest,

And all suddenly pausing,
Staring far out
Toward the steel horizon;—
Smoke and air

In turbulence:
A long slow freight,
A war, perhaps,
Or nothing. 1935.

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SALTWATER FARM built in 1827. Completely but unobtrusively modernized. Random width natural board floors. Original doors and hardware. 9 rooms, 5 fireplaces, 2 baths. Shed and barn attached. 6½ acres organically fertilized land on Steuben Bay and Tunk Stream (includes small island). Vegetable and berry garden. $25,000. Fred C. Lynam & Co., Bar Harbor, Maine.

BEAUTIFUL HOME—16 rooms, 4 baths, ideal location; 2 landscaped acres. Write Box 224, Salt Lake City, Utah.

HIGH ON A BLUFF above the Rapidan River, 14 acres, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, clapboard house, living room, fireplace, dining room, fireplace, modern kitchen, baseboard hot water heat, pretty grounds, view, fishing. $25,000.
ON RAPIDAN RIVER, retirement farm. 209 acres, 35 river bottom. Substantial 4 bedroom dwelling, bath, shade, has character. $37,500.
IN FOOTHILLS with view, 89 acres. Old 10 room brick house, needs restoring. Running water, electricity, good land. $29,700.
ON RIVER, 17 acre summer or retirement place, 8 room house, bath, fireplaces, furnished, fishing from yard, *mountain view. $11,000.*
OUTSTANDING RETIREMENT HOME on 9 acres. Lovely 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, brick house, living room, fireplace, dining room, modern kitchen, basement garage, maid's quarters, bath, oil hot water heat, air-conditioning. Lovely grounds, view, 10 minutes country club, shops, hospital. In class by itself. $47,500. Browning Real Estate Agency, Realtors, Culpeper, Virginia.

RESTORED 1790 HOME. Manchester, Vermont. 6 bedrooms. 8½ acres. Rushing brook. $38,750. Dorset Real Estate Company, Dorset, Vermont.

VERY COMFORTABLE 1776 HOUSE near New Paltz, N.Y. Not overrestored. Large rooms, beautiful situation. About 5 acres. $18,000. 212-GR 3-1696 or 914-AL 6-4141.

BUCKS COUNTY NEAR NEW HOPE. Picturesque walled complex of pointed stone buildings consisting of charming house, guest house, large studio building, servants' house, 3 car garage in the center of beautiful 86 acre estate. Large pond with flowing stream for swimming. Asking $160,000. Elizabeth James, "Country Real Estate," New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2430.

CHARMING 7 ROOM HOUSE, 2 baths, fireplace, hot water heat, new kitchen, barn. Coastal village. Price $9,500.
400 ACRES, county road and river frontage. $12.00 per acre.
OLD STONE HOUSE, needs restoring. 3 acres, 300 ft. shore, magnificent view of mountains. Home site or with business. Price $10,500. Herbert P. Whyte, East Sullivan, Maine.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

SHOKAN, N. Y. Commodious country home—all improvements. 2½ baths. Fabulous view—6 acres. Box H-285.

ELEGANT OLD BRICK HOUSE—beautiful view and pool. F. Louis Fitting, Realtor, New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2291.

CENTURY-OLD HOUSE, beautifully restored, on 40 acres, in Putney, Vermont: home of Windham College, Experiment in International Living, Putney School, and Graduate School. House has 9 rooms, 1½ brand-new bathrooms, fully modernized kitchen, new oil furnace, artesian well, barn. $26,000. Betty Cox, Broker, Saxtons River, Vermont.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY, N.Y. New ranch, secluded, 1 hour NYC. Owner. 914-533-2185.

VERMONT. Nearly new year round home, separate workshop. Secluded, easy access, electricity, telephone. 95 acres, brook, large pond. $16,500. Ted Scatchard, R.F.D., East Calais, Vermont.

DEER ISLE, MAINE. Century-old, much-loved island home up quiet hill from the harbor. White frame, shuttered, 7 light and airy rooms. On four wildlife-filled acres with meandering path to lily pond. $9,500. George Lehigh, Deer Isle, Maine.

For Sale—Furnished

SUPERB VIEW of Mount Desert, Maine, from Cranberry Island shore. 4 bedrooms, modern Cape Cod, furnished. $22,000 cash. Box G-386.

PRIVATE LAKE, 42 acres woodland, beautifully secluded summer home: large 2 story living room with big stone fireplace, double bedroom, sleeping balcony for two, kitchen, dining alcove overlooking waterfall, 1½ baths, spacious screened porch, superbly designed for sylvan solitude. $30,000 completely furnished. Mrs. Norman D. McDonald, Realtor, Washington, Connecticut.

MAINE COASTAL ISLAND. Sheepscot Bay, near Boothbay Harbor. 7 room cottage, utility building, 13 acres, $7,500. 5 room cottage, utility building, 9 acres, $6,500. High elevation, superb views, beaches, wharf, float, good anchorage. Also, 1 acre shore lot, $1,800. Box H-325.

For Rent—Furnished

NEW FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT. Woods, water, wild flowers. Civilized wilderness. Under 2 hours NYC. Attractive cabin, 3 bedrooms, large living room with fireplace, well-selected furnishings. Electric kitchen, terrace. On private lake. $1,000 annually. 914-WH 6-9382 or 203-746-2114.

For Summer Rental

MAINE. Private country house on beautiful hilltop, White Mountain view, cool paths through many acres pine forest. Comfortable, finely furnished house, large studio barn, 3 guest houses. Peace, solitude and every convenience. Near lakes. Owner will rent July-August to reliable people. Perfect for writer, composer. Box H-160.

RENT SUMMER COTTAGES in scenic mountains, high elevation, unusual swimming pool, 2 hours N.Y., congenial group. Reasonable. Call collect Ellenville 932, or write Hansburg, Walker Valley, N.Y.

KEZAR LAKE, MAINE. 80 acres, 2,000 ft. waterfront. Year round lodge with 5 bedrooms. 2 housekeeping cottages. Well-equipped. Tennis court. $1,800 season. Box G-795.

POCONOS—De luxe housekeeping cottages, on stream. Private estate. Secluded. Fireplaces. For discriminating guests. Adults. Month-season. Bondbrook, Brodheadsville, Pennsylvania.

STONINGTON, CONNECTICUT. Historic seaport town at entrance Long Island Sound. Residential homes for summer rental $800-$2,000. The Robert S. Jones Agency.

THOMPSON LAKE, MAINE. Semirural. Family room 50' x 20', 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, electric kitchen. One hour Portland Airport. Snapshots. References. Box H-154.

"KING'S X"! — Mountain sanctuary in folk music country, North Carolina. Fully furnished. Electricity, telephone. Good library. Owner summering in hospital. Nominal rent for care of place, payment of facilities. Box H-233.

FOR RENT: Five vacation homes near Marlboro Music Festival. Lovely mountain views, use of tennis courts, pool. $125 weekly, $400 monthly. Snow Mountain Inn, West Dover, Vermont.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MEXICO CITY. Attractive house near university. Suitable for couple. Maid. MUrray Hill 4-5629 NYC.

MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Privacy, modern, fully equipped for 4, 30 mile view. $1,200 season. 203-TO 9-7892.

NINETY MINUTES TO MANHATTAN. Furnished cottage, living room, kitchen, 2 bedrooms. Screened porch in front; miles of wilderness in back. Cummings, 2 Barrett, Newton, N.J.

ATTRACTIVE, QUIET SUMMER COTTAGE on owner's small estate. 9 bedrooms. 2 minutes from Penobscot Bay, few minutes to village. Adults. Mrs. Chamberlain, Marine Avenue, Camden, Maine.

CAPE COD—Cottage on old estate overlooking saltwater. Secluded, quiet, yet walk to town. Charmingly furnished 3 rooms, porch, garage. Available June, August, September biweekly. Photos. Box 103, Orleans, Massachusetts.

SHRUB OAKS, N.Y. Summer cottage to rent with option to buy in cooperative colony. Stimulating, interesting neighbors. Day camp, private lake for swimming. 40 miles from New York City. Box H-289.

CRAIGVILLE, CAPE COD. 5 bedroom cottage, full bath, 2 lavatories. Ocean view. Near famous Craigville Beach. July or August $700; $1,200 two months. Box H-298.

TEACHER taking 6 week summer program will rent rooms or home approximately June 6th-July 13th. 15 minutes Jones Beach, 35 minutes World's Fair. Phone 516-SU 1-1375 after 5:00.

DEER ISLE, MAINE. Spacious hilltop home overlooking Penobscot Bay. Grand piano. 20 acres woods and meadow. Use of private beach. $500 month. Write, phone David Baker, Deer Isle, Maine.

WELLFLEET, CAPE COD. Secluded, modern. Sleeps 6. View. Box H-288.

WALDEN POND type isolated cabin near Bedford exit Pennsylvania Turnpike. Swimming. Reasonable. Box H-310.

JACKSON, N. H. Dundee Road. Mountain view, quiet, 7 rooms furnished—except linen. Family with young children welcome. $900 plus utilities, June through October. Mack Beal, Box One, Jackson, N.H.

EARLY NEW ENGLAND HOUSE—3 baths, sea view, good bathing, privacy. July rental. Barbara Mullowney, Duxbury, Massachusetts.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

VACATION HOME EXCHANGE SERVICE. Reputable clients. Write Vacex, P.O. Box 2836, Washington, D.C. 20013.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

MANHATTAN, Central Park West. 4½ rooms, 15th floor, 2 baths, air-conditioned bedroom, study. $225. 1-2 persons. June-September, or longer. ACademy 2-8940, write Box H-276.

For Summer Rental

FOR YOU, your family or firm. Air-conditioned, convenient. Elegant East 60s, NYC. $1,000. July-August. Box H-202.

SCENIC NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS near Asheville. New, completely furnished, including utilities. Artist's studio apartment, $150 per month. Details. Box 552, Burnsville, N.C.

PENTHOUSE near Central Park, Manhattan. June or July. $265. TRafalgar 4-7236, Box H-334.

WORLD'S FAIR BOUND? Spacious, comfortable Manhattan apartment available August. 3 bedrooms, 3 baths. $250. Box H-281.

HISTORIC BROOKLYN HEIGHTS. Furnished 2 bedroom parlor floor through. 40' living room with grand piano. 10 minutes Manhattan, 30 minutes World's Fair. August 15th-September 15th, $250. References. ULster 8-1935 evenings, Box H-300.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, NYC—Renovated garden duplex. Air-conditioner, all appliances. 3 bedrooms. $500 August. *References. Box H-326.*

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APARTMENT TO SHARE

LADY share small East Side apartment NYC, with lady. Reasonable. Age 20-35. Box H-306.

APARTMENTS WANTED

GENERAL PRACTITIONER with family, returning to school in September in Philadelphia, needs to rent 2 or 3 bedroom living quarters. Would consider an exchange of services. Box H-317.

PROFESSIONAL COUPLE, infant, seek sublet Brooklyn apartment July-August. Box H-278.

ROOM AVAILABLE

MANHATTAN—Columbia area. Large, bright. Advantages of apartment sharing. Female. Box H-338.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen locations bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for four seasons or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

HANDHEWN BARN FRAMEWORK on 8 beautiful acres near New Paltz, N.Y. Will make superb house. 2 wells. Opportunity at $7,000. 212-GR 3-1696 or 914-AL 6-4141.

125 ACRES, "top of the hill," in Glover, Vermont. 25 acres field—balance woodland. End of road seclusion, scenic, back to nature. Price $4,500. Mario Corti, Walden, Vermont.

BEACH, 17 ACRES, American Virgin Islands. Box 3019, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

ATTRACTIVELY PRICED retirement homes on beautiful Vinalhaven, Maine's most enchanting unspoiled island. Write Vinalhaven Realty for free brochure.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FOR SALE. Old country general store established in 1780 in small New England village. Old charm with room for modern advancement. 5 room apartment above. The Langdon Store Co., Box 68, Monterey, Massachusetts.

CAMPS

ONLY CAMP-SCHOOL in Door County, Wisconsin. Individualized workshops: sciences, humanities, arts, developmental reading, study skills, public speaking; plus theatre parties, land-water recreation. Coed—ages 10 to 17; six weeks starting July 1st; fee $575. Write: Skadden's Squaw Island Camp-School, P.O. Box 251, Springfield, Illinois.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey.

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Theatre, Dance, French, Sports. Coed. 342 Madison Avenue, NYC. TN 7-6690.

POCONO WOODCRAFT. Boys 7-17. 45th season. Four age groups. Lake Wallenpaupack, Pocono Mountains. Broad program develops individual self-reliance. International. Quaker leadership. Moderate inclusive fee. C. S. Paxson, Penns Park, Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

HIGH/SCOPE — coed, creative intellectual challenge. 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

RAMBLERNY Camp for the performing arts, New Hope, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Ballet, modern dance, music, sports, theatre trips, dormitories. Coed 8-20, June 28th-August 22nd, $695. Ruth and Charles Woodford.

A CAMP OF NOTE: All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, Hurleyville 3, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.

LAC DU FLAMBEAU, WISCONSIN. Adventurers' Camp for Boys, established 1930. Five vacancies open. 75 boys, 9 through 15. 7 weeks $550. Extensive overnight trip program. All sports including riding, sailing, riflery, tennis. Private tutoring available. Excellent staff and meals. Write Captain L. R. Claud Robinson, 1564 Forest Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois.

FARM CAMP—N.J. Boys, ages 7-12. Also CITS, ages 15-16. All sports. Filtered swimming pool, fishing, gardening, care pets. Moderate fee. Box H-282.

SHUN CAMP? LOVE COUNTRY? Tutoring, English grammar, composition, literature. College preparatory. Certified, experienced, M.A. Charming country home. Limit four pupils. Box 146, Windham Center, Connecticut.

RETIREMENT LIVING

THE MANOR HOTEL—Asheville, N.C. Ideal for year-round living. Perfect for a vacation.

VACATIONS

YOU'LL APPRECIATE exceptional meals at superb Maine resort overlooking ocean. Swimming pool, beach, championship putting green. Opening 57th year June 12th. The Lookout, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

LAKE SHORE FARM—No hectic "organized" activities but plenty to do here or nearby. Northwood, N.H.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 664-2811.

NEW YORK CITY—Special Vacation package. Write: SCHOLA, 353 West 57th, NYC 19.

VISITING THE NORTHWEST? Venturesome collectors discover exceptional quality, appealing prices of Oregon artists. The Image Gallery, 2483 N.W. Overton Street, Portland.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE. Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 26th-October 13th. Color folder.

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE enjoy our unique deep woods lakeside location, our fine food, good music, cottage or cabin accommodations and especially congenial companions for rowing, canoeing, swimming, tennis, barbecues, outdoor buffets, etc. Simple, rustic, relaxing. Off highways but near Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, summer theater, all Berkshires. Brochure T. CHANTERWOOD, Box 51, Lee, Massachusetts.

SERENE, SECLUDED, HILLTOP-HIGH, one of Vermont's finest inns: stately spruce, rolling meadows, distant views from a breezy terrace; ideal for sitting and sunning, reading and writing. Marlboro Music, golf, tennis, swimming and riding nearby. Spacious lounges and rooms; imaginative cuisine; friendly, informal atmosphere. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. Jack and Marylou Taylor.

CASUAL ISLAND VACATIONING. White sand beaches. Everything to do—or nothing. Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

TEN MILES OFF THE COAST of Maine: Monhegan Island. Virtually unchanged over the centuries, Monhegan's cliffs and shore, its woods, ponds and meadows offer sanctuary to the creatures and growing things of air, land and water. And to mankind. For here the cacophony, crowds and confusion of the mainland are miles away. No street lights or neon signs dim the stars. No jukeboxes, bars or cocktail lounges disturb the peace. Cars, radio and television stay on the mainland. But waiting here to be found by all: peace, quiet, beauty. The Island Inn, Box C, Monhegan Island, Maine.

SNOWMASS LODGE, ASPEN, COLORADO. Relaxed ranch living in the incomparable beauty of the Colorado Rockies. Write Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

HERITAGE HILL—Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Lake breezes, shaded lawns, spacious rooms, food aplenty. Brochure.

SEASHORE: Choice oceanside cottages or apartments. Season, half season, month, two weeks. Priestley, Real Estate, 3908 Long Beach Boulevard, Brant Beach, N.J.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. The Duffys' by the Sea, a tropical guest house where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Excellent beach. Sympathique bar. Reasonable. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

VACATION WITH A PURPOSE! American Friends Service Committee Institute on nonviolent approaches to today's conflicts. Elizabethtown, in the Pennsylvania Dutch Country, July 11th-18th. Programs for all ages; international resource staff. Write AFSC, Middle Atlantic Region, 1500 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102.

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT"—Unspoiled mountain country 2¼ hours from NYC. Private lake. Boating, fishing. Trout stream. Pool. Entertainment, dancing. Jewish Cuisine. Cooks Falls Lodge, Cooks Falls, N.Y. CHelsea 4-0467.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios; 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

VACATIONS

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

THE ARTS COME TO LIFE summers on the Goddard campus. Low-pressure life, professional staff to work with and learn from, Green Mountain scenery, weekly concerts. For amateur musicians, painters, craftsmen. Stay one week or more from July 1st to August 26th. ARS Recorder Seminar from July 19th to August 1st. Write Music and Art Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

VACATION IN NEWFOUNDLAND? Write Highlands Lodge, Highlands, Newfoundland, Canada.

WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

BACK LOG CAMP, on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's noises and "advantages." July 3rd to September 8th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

RED INN, Provincetown, Massachusetts. Quiet rooms and breakfasts on the sea.

HIDEAWAY for delightful, talented, creative guests. Folk dancing, off-Broadway entertainment, day camp, arts and crafts. Chaits, Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone Kerhonkson 7373.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Box 569, Ely, Minnesota.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open mid-May to Mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

VACATION BY THE SEA. Scenic location overlooking ocean. Private beach, excellent meals. Modified American and European plans. All summer sports. Near shops, art colony, summer theatre. AAA. Folder. The Ontio, Ogunquit 7, Maine.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232. Open May 29th.

VERMONT — Scenic, Early American setting. Private cottages, Colonial Inn and Country Club that features 9 new holes of golf for 1964. Rates $14 to $23 daily, including meals at the Inn or "dine out" privileges. Limited number of lakeview and fairway residential properties available. Mountain Top Inn, Chittendon, Vermont. New York office: 500 Fifth Avenue, LOngacre 5-1114.

GOOD FOOD, GOOD COMPANY, plus Par 3 golf course, sandy beach, water skiing, square dancing, cookouts, children's activities, all on premises. $12-$15 daily. Folder. Woodbound Inn and Lake Cottages, Box 32, Jaffrey, N.H.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE. Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Elevation 2,900'. Small, secluded, informal — entirely modern. No cottages. Mid-May-November. American Plan $10.00-$12.50 per person double. Folder. Telephone 704-479-3433.

MEMORABLE MEALS and associations. Gregg Hill Lodge, Box 277, Stowe, Vermont. 244-8459.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton, P.O., New Hampshire.

(Continued on page 82)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 81)

MANSFIELD FARM, Londonderry, Vermont. Quiet vacation. Panoramic Green Mountain view from 18th century house surrounded by flower gardens. 1,600 feet elevation. Excellent food. Extensive library. Near swimming, golf. Rates $60-$65 weekly. Telephone 802-VA 4-5207. Ruth Mansfield Schriftgiesser.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

WRITERS, ARTISTS—Monadnock Region informal vacation, conducive to work. Room, breakfasts, basket lunches, $55. THE CORNER STUDIO, 95 Cross Street, Keene, New Hampshire. Brochure.

MOUNTAIN VACATION, Hendersonville, N.C. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages, sand beach, boating, riding, playgrounds, golf, summer theatre. Literate, informal, friendly. Lower spring and fall rates.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Dining room, cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable rates without meals. May 30th to October 15th. Color brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

WESTERN VACATION. Real ranch. Escape household cares and responsibilities. Riding, fishing. 30 miles north Yellowstone Park. Ox Yoke Ranch, Emigrant, Montana. Telephone 406-333-4452.

COMPLETE RELAXATION, good food, beautiful lake, golf near. Edgefield, Casco, Maine.

FAMILY VACATIONS! Aloha Manor on Vermont lake near White Mountains. Informal resort, also "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Water sports. Pony. Crafts. Tennis. Trips. Golf and summer theatre near. Bungalows. Excellent food or housekeeping units. Booklet: Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10.

ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . congenial White Mountain resort. Swimming pool, golf, tennis. Picturesque inn, charming Colonial cottages, modern motel units. Excellent meals. New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland 2150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, friendly, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. New luxury rooms. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch, your Hosts.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. One of New England's famous resort hotels, cottages. AAA. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Excellent Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates, June to mid-September. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 8, Maine.

RENTAL—Vacation cottage. Lake Champlain. Complete privacy. Fishing, swimming, boating. Brochure: Adam's Landing Farm, Grand Isle, Vermont.

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, scenic inn. Salt water pool. With or without meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA, Mobil Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport 3, Massachusetts.

NATURE LOVERS, CREATIVE PEOPLE. Find peace, quiet, beautiful hill country, charming old-world home. No TV, individualized cooking. Near lovely, historic Cooperstown. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y. 1-607-397-6218.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $9.60 each, double occupancy, A. P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

JAMAICA REASONABLY. CASUAL LUXURY. 2, 3 and 4 bedroom villas; studio and 2 bedroom apartments; pool. Daily, weekly, monthly. $5 P.P.D.O. or less. Corniche, P.O. Box 91, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I. NYC Office, MUrray Hill 4-6823.

VACATIONS

PINKHAM NOTCH INN—A secluded Alpine Inn of rare charm at the foot of Mt. Washington in the White Mountain National Forest. Enjoy your leisure, superb mountain climbing, swimming and outdoor sports in an idyllic setting. $10-$16 American Plan. R. P. Whipple, Mgr., Jackson 3, New Hampshire.

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Comfortable country living.

ENGLAND, COTSWOLDS. Ancient stone wool barn converted to charming 6 room cottage. Fully furnished. Suitable for family. Near Stratford, Oxford. After August 2nd. Box H-342.

HOW TO HAVE A BETTER SUMMER VACATION? Easy! Send for brochure on Sarasota County—Florida's Distinctive Resort Area: Color photographs, places to stay, events calendar. Asolo Theater Comedy Festival. Ringling Museum films. Beaches, fishing, golf, summer baseball. Cool Gulf breezes! Chamber of Commerce, Box 308D, Sarasota, Florida.

BRANDON INN. Charm of yesteryear, convenience of the modern. Restful. On village green near library. 2-acre garden lawn. Elevator, sprinkler. Exceptional food. Folder. Brandon 2, Vermont.

LIGHTHOUSE INN, New London, Connecticut. Overlooking the sea, jewel box 52 room inn. Art gallery lounge, private beach, E.P. Brochure 1A.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Apple blossoms! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, excellent meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country inn on 250 acre estate. Children's supervised summer program. Informal social events. $12-$22 day includes meals. Family rates. Open all year. AAA. For color folder, reservations, write Edwin Finch, Manager, The Northfield Inn, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha 5, Massachusetts.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

"GET AWAY FROM IT ALL" on an island in Maine. $75 weekly, $12 daily. For brochure write Mrs. A. Tardy, Box 774, Montrose, N.Y.

CREATIVE, stimulating, luscious food, lake fun, painting trips with professional artist. Brochure. The Seraphim, The Macklems, Lakeville, Connecticut.

18TH CENTURY FARMHOUSE—Charming, quiet, superb meals. Southern Vermont cultural, all sports. $75 week. Box H-329.

TRANQUILLITY! Old-fashioned atmosphere! A superb view—try sprawling Hilltop Acres. American, European plan. Two hours from New York. Township of Southampton, ½ mile from village Sag Harbor. Write, telephone 516-SA 5-0568.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1573

Reg U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Ingratiatingly saccharine.

B. Followed by WORD J, Kipling's affectionate nickname for Queen Victoria, which was violently resented by that austere lady (2 wds.)

C. A great reservoir which supplies water for New York City.

D. First president of Republic of Korea, 1948; reelected for a fourth term in 1960 at age 85 but resigned under pressure after one month.

E. Sweet garden flower; object valuable in the Space Program.

F. Answer to question in old song about the U.S.: "Oh, what did Delaware, boys?" (2 wds after *She* wore a).

G. *Just one of the osar.*

H. Chicago's opposite number to London's "City".

I. Derisive nickname for the *avant-garde* writers, English and French, early 19th cent. (Bulwer, Shelley, Byron, George Sand, Rousseau, etc.; 2 wds.)

J. See WORD B (2 wds.)

K. Boy hero of Selma Lagerlof.

WORDS

15 104 122 5 165 128 195 19

192 10 196 120 43 103 36 138

30 159 166 182 86 34 199

24 146 14 194

132 62 99 198 28 60

87 9 201 90 150 155 106 177 185

22 92 135 76 8

184 116 95 124

129 191 186 63 183 50 79 180 154 55 25

131 2

18 61 26 46 164 170 175 85 40

6 77 3 53

DEFINITIONS

L. Scottish town of origin of the famous mixture of whiskey, honey, oatmeal, *called brose.*

M. The female whom St. John Chrysostom warned *against as a wife* (3 wds.)

N. Unearned share of profits, esp. when illegally demanded (comp.)

O. A Wagner opera heroine; most beloved lion since Androcles' friend.

P. Valuable variety of amphibole or serpentine, important in fibrous state.

Q. A college and its *community* (3 wds.)

R. Flicker.

S. *Familiar term for color* and material predominating in army uniforms of World War I (2 wds.)

T. What is to become "the morn of song" acc'g to a familiar hymn (3 wds.)

U. Any bird of the Amer. family Mimidae.

V. One thing Caesar didn't like about Cassius (2 wds.)

W. Favorable opinion: great regard.

X. Surname of "Poor Richard"

Y. Category to which Bunthorne belonged (G & S's *Patience)*

Z. Fly away; evaporate; escape.

WORDS

108 93 126 67 149

16 13 4 7 137 119 161 96 158 98 52

112 75

78 153 114 188 88 38 130

181 141 157 1

142 202 168 44 32 107 163 133

31 200 117 111 105 35 23 41 39 68 73

139 72 151 118 94 160 66 11

156 101 174 45 110 29 176 58 65

115 69 48 173 84 113 172 89 136 127 178

152 27 49

145 187 12 197 144 100 33 81

17 80 47 71 51 143 59 171 179 109

169 57 74 147 97 64

83 20 91 70 121 56 42 189

167 125 162 193 148 54 190

134 21 140 82 102 37 123

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have ***no meaning . . .*** *Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.*

1 O	2 I	3 K		4 M	5 A	6 K		7 M	8 G	9 F		10 B	11 R	12 U	13 M	14 D
15 A		16 M	17 V	18 J		19 A	20 X	21 Z	22 G		23 Q	24 D	25 I	26 J	27 T	28 E
29 S		30 C	31 Q		32 P	33 U	34 C		35 Q	36 B	37 Z		38 N	39 Q	40 J	
41 Q	42 X	43 B	44 P	45 S	46 J	47 V	48 T		49 T	50 I	51 V	52 M	53 K		54 Y	55 I
56 X		57 W	58 S	59 V	60 E		61 J	62 E	63 I	64 W		65 S	66 R	67 L	68 Q	69 T
70 X	71 V		72 R	73 Q		74 W	75 M	76 G	77 K	78 N		79 I	80 V	81 U	82 Z	83 X
	84 T	85 J		86 C	87 F	88 N	89 T		90 F	91 X	92 G	93 L		94 R	95 H	96 M
	97 W	98 M	99 E	100 U		101 S	102 Z	103 B		104 A	105 Q	106 F		107 P	108 L	109 V
110 S	111 Q		112 M	113 T		114 N	115 T	116 H	117 Q		118 R	119 M	120 B		121 X	122 A
123 Z	124 H		125 Y	126 L	127 T		128 A	129 I		130 N	131 I	132 E	133 P	134 Z	135 G	136 T
137 M		138 B	139 R	140 Z		141 O	142 P	143 V	144 U		145 U	146 D	147 W		148 Y	149 L
150 F	151 R	152 T	153 N	154 I		155 F	156 S	157 O	158 M		159 C	160 R	161 M	162 Y		163 P
164 J		165 A	166 C	167 Y		168 P	169 W	170 J		171 V	172 T		173 T	174 S	175 J	
176 S	177 F	178 T	179 V	180 I	181 O		182 C	183 I	184 H	185 F		186 I	187 U	188 N		189 X
190 Y	191 I		192 B	193 Y	194 D		195 A	196 B	197 U		198 E	199 C	200 Q	201 F	202 P	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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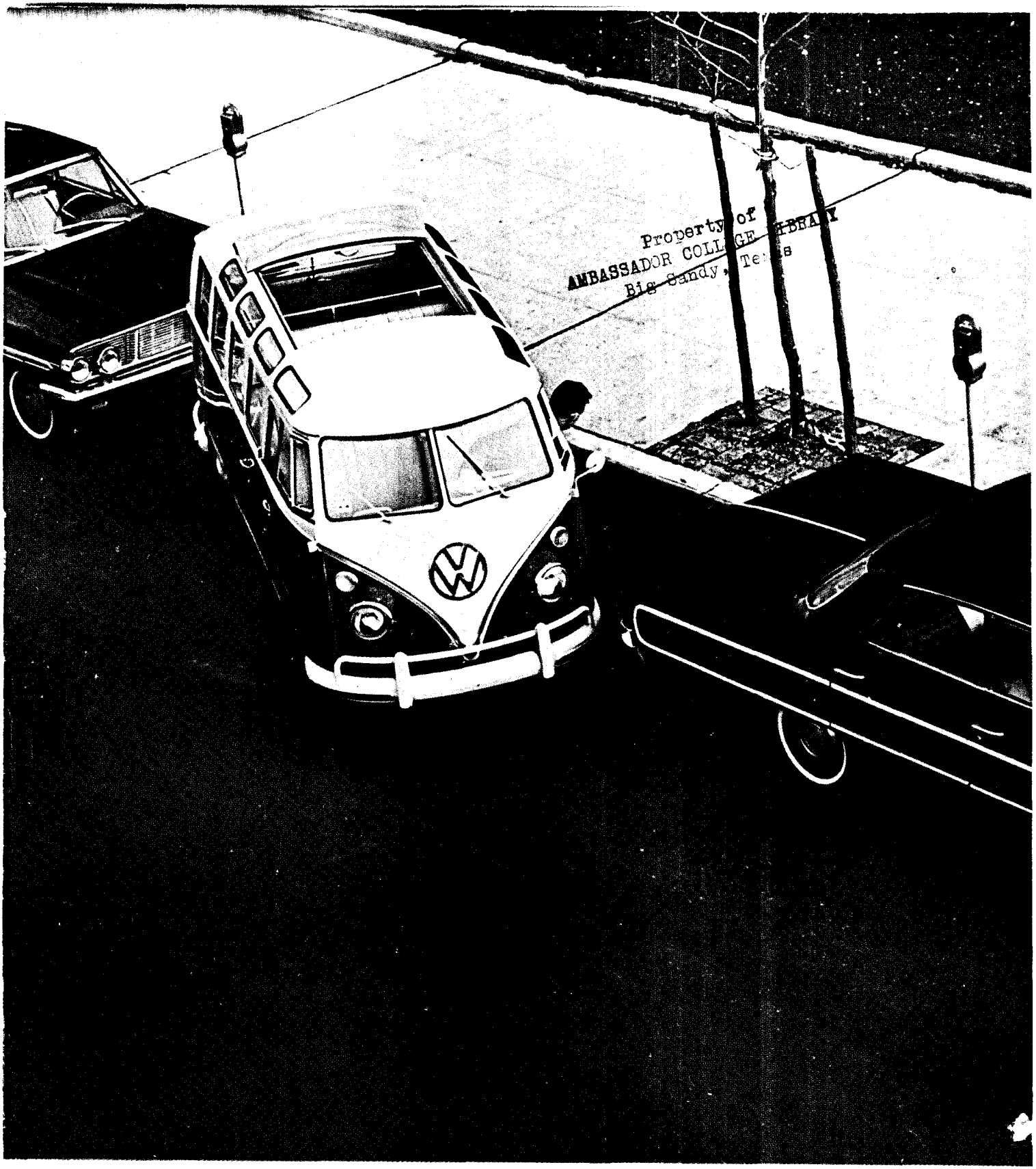

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All of a sudden, it stops looking funny.

If you think a Volkswagen Station Wagon is just a funny-looking car maybe you never saw one fit in a space that regular wagons have to pass by

and when you realize how much stuff you could put inside that thing

like the Christmas someone drove one to their mother's with six people and the crib, the high chair, bicycles, luggage, presents . . . room?

you couldn't ask for more and an air-cooled engine

that starts in the morning 1-2-3

and when you stop at a gas station, $3 fills it up and you don't have to worry about gas for maybe 3 weeks and take kids for instance "Are we going in the Volkswagen bus?" and they say "Yay!" and clap their hands and if it's a glorious day you can slide the sunroof back

and let a little of the glory in and

all of a sudden, it stops looking funny.

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